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ISIDRO¹

BY MARY AUSTIN

I

IN WHICH ISIDRO SEEKS HIS FORTUNE

It was the year of our Lord 18—, and the spring coming on lustily, when the younger son of Antonio Escobar rode out to seek his fortune, singing lightly to the jingle of his bit and bridle rein, as if it were no great matter for a man with good Castilian blood in him, and his youth at high tide, to become a priest; rode merrily, in fact, as if he already saw the end of all that coil of mischief and murder and love, as if he saw Padre Saavedra appeased, Mascado dead, and himself happy in his own chimney corner, no priest, but the head of a great house. In truth, Isidro saw none of these things, but it was a day to make a man sing whatever he saw.

Spring exhaled from the hills, and the valleys were wells of intoxicating balm. Radiant corollas lapped the trail and closed smoothly over where the horse trod. A great body of warm air moved fluently about him, nestling to the cheek as he rode. The sun glinted warmly on the lucent green of the wild oats, on the burnt gold of the poppies, on the thick silver-broidered rim of his sombrero, the silver fringe of his cloak, the silver mountings of his pistols, on the silver and jewels of bridle and spurs. In fact, there was more silver a-glitter in his dress and harness than he carried in his purse, for he rode only to Monterey, and who on that road would ask toll of an Escobar?

Baggage he had next to none; a change of linen and such small matters; what should a priest do with fine raiment? What, indeed; but an Escobar it seemed might have much. His ruffles were all of very fine needlework, his smallclothes of Genoese velvet, his jacket ropy with precious embroidery, none so fresh as it had been; the black silk kerchief knotted under his sombrero was of the finest, his saddle, of Mexican leather work, cunningly carved. And this fine sprig of an ancient house was to be a priest.

It was a matter practically determined upon before he was born, and, being so settled, Isidro was complaisant. The case was this: Mercedes Venegas, a tender slip of a girl, as wan and lovely as the rim of a new moon, being motherless and left to herself too much, had vowed herself to Holy Church and the Sisterhood of the Sacred Heart. But before she had come through her novitiate the eyes of Antonio Ossais Escobar, roving eyes and keen for a maid, had spied her out, and the matter falling in with some worldly plans of her father, she had been drawn back from being the bride of the Church to be bride to the hot-hearted Escobar. Not without a price, though. Don Antonio had been obliged to surrender a good lump of her dowry to Holy Church, with the further promise, not certified to, but spiritually binding, to give back of her issue as much as in herself he had taken away.

So the promise ran, but being long gone by, and himself come to a new country, it

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is doubtful if the elder Escobar would have remembered it if St. Francis, to whom he vowed, had not mercifully sent him the gout as a hint on that score. The subject had come up off and on for a dozen years as the malady ran high or low, and found Isidro in no wise unkindly disposed toward it. He liked a red lip, and had an eye for the turn of an ankle; even so he liked the wind in the sage and bloom of the almond; they stirred no deeper ardor than might be satisfied with mere looking. He liked a horse, he liked a cup of wine, and had an ear for a tune. Well-a-day! A priest might look at God's world as well as another, might drink wine for his stomach's sake, and ride of necessity. As for music, it pleased him well, so it were fairly executed, whether it were a rondeau or a hymn.

And, on the other side, there was his father fond of a merry tune, liking wine very well, a horse better, women more than all three, and so beridden by gout that he could have small enjoyment of any. All said, there were worse things than being a priest. So Isidro Escobar, being turned twenty, rode out to Monterey, singing as he rode a very proper song for a young man, all of love and high enterprise, except that he forgot most of the words, and went on making merry noises in his throat in sheer delight of the trail and the day.

As for Don Antonio, he thought his son very well suited to be a priest, and was vexed with him accordingly. It was a thing that could never have been said of him in his younger days. Other times, when his gout, which he misread for his conscience, troubled him, he felt it a satisfaction to make peace so handsomely with Holy Church. If it had been Pascual now!

Pascual, who had ridden as far as the home inclosure with his brother, and, notwithstanding Isidro's weaknesses, was very fond of him, was at that moment riding back, looking complacently at the tangle of vine and fig tree where the ranch garden sloped down to the trail, and think-

ing Isidro rather a fool to give it all up so easily, and none so fit as himself to be lord of this good demesne.

As for Isidro, he rode forward, looking not once at the home where he had grown up, nor to the hills that he had known, nor up the slope to the tall white cross raised in memory of Mercedes Venegas Escobar whose body lay in Zacatecas, and whose soul was no doubt in Paradise; nor thought if he should ever look on these again, nor when, nor how. He was not of the nature that looks back. He looked rather at the wild oats, how they were tasseling; at the blue of the lupines in the swale; at the broods of the burrowing owl blinking a-row in their burrows, and caught up handfuls of over-sweet white forget-me-nots, stooping lightly from the saddle. He answered the pipe of the lark, and the nesting call of the quail, gave good-morrow to the badger who showed him his teeth for courtesy, and to the lean coyote who paid him no heed whatever; and when he came by the wash where old Miguel set his traps, turned out of the trail to see if they had caught anything. He found a fox in one, which he set free, very pitiful of its dangling useless member as it made off limply, and finding the others empty, snapped them one by one, laughing softly to himself.

"Priest's work," he said.

That was Isidro all over. Miguel was accustomed to say that the younger Escobar had more thought for dumb beasts than for his own kind, though the lad protested he would have helped Miguel out of a trap as readily as a coyote. To which the old man would say that that also was Isidro. You could never make him angry however you might try. He was quite as much amused over his inaptness at young men's accomplishments as you were, and he could not be dared to try more than pleased him, but had always an answer for you. There could be no doubt, said the men at his father's hacienda, that Isidro was cut out for a priest.

"Ah, no doubt," said the women, with an accent that made the men understand that they had somehow the worst of it.

For all this they were sorry to see him go; Margarita, who had nursed him, wept copiously in the kitchen; the old Don fretted in the patio, and to hide his fretting swore heartily at Isidro's dog chained in the kennel, and not to be stopped of his grieving, as were the rest of them, by thinking what a fine thing it would be to have a priest in the family.

And all this time Isidro rode singing into the noon of spring, and the high day of adventure. He crossed the bad land, lifting his horse cautiously from the pitfalls of badger and squirrel holes, scaring the blue heron from his watch, and when he had struck firmly into the foothill trail laid his rein on the horse's neck and fell into a muse concerning the thing he would be. He had sung of love, riding out from Las Plumas in the blaze of morning, but when he came by the place called The Dove in the evening glow, he sang of the Virgin Mary. That, too, was Isidro. His sympathies slipped off the coil of things he had known, and shaped themselves to what would be. He had the fine resonance of an old violin that gives back the perfect tone; you could not strike a discord out of him unawares. That was what made you love him when you had sat an hour in his company, until you had seen him so sitting with your dearest foe, and then you had moments of exasperation with him. You found him always in possession of your point of view; he understood at once what you were driving at. It was only after reflection that you perceived that he was not driven. One felt convinced he would make an excellent confessor. For all his quietness he had his way with women, more even than *Pascual*, who swaggered prodigiously, and was known to take his affairs to heart. Under this complaisance of mood there was a hint of something not quite grasped, something foreign to an Escobar, like the brown lights in his hair, and the touch

of Saxon ruddiness that he had from some far-off strain of his mother's.

He had a square chin, a little cleft, a level eye, and a quick collected demeanor like a wild thing. His lower lip, all of his mouth not hidden by a mustache, had a trick as if it had been caught smiling unawares. He was courteous, never more so than when least your friend, but seldom anything else. This was that Isidro who rode out from Las Plumas to be a priest, and let his cigarette die out between his fingers while he sang a hymn to the Mother of God.

He rode all that day in the Escobar demesne, having a late start, and slept the first night with the vaqueros branding calves in the meadow of Los Robles. The next day at noon he passed out of the Escobar grant. The trail he took kept still to the east slope of the coast range, and ran northward through the spurs of the Sierras, by dip and angle working up toward the summit whence he would cross into the Salinas. To the left he had always the leopard-colored hills, and eastward the vast dim hollow of the valley spreading softly into the spring haze. As he traveled, the shy wild herds cleared out of the wild oats before him. Jack rabbits ran by droves like small deer in the chaparral. Isidro sang less and smoked more, and fell gradually into the carriage and motion of one who travels far of a set purpose. The light, palpitating from the hollow sky, beat down his eyelids. His thoughts drew inward with his gaze; he swayed lightly to the jogging of his horse. He met Indians—women and children and goods—roving with the spring, for no reason but that their blood prompted them, and gave them the compliments of the road.

He woke once out of a noontide drowse of travel at what promised a touch of adventure. In the glade of a shallow cañon between the oaks he came upon a red deer of those parts, a buck well antlered and letting blood freely from a wound in the throat, that bore a man to the earth and trampled him. The man—a mother-

naked Indian — had the buck by the horns so that they might do him no hurt, but at every move he felt the cutting hooves. The buck put his forehead against the man's chest and pressed hard, lifting and dragging him with no sound but the sobbing of hot breath and drip of his wound. The man looked in the brute's eyes and had a look back again, each thinking of death not his own. Two ravens sat hard by on an oak, expectant but indifferent which might be quarry. Doubtless the struggle must have gone to the man, for he of the two had lost least blood. The Indian's knife lay on the grass within an arm's length, but he dared not loose his hold to reach it. Isidro picked up the blade and found the buck's heart with it. Next moment the Indian rose up breathing short, and drenched with the warm flood.

"Body of Christ! friend," said Isidro, "the next deer you kill, make sure of it before you come up with him."

Red as he was, and covered with bruises, the Indian, who, now that he was up, showed comely in a dark, low-browed sort, and looked to have some foreign blood in him, began to disembowel his kill and make it ready for packing.

"I owe you thanks, señor," he said in good enough Spanish, but with no thankfulness of manner. When he had slung as much as he could carry upon his shoulders, he made up the trail, and Isidro, who felt himself entitled to some entertainment, drew rein beside him.

"Where to, friend?" he said cheerily, since two on the same road go better than one.

"I follow the trail, señor," said the man, and so surlily that Isidro concluded there was nothing to be looked for from that quarter.

"Priest's work again," he said, "to do a good deed and get scant thanks for it. Truly I begin well," and he rode laughing up the trail.

Toward evening he crossed a mesa, open and falling abruptly to the valley, of a mile's breadth or more, very fragrant

with sage and gilias opening in the waning light. The sound of bells came faintly up to him with the blether of sheep from the mesa's edge that marked the progress of a flock. Against the slanting light he made out the forms of shepherds running, it seemed, and in some commotion. They came together, and one ran and the other drew up with him, halting and parting as in flight and pursuit. And across the clear space of evening something reached him like an exhalation, a presage, a sense of evil where no evil should be. He would have turned out of the trail, being used to trust his instinct, but he could not convince himself that this matter was for his minding. How should an Escobar concern himself with two sheep-herders chasing coyotes.

Presently, looking back from a rise of land, he saw the flock spread out across the mesa, and one shepherd moving his accustomed round.

"Now on my life," said Isidro, "I would have sworn there were two," and again some instinct pricked him vaguely.

II

NOÉ AND REINA MARIA

The sheep which Isidro had seen feeding at evening belonged to Mariana, the Portuguese. His house stood in a little open plain having a pool in the midst, treeless, and very lonely, called The Reed; his sheep fed thence into the free lands as far as might be. The Portuguese was old, he was rich, he was unspeakably dirty, and a man of no blood. The Escobars, who knew him slightly, used him considerately, because manners were becoming to an Escobar, not because the old miser was in any wise worth considering. Mariana was not known to have any one belonging to him; his house was low and mean, thatched with tules, having a floor of stamped earth; his dress and manners what might have been expected. Those who wished to say nothing evil of

him could find nothing better to say than that he was diligent; those who would speak of him only with contempt found nothing worse. He was reputed to have at his bed's head a great box full of gold and silver pieces,—and yet he worked! It was predicted of him that because of his riches he would have a foul ending, and as yet he had not. There you have the time and the people. Mariana was openly a hoarder of gold, and was not robbed; he was diligent without need, and therefore scorned.

His sheep were in three brands, and Mariana kept the tale of them. He had with him, keeping the home flock, one Juan Ruiz, a mongrel as to breed, who spoke Spanish, Portuguese, and French indifferently well, and believed himself a very fine fellow. Mariana used toward him an absence of surliness that amounted to kindness, therefore it was reported that Ruiz had some claim upon him. The herder in his cups had been known to hint broadly that there was more likeness than liking between them. Whatever the case, Ruiz bore him a deep-seated grudge. Mariana, as I have said, was old, and growing older, and boozy with drink was not a proper spectacle to be the proprietor of fleeces and gold; and Ruiz, who was a pretty fellow in his own fashion, and loved frippery inordinately, was poor. What more would you have? If ever there was a man fitted to make ducks and drakes of a fortune it was Ruiz, but in this case the fortune lay in a strong box at the head of his master's bed.

On the day that Isidro Escobar came riding across the mesa where Ruiz fed the flock, Mariana, who trusted no one very much, came down to see how they fared, and to bring supplies to his shepherd. Among other things he brought wine; I have said there was the appearance of kindness on Mariana's side. It was the wine of San Gabriel, heady and cordial to the blood. They pieced out the noon siesta with a bottle, and grew merry. Ruiz clapped Mariana on the shoulder and called him kin; the Portuguese ad-

mitted that he had known Ruiz's mother. They sang together, they laughed, finally they wept. That was when they were beginning the second bottle. When they had no more than half done, Ruiz remembered his grievance and brooded over it darkly, and in the third bottle he killed Mariana, not all at once as you might say the word, but provoked him, broiled with him, pricked him blunderingly with his knife. Mariana, who was leery with drink half his days, and had no hint of the other's grievance, on which point Ruiz himself was by now not quite clear, was in no case to deal with the affair. At last, sobered a little by blood-letting, he became afraid and ran. This with beasts of the Ruiz order was the worst thing to do. Pursuit whetted him. So they ran and wrestled futilely and struck blindly, for the drink worked in them yet, but Ruiz's knife, because he was heaviest and longest of arm, bit oftenest and to the bone. It was the dust of their running that Isidro saw across the evening glow. Between drink and bleeding they fell headlong into the scrub, panting like spent beasts. But Mariana, having bled most, was most sobered, and began to crawl away, and Ruiz, when he had come to himself a little, began to work after him on his wet trail with the knife between his teeth, leering through a mist of rage and drink. If he had no grievance before that was enough.

"Ha, you will leave me, hell litter?" he said, and so, voiding curses, he reeled and came up to him, plunging his knife in Mariana's back. The Portuguese fell forward with a wet cough, and the poppies, drowned in blood, shrank all away from him.

Ruiz, for his part, went back to find the dregs of the bottle. He was very merry with himself about Mariana lying out in the sage like a stuck pig. "Ah, ah! but it served him right, setting up for a rich man, who had neither manners nor wit, nor looks,—no, certainly, not looks." Then he observed his own wounds, and grew frightened to see them bleed; grew

very pitiful of himself, washing and binding them, blubbered over them, thinking new grievances of Mariana, who would so misuse him. So he wept, sitting on a hummock waist deep in bloom, until the day drew into dusk, and the dogs and the flock clamored for their evening care.

"Eh? — Oh, — go to Mariana out there," he said; "he is master," and laughed, thinking it a very fine jest, and afterwards wept again, and so fell into a mindless sleep.

It was in the hope and promise of dawn when he awoke. The sky paled slowly; here and there peaks swam into rosy glow above the cool dark. He felt the stiffness of his wounds, and groaned, remembering — what? — That Mariana lay out there in the scrub. It was a deep sleep he kept out there between the poppies and the sage; he looked not to have stirred all night. It was a joke between them that Mariana would play out to the end. Ruiz went about the morning meal fumblingly. The sky filled and filled; pale slits of light between the rifts began to streak the floor of the plain. By the spring a mourning dove began to call. The dogs shrank uneasily; they looked at the figure of Mariana, and now it seemed to stir, and now did not. Noé put his nose to the air and moaned with a hushed noise in his throat. Ruiz wished to make haste, but seemed intolerably slow. He strayed out toward the still body as the day warmed him and cleared the mists of drink. "Get up, Mariana," he began to say, but fell off into whispering; a patch of sun lit the blackened poppies, and his ear caught the burr-r-r of flies.

Without doubt the habit of a man's work stands him in good stead; whatever had come to Mariana there was still the flock. They were scattering northward, and Noé and Reina Maria had, it appeared, little mind for their work, but they heard the shepherd's voice and answered it. To bring the sheep together in good form took them a flock's length farther from Mariana. It is probable Juan Ruiz had not thought till then what he

should do, but now this was the thing, — to get away; to get shut of the sight and nearness of the dead.

He began to push the sheep into the hills, crossed the trail, and struck up over a sharp ridge. His progress grew into hurry, his hurry to a fever of flight. He pressed the sheep unmercifully; bells jangled up the steeps and down into hollows by paths that only sheep could have taken, by places where were no paths, and at last he wearied them beyond going. He was by this time beside himself. They came to an open hill-slope above a stream, thick and slippery with new grass. The shepherd instinct told him the sheep must rest and feed, but his mind gave him no rest. He killed a lamb and fed the dogs, and since he had eaten nothing that day, ate also, and made out to spend the night. He was beyond the country of the burrowing owls; there was no sound other than the eager cropping of the sheep. There came a wind walking across the grasses that made the shadows stir, and in every patch of shadow were dead men trembling to arise, struggling and twisting so they might come at him. So it seemed to Ruiz. He got his back to a rock and shuddered into sleep. He woke after an hour or two and began to think. He was neither clear nor quick in his mind, but by and by he thrashed the matter out somewhat in this fashion.

It was not likely Mariana would be missed, or, if missed, found again; by now the coyotes should be at him. And if found, what then? There was no witness. The dogs? Ah yes. They had carried themselves strangely toward him that day. All through his sleep he had heard Noé keening the dead master with a mournful howl. The faith a shepherd grows to have in the understanding of his dogs passes belief. It is equal to his assurance of their ability to make themselves understood. Ruiz was afraid of Noé and Reina Maria. The sheep also had Mariana's mark; but if he got shut of all these, what was there to accuse him? Above all, his desire moved him to get

away and away, and to mix with his own kind. There was a very dull sort of cunning in this that did not at first profit him. He had to battle with the shepherd habit to stay by the flock. Unconsciously he had worked all day against it, but the fear of dead men walking in the dark also held him still. With all this he gave no thought to the great box of reals lying unguarded in the hut of Mariana. About the hour the night breeze fell off before dawn he left the flock on the hill, and began to strike along the ridge by ways he knew, to come into Monterey from the north, which he hoped to do in four days. He left the dead and the witnesses, and carried his guilt openly in his face.

What happened to Noé and Reina Maria with the flock is a matter of record. Mascado, the Indian renegade, for purposes of his own tracked them from the day they struck the rancheria of Peter Lebecque, backward to where he found the body of Mariana, big and overblown by flies. There was nothing to tell from it except that it had been a man. The flock, it seemed, must have stayed upon the hill that day, or near it, forging forward a little by the trail Ruiz had taken. The dogs ate of the lamb that he had killed, and kept the flock close. They went on a little from there doubtfully, but presently, it seemed, they made certain, by what gift God knows, that the shepherd would not return. They headed the flock toward the place of The Reed, where they had been bred. It is not known if they had any food after the first day; they had not been taught killing. The second night brought them—for they made pace slowly—to a very close-grown and woody stretch of country all a-tumble of great boulders among the trees. They found themselves brought up against a crisis. Through the middle of this copse ran a stream full and roaring from the rains. What urgency they used, Reina Maria who was old in the wisdom of herding, and Noé who was young, could not be guessed. Sufficient that they got the flock so near the crossing that

some two or three were drowned. But they could do no more; they went, perforce, upstream. Here is a matter for wonder, and made talk in sheep camps wherewer the dogs of Del Mar—for they were of that breed—were known. The Reed lay nearest as the crow flies going downstream; the only hope of crossing lay upstream where there might be shallows, and that way they took. Here it seems was a disagreement. They were hungry, no doubt, overwrought, and one of them loved himself more than the flock. It was a question of saving the sheep who did very well, or saving their own skins. Noé would and Reina Maria would not. So they fought, faint and a-hungered, one for himself and the other for the flock, and the silly sheep strayed bleating through the scrub. The battle went to Reina Maria; it was Noé, when succor found them, that showed most wounds. So they worked the flock up the waterside, which here ran parallel to a foot trail, toward the traveled roads. They had been four days from Mariana, two of them without food, and had come twenty miles.

In the meantime Isidro Escobar had hardly come more. From the oak shelter where he had slept the second night of his journey he had set out leisurely to Los Alamos, which he made by noon. That was the day Ruiz was hurrying his flock across country by steeper ways than the accustomed trail. Between the Escobars and the family at Los Alamos there was amnesty and observance. It lay out of the trail somewhat, but not too far for the courtesy of an Escobar. By all the laws of hospitality Isidro should have stayed a month, but contented himself with three days, pleading his appointment with Padre Saavedra, and the urgency of his new calling, which now began to sit becomingly upon him.

He was, therefore, pushing merrily along the trail that rounded a barren hill running like a cape into a lake of woods that gave off a continuous murmuring. He was riding fast, not certain where he should rest, or if, in fact, he would have

any shelter but his cloak, and gave no attention to the way. Toward mid-afternoon he heard afar the slow, incessant jangle of bells that bespoke a moving flock. It promised him other things,—a meal and company, at least. The wood was scattered more, and marked by an absence of underbrush. Between the boles of oak were grassy plats, in one of which he looked to find the sheep camp. By the rising of the ground whereon the wood stood, and the dipping of the trail, he could not see very far into it, but the sound lay still ahead of him; so, with no other warning, when the ridge of westward hills began to make a twilight gloom in the gully, he came suddenly upon the flock, Noé, and Reina Maria.

III

THE HUT OF THE GRAPEVINE

Isidro was an owner of sheep, one bred to an open life, and no fool. He made sure on the instant that there was no shepherd about. Wanting other witness, the behavior of the dogs would have told him that. To make doubly sure he raised a shout that rang and rang among the tree boles and the rocks and brought no answer.

He looked the flock over and found them sleek; the brand he thought he had seen, but could not be sure. Then he came to the dogs; here was evidence. They looked gaunt and wolfish-eyed; they had wounds,—Noé was caked with blood about the throat. Isidro thought they bore the marks of wolf's teeth or coyote's. They fawned upon him with short, gulping barks and throaty whines, glad and wistful at once in an intolerable speechlessness. Properly they should have stood off from him and left parleying to the shepherd. The absence of such reserve was the best evidence that they understood the fact, if not the reason, of their desertion. Something of what they had suffered they told Isidro in their dumb

way, which was a very good way since it touched him. His first move, done quickly to take advantage of the waning day, was to cast a wide circle about the flock, to pick up the trail of the vanished shepherd. He found the way the sheep had come with Noé and Reina Maria, but found nothing more. At the first motion of riding away Noé had set up a thin howl, but Reina Maria had the faith of her sex. She waited the event.

"So," said Isidro, "it seems there is no company where I looked to find it, and no fire, though a fire would be a comfort, and no food but great need of feeding." It was quite dusk in the wood, where the earth was all a litter of rotten leaves. The ripples of the stream, which at this point ran shallowly in a rocky bed, began to climb above the hushed noises of the day; the air had a feel of dampness. Isidro made his horse comfortable by the stream border, where there was a cropping of fresh grass, and lit a fire of twigs. He thought of supper and then of the dogs, for they looked to have suffered much. He killed a lamb for them bunglingly, as not being used to such work, spattering his ruffles with blood, and was pleased to see them feed. They were in a fair way to get a taste for new mutton.

"My faith!" said he, watching their ravening, "is it so long as that?"

Isidro set to work to piece out the circumstance. Whatever had befallen the shepherd it could not be Indians, since these would hardly have spared the flock; nor wild beasts, though the wounds of Noé hinted at that. It was not possible that a beast which could carry off a man would let the dogs go free. Besides, the sheep were too sleek, too little uneasy; they had had no fright, as would have shown in the case of an attack by wolves or bears. The only thing that was clear was the devotion of Noé and Reina Maria.

"Good dogs," said Isidro, and praised them to their fill, though in an unfamiliar speech.

The bells of the sheep made a friendly

tinkle; the flock drowsed; the dogs dressed their wounds by the fire. Isidro heaped him a bed of dried fern and slept deep.

He awoke in the morning twilight; all the wood was astir with wild pigeons,—soft, slate blue like the sky. The flock was out and feeding up the stream; Noé and Reina Maria stood for orders. Here was a bother. There was no mistaking the attitude of the dogs,—they had shifted their responsibility.

Caramba! Was an Escobar to turn herder, and go straggling into the Presidio of Monterey with a flock not his own at his heels? It was a pity, of course, but clearly not a case for his intervention. So Isidro; not so Noé and Reina Maria. When the man put his horse to the ford they brought up the flock that, also reassured by the man's presence, began to get over in a silly fashion. Directly they had a hint of a new desertion. It went hard with the dogs at first in the shock to a free given faith. They were checked, bewildered. Noé yelped dismally, and then frankly deserted the flock for the man. But Reina Maria ran to and fro between him and her charge, back and forth with tongue wagging out and red, wearied eyes, harrying the flock and fawning on the man, not daunted, but persisting until she had won his understanding and rested the case upon the facts. She was fit to burst with running and eagerness. A hundred rods or so of this, and Isidro wheeled back in a kind of comical dismay.

"Your way, my lady!" he cried. "Jesus! but I will make poor work of being a priest if I refuse such begging. Thou art a faithful beast."

"A priest is a shepherd in some sort," he said later, moving with the flock slowly in the morning freshness, "but I doubt the herder has the easier time of it." The difficulties of the work came home to him presently. Thus far he had followed the trail, which grew steep and stony in a great tangle of brush. The light lay level with the hills and too warm. The sheep

scattered in the brush, and the dogs were plainly fagged.

To keep the trail grew nearly impossible; besides, it seemed little likely to afford pasture.

"My friends," said Isidro, "it is clear we shall get nowhere at this rate, and seeing I am new to the business and likely to make a mess of it, do you be so kind as to lead the way."

No doubt communication between man and beast is helped by speech, but it is not indispensable. Noé and Reina Maria knew only Portuguese and a little French, Isidro only Castilian, but somehow there passed from each to each some assurance, sense of understanding. Gradually the dogs assumed the responsibility of the flocks, growing assured as they felt themselves free and Isidro following. They passed out of the thickets, turned north along an open ridge, and by noon made a little grassy swale, through which the rill of a spring ran unseen, though you heard it talking in the grass. Beyond that was rolling country, nearly treeless, lush with wild oats, bordered with poppies, holding little lakes of white forget-me-nots in coves of the hills.

The grass grew up tall, and muffled the bells of the sheep. Then began trees again,—buckeyes bursting into bloom, wateroaks strung with long, pendulous vines misty with bloom. Deer stood up in the open places; a band of antelope flashed by them, three coyotes behind them in full chase; they came upon two tawny cats at their mating in the clear warm space before a rocky wall. They saw no man, neither shepherd nor Indian, nor any trace of one. Those were the days when men shifted for themselves without finiken. So long as the flock lasted and he had the means of a fire—it was still the time of flint and tinder—they would not lack food, and for shelter Isidro had his cloak. But by the time the light had got a yellow tinge from shining slantwise on the poppy fires, they came upon a better shift. Under an oak, mocking the jays with as shrill a voice,

sat a slim, dark lad, pillowled on a great sheaf of plucked bloom.

For excuse of his being, a small flock, lacking a brand, fed thereabout, minded by a mongrel cur that looked more for killing than herding, but, nevertheless, came and went obediently at the lad's word. So much Isidro perceived at the first onset; for the rest, since he had come upon him suddenly, Isidro found himself enough to do to turn aside his own sheep so that the two bands might not mix,—a matter in which the lad spent no pains. He stood up, though, and seeing him not likely to begin, Isidro fetched a very courteous bow.

"Señor," he said, "will you do me the favor to tell me whose sheep I have, and whether they would go?"

"That," said the lad, "you should know better than I. Keep back your sheep, sir; if they mix the parting out will be no sport."

"Your pardon, señor, so I should judge, but I am newly come into the business, and the dogs do not understand Castilian."

The herd boy spoke some words of diverse tongues, mongrel speech of the mixed peoples that come together in a new land, and lighted upon those that the dogs understood, for they went at their work with quickened apprehension. The lad got his own band behind him, and started them moving.

"As for the flock, señor," he said, "whose should they be if not yours, unless you have stolen them?"

"My faith, you have a tongue!" cried Isidro; "but as for stealing, it appears that they have stolen me, since they have taken me out of my way so that I know not how I shall come at it, nor what to do with them."

"You speak riddles, señor."

"Then I will speak more to the point;" whereupon he told him straightly how he came upon the flock and what followed.

"The brand is Mariana's," said the boy, "and the dogs I think I have seen. Noé?" he questioned, and the dog fawned

upon him. "They are Mariana's sheep, and the dogs belonged to Juan Ruiz. They passed a fortnight since. Strange work."

"I know none stranger," said Isidro with much gravity; "and since you know their owner, who is no doubt much distressed on their account, will you do me the favor to restore them? I will give you two reals for your trouble, and the Portuguese will scarcely do less."

The boy knit his brows with quick darting scorn. "The señor does not understand these things. Juan Ruiz has doubtless come to some hurt. Suppose the Portuguese comes upon me unawares with his dogs and his sheep. Will he believe me if I say I had them from a fine gentleman in the woods?"

"As well your story as mine," said Isidro, beginning to be vastly amused. He rolled a cigarette and leaned against his horse, waiting. The boy frowned, and thought. When he spoke again it was with a curious apathy, as if he had somehow come free of the whole affair.

"If the señor will but come with me," he said.

"As well with you as anywhere," cried Isidro with the greatest cheerfulness. Seeing the boy moving before him with the flock Isidro took thought of him. He was slightly built for his age, which looked to be fifteen, and was clothed for the most part in very good woven stuff, cut after no fashion but convenience, wore moccasins, and about his calves strips of buck-skin wrapped many times Indian fashion. He had black hair cropped at the shoulders, and falling so as to leave visible only a thin disk of face, dark and ruddy-colored. He stood straightly, and had the fine, level looking eyes of an Indian, though no Indian as was plain to see. About his brows he wore a rag of red silk, in which were tucked vine leaves for coolness; under this penthouse his eyes were alert and unfrightened as a bird's.

They went sidelong on a ridge, avoiding a deep cañon, and came clear of trees. Presently they reached the head of a long,

winding shallow that should have held a stream, but flowed only a river of grass and bloom. Down this the sheep poured steadily as if it had been a lane, and Isidro found space for conversation.

"Your sheep?" said he.

"Peter Lebecque's."

"And who may Peter Lebecque be? I have not heard of him, and I thought to know these hills."

"And who may you be that should know such humble folk?" quoth the shepherd lad.

"My faith," thought Isidro, "but this is a sharp one!" Nevertheless, he took off his hat with a very low sweep, being now beside his companion. "Isidro Rodrigo Escobar, your servant, señor."

The boy eyed him a moment through narrowing lids, and then, as if appeased, replied in kind:—

"Peter Lebecque is a trapper; he lives by the Grapevine where the water of that creek comes out of the Gap."

"And where may that be?"

"It is near by, señor."

"And you, what are you called?"

"El Zarzo."¹

"El Zarzo? Nothing else?"

"Nothing else, señor."

"But that is no name for a Christian. Had you never another?"

"El Zarzo I am called, señor, or Zarzito."

"Well, well, a good name enough; one might guess how you came by it."

The way began to narrow and wind down; presently they heard the barking of dogs. The gully widened abruptly to a little meadow fronting a cañon wall, looking from above to have a close green thicket in its midst. Isidro, when they had come down to the level, perceived it to be a group of tree trunks overgrown by wild vines that had come up by the help of the trees and afterward strangled them. The twisted stems rose up like pillars, and overhead ran stringers of vine thatched with leaves. Alcoves and galleries of shade lay between the tree boles

¹ The Briar.

under thick rainproof roofs. The outer walls were cunningly pieced out by willow withes, to which the vines had taken kindly; a rod away it looked to be all nature. It was as safe and dark as a lair; the floor of stamped earth had a musty dampness; it smelt like a fox's earth. Bearskins drying in the sun stank very vilely, and dogs lolled hunting fleas on the floor.

Peter Lebecque, who was shaping a trap, stood up as they came, but found no words; all manner of threats, questionings, resentments, played across his eyes. El Zarzo slid away from Isidro and stood in low-toned foreign talk a long time with the trapper, with many a quick flung look and dropped inflection. They need not, however, have concerned themselves so much; an Escobar had the manners not to hear what was not intended for his ears. Isidro stood by his horse and smoked cigarettes until the sun was quite down.

By that the old rascal, for so he looked, came forward to take his horse. "Will you eat, señor?" he said.

"With the best will in the world," said Isidro.

The old trapper took a pot of very savory stew from the fire, added bread and wine and a dish of beans. They three sat upon stools about a table contrived of hewn slabs, and dipped in the dish, every man with his own knife and his fingers. The day went out in a flare of crimson clouds trumpeted by a sea wind; there was promise of rain.

It appeared that Peter Lebecque knew something of fine manners, though Isidro confessed to himself that he could not get to like the look of him. There was a great deal of polite indirection before they came to the pith of their business.

The sheep, it was agreed, were Mariana's; further agreed that Isidro and the lad should deliver them to-morrow to the shepherds of Mariana, who might be met with about the place called Pasteria. This you can imagine was no comfortable news for Isidro, since it took him still further out of his course, but, in fact, there was no help for it.

"It would go hard," said the trapper, "if the flock were found with us. An Escobar is above suspicion, but we, señor, are poor folk." He leered wickedly with beady eyes. Isidro had washed his hands before meat, and the old villain had noted blood upon his wrists.

"As you will," said Isidro, wishing to be rid of the matter, "and then you will tell me how I shall come by the trail to the Presidio of Monterey again."

"Ah, Monterey; it is a very fine town, I have heard."

"I have never been there."

"Nor I, but I have heard, a gay town, and many gay ladies, eh señor?"

"Oh, as to that I cannot say; I go to Padre Saavedra at Carmelo." Isidro let a prodigious yawn; he was tired of the day's work, and tired of the company. When he had got to bed at last on a heap of skins he had his saddle for pillow, and his pistols ready to hand. "I am not a priest yet," he said, "and the old fellow looks to be the devil or of his brood."

By this the rain had begun, and drummed softly on the thatch of vines. The old man and the lad had their heads together, talking in a foreign tongue, droning and incessant as the drip of the rain; the sound of it ran on into the night, and mixed strangely with Isidro's dreams.

IV

THE FATHER PRESIDENT

In a cove of quietness back from the bay, between the mountains and the Point of Pines, stands Carmel, otherwise the Mission of San Carlos Borromeo, second of the strongholds of Holy Church established by that great saint and greater man, Fray Junip'ero Serra, for the salvation of souls and the increasing glory of God. Where the river winds through the mission purlieus shallowly to the sea, rise the towers and chimes of San Carlos, overlooking the alcoves of the Mission and the wattled huts of the neophytes. It

looks beyond to the strips of tillage, the winking weirs that head up the river for the irrigating ditches, to the sloping fields of the Mission, browsed over by clean-limbed cattle. Over this clearing and over some miles of oak forest and birch-fringed waters, over rolling pine lands and blossomy meadows, the Padres of San Carlos had right of usufruct and disposition, over field and flock and folk, rights temporal and spiritual under the hand of the Father President of Missions.

It was at the time Isidro Escobar set out to be a priest for his own good and the better ease of his father's conscience a very goodly demesne, a flowery land full of golden-throated larks lilting in the barley, of doves moaning in the blossoming pears, of jays shouting in the sombre oaks. The cattle lowed from the hills, the Indian women crooned at their weaving in the sun.

Upon a day when Peter Lebecque sat knitting his fierce brows in his hut over an Escobar who, with blood upon his wrists, drove Mariana's shepherdless sheep to no purpose, it happened that Padre Vicente Saavedra, Father President of Missions of Alta California, Brother of St. Francis, together with Fray Demetrio Fages, his almoner and secretary, set out to walk from San Carlos to the Presidio on business of the Commandante's. Of this business and whom it might concern he knew nothing, but surmised much. At sundown on the previous day an orderly rode out to San Carlos desiring the Father President's presence with all possible convenience; nothing more from that source, but from Demetrio Fages, a comfortable gossip, he had gathered that a ship of a build such as seldom put into that port had anchored off Monterey. Padre Saavedra had spent much of the time thereafter walking up and down in the corridor.

These were tight times for the Father President. He knew from his college of San Fernando that this new strumpet Republic contrived evil against the Brothers of St. Francis; nothing less than

the removal of the mission demesne from under the cure of his order. He knew also that the brotherhood was primed against that attempt, and his faith was great, but of late his mind misgave him. Communication with his college was slow. Whispers reached him from the outside, rumors, veiled intimations.

From Soledad, from Santa Inez, from La Purisima, there were reports of restlessness and lack of reverence among the neophytes. The fact was, the reverend Father President hardly glimpsed the breadth of the disaster. Liberty was awake and crying in the land. The secularization of the Missions was an accomplished fact while the Padre still hoped to avert it.

Father Saavedra was less shrewd than saintly. In the management of the Missions difficulties arose; if there was a way out he took it; if not, it was indubitably so ordered of God, hence bearable. He looked for the ultimate triumph of St. Francis, but what he could contrive by way of betterment he did. His night's muse had been rather of his own affairs than this business of the Commandante's, which he supposed might be pertinent to the matter.

Notwithstanding his afternoon of years and the heaviness of his concerns, the Padre walked springily toward the Presidio of Monterey. A wet fog that hung in shreds and patches about the pines had left the fields dewy and glorious. Blossoms lapped the trail, birds sang in the woods, Padre Vicente was in tune. He must needs talk, and since this was clearly no time to let vapors, he talked with Fages upon another matter which lay close to his heart, and concerned the good of the order. Said he:—

"You should know something of the family of Escobar, brother, a very ancient house and a noble one, well set up by marriages on either side. Don Antonio, who has the estates of Las Plumas and La Liebre, you have met. Know, then, that his younger son, called Isidro, is dedicated, vowed, given over to Mother

Church and our Holy Order of St. Francis. Him I look to have with me in three days at the farthest. To that end I have had the room made ready next to mine at Carmelo."

This was straight news. If the secretary's eyes had not been cast down as their custom was he would have seen the little flicker of pride with which it was delivered; but then the dropped lids hid also a little prick of alert dismayedness behind them. The good Padre was big with his plan, which was now ripe for delivery. He went on:—

"You will know, of course, that this sion of a goody house cannot be made a priest here in California, as one might say the word, that he must needs go to our college of San Fernando, perhaps also to Rome, but in good time, brother, in good time.

"You have heard me speak, Fray Demetrio, of the danger that threatens our great foundation, the work of our brother in Christ and St. Francis, Padre Junip'ero Serra, whom God assoil, and how that by prayer and the works of the Superior of our order and the intervention of Holy Church it may yet be turned aside." This was as far as the Father President would admit the imminence of that dissolution of the Missions which was so soon to be accomplished, lest by admitting he should make it sure. Anything more implied a doubt of the sovereign powers of St. Francis; St. Francis, it appeared, had other affairs.

"Yet," said Padre Vicente, "in times like these even the least of God's servants, of whom we are, may do somewhat. The coming of this young man into our order at this time should mean much for the Missions, much, Demetrio, and was no doubt so ordered aforetime, as you shall hear." Upon this the good Padre out with the story of Mercedes Venegas and the elder Escobar, and a very pretty story he made of it down to the ruin of Don Antonio's fortune and the grant to him of the twin estates of Las Plumas and La Liebre. Yet there remained in

Mexico members of both mother's and father's houses, men of affairs and good fortune, well friended of the state, who might serve St. Francis a turn.

"So," concluded the Padre, "we have here in this young man, whom I have seen and found well inclined toward the work, that which may win for us many worldly means, by which it is ordained God's work should proceed." Thus the Father President unbosomed himself of his conceit, which was, plainly put, to keep Isidro by him until the spirit and power of the Missions had got into his blood, and then send him to Mexico to be made a priest, and use his family for priestly ends. An excellent plan enough, but too late in fruition. Perhaps Fages knew this; the man was no fool, though reputed slow; no less a saint than many of his stripe, and greedy of advancement. Perhaps Father Vicente made the mistake of taking his subordinate's limitations for granted. Fray Demetrio was a man of no blood and little schooling, but if he had gone far for a man of his parts he might go farther. Father Vicente was all for Holy Church and St. Francis; Fages was all for Fages. Holy Church was a good thing for you if you could make it so; one might climb by the skirts of St. Francis to some very desirable seat. So when the Father President unburdened himself on the hill trail between Carmelo and the Presidio of Monterey he gave that worthy food for thought. He had hardly done with it by the time they had come to the top of the hill that looks on the town. Out beyond, caught, as it were, in the bight of the moon-shaped bay, the stranger ship dipped to her white reflection on the tide.

"How make you her country?" asked the Padre.

"Venetian by the flag," said Fray Demetrio.

"Venetian. Ah, ah!" The Father President felt a loosening about his heart. What menace to St. Francis could come from that quarter? An hour later he was with the Commandante at the Presidio.

The Commandante of Monterey was a personable man, keen, well set up, not young, iron gray as to hair, as to temper cold steel that remembered the pit where it was forged. A just man, very jealous of military power. The Father President and the Commandante were, as respected their several jurisdictions, upon the edge of distrust; for the rest, they were very good friends. The Commandante's rooms overlooked the blue floor of the bay and the Venetian ship which lay in the anchorage. The vessel had seen stiff weather and the mercy of God. Off Cape San Lucas, beating before a southerly wind, it became certain the rotten main-sail would never hold; the sound of splitting canvas was like the crack of doom to the crew, who took themselves at once to religion. They found an advocate with God in the person of the Virgin, and by her intervention, being strengthened miraculously, the sail held, and had been vowed to her at the first port of entry. The sailors even now gathered on the beach to walk barefoot, each holding a corner of the canvas to bring it to the church of San Carlos at Monterey. They raised a hymn as they walked, the burden of which came up through the Commandante's window, and served for all introduction to the conversation.

"There came in that vessel, the King's Delight," said the Commandante, "one Valentín Delgado, with letters from the capital upon a matter which concerns the civil authorities, which concerns you, Padre, a little, me most of all." Here was a good beginning, but the Padre waited to hear more. It grew upon him as he waited that Jesus Castro must be older than he thought, not so much by years as by grief. When the Commandante was ready for going on it was curty enough.

"You knew my wife?" The Padre bowed. "She was a Ramirez. This Delgado comes with word of a considerable estate which has fallen to her or her heirs; failing the direct line it reverts to the Church,—to the Hospital of the Clean Conception at Mexico, to be exact." This

was large news, but could hardly be expected to interest a brother of St. Francis; the Padre judged there was more. Presently it came.

"You wonder what further there could be in the matter, since you, Padre, in common with the rest of the world, believe me childless; so, for a long time, I supposed myself, but the truth is Ysabel had a child." Something of what this cost Castro the Padre guessed, but the Commandante's temper brooked no pity.

"It is true," he went on, beginning to walk up and down the room, "there was a daughter, and no one knows what has become of her. . . . Ysabel was at Santa Barbara; I was putting down the revolt in the south. It was the year of the pestilence. On my return I found my wife dead, and the woman Elisa, her nurse, gone back to her people. Of the child I could hear no word. As you have perhaps heard — as you know" — The pride of a Castro could go no farther.

"As I know, my son," assented Saavedra fatherly. Report had it that the Señora Castro had died of hate for the proudest man in New Spain, whose hair was white with grief of her before his time.

"Well," said the Commandante, "it was not for a year that I heard anything of that matter. Padre Bonaventura, who confessed her when she died, was transferred from Santa Barbara, but when he learned of my return he made occasion to see me and told me this much. Ysabel was not yet recovered from her confinement when she was taken with the fever, and though the Padre came as quickly as he might in that fearful time, she was soon spent. What she confessed to him was that she had had a child and put it away from her, — I cannot believe her mind right at that time, — but repented. She wished me to have it, for it was mine of a surety. 'Tell him to take the child,' she said, and with that she died." Damp like death stood on the Commandante's brows. Father Saavedra kept his fine

hands twisted in a knot, and his eyes on the King's Delight. Men will not look on one another's mortal agony.

Said the Padre at last, "And you found no trace?"

"None. The woman Elisa might have told somewhat, but she had disappeared. Afterward I came upon sure proof that she had died of the fever."

"And now?"

"Now I wish to know more. Elisa was a Christian, and very intelligent. If the child died she would hardly have had it buried without a priest; if it lived she would have had it baptized. Some of your Padres may know; I am told they keep strict register. Or, at least, whoever had her in charge would have confessed, perhaps."

"The seal of the confessional," began the Father President —

"The seal of the confessional, Padre," interrupted the other, "has been used before now to restore that which was lost, and to bring riches into the maw of the Church." He shrugged off the implied rebuke of the Padre's uplifted hand and hurried on: "I have heard lately that your college of San Fernando has fallen somewhat into decay. The child is the heiress of the Ramirez; bring me news of her, and I promise you St. Francis shall not suffer for it." It was a relief to Castro to speak peremptorily of what he would do if the child were found; it seemed almost like getting something done; but to do the Padre justice, at this point he had hardly a thought of the bribe to St. Francis, though that came afterward as befitting a Superior of the Order. Just now he was touched as a man by the other man's consuming grief.

"By what marks would you know her when found?"

"None, none!" cried Castro. "I know nothing except the time of her birth. She would be turned sixteen by now. You see I did not know — I was not sure — my wife had not said — I had been four months from home, and it is probable Ysabel was brought untimely to bed.

She had not been well in Santa Barbara. Then when I heard that my wife was dead I wished not to live myself; I asked to be kept in active service. But in the end I went back to Santa Barbara, and there I learned about the child."

Slowly the two men beat over the stubble of the Commandante's old grief, but found small comfort in it. The woman Elisa had not been one of the mission neophytes, and in that busy time she had died without priestly ministrations. There had been another woman with her keeping the Señora Castro's house. It seemed she might be able to tell something if she could be found. It appeared to the Padre that she must be living, for if she had died in any of the Missions she would have confessed, and word of it come to the Commandante. There were not then so many dwellers in Alta California that the name of Jesus Castro could come up in any such connection and the Padres not know who it should be. The Father President promised to charge his mind with it as he went on his yearly round of Missions, which would begin now in a week or two at most.

It was a matter which could be turned to account in many ways. To serve Castro in this affair would be to turn his influence on the side of the Missions in the crisis which approached, and the reward might be considerable. Besides, there was the heiress herself, who, if found, might be, as a child of the Missions, brought to serve their end. These were the thoughts of the functionary, the head of an order; there was another which was pure priesthood. Father Vicente was jealous for souls, and Castro an indifferent communicant. If now he could be helped in this matter his thoughts might be turned properly toward God and the Church, his mother, who served him. This was sweet thought, and the Padre fed upon it walking back to Monterey. But what he thought he did not tell to Fages, much to that worthy's discomfiture. The good Brother had an itch for news.

V

YSABEL

This is a true account of Ysabel Castro, and how a child of hers came to be lost. The rest of the argument has to do with finding her. Most of it was known to her husband; as much as was known to all the world was known to Vicente Saavedra; the rest you shall hear and judge.

If Ysabel Castro had been a beautiful woman, fit to set a man beside himself, Ysabel Ramirez had been a more beautiful girl. There are still extant in San Blas among the gallants there some songs which were made of her worshipfully. They knew how to appraise a woman, those sprigs of New Spain,—her hands, her ankles, her eyebrows, the black shroud of her hair. That she had few suitors for her hand among many lovers was not so much because the Señor Ramirez was villainously poor as that he was villainously proud.

Suitors or no suitors, Ysabel had given her heart to another Ramirez, a cousin in some sort, who had the family beauty, the family pride, and, it may be added, the family poverty. There is no doubt he loved Ysabel; perhaps the young people might have come together and been happy in the face of all these,—such things have happened in New Spain,—but before this could be accomplished Jesus Castro had seen her. Castro was already a made man, and his youth dry in him when the beauty of Ysabel Ramirez shook the crypts of his soul. One is obliged to admit, had there been no impediment, it would have been a suitable marriage. The name of Castro was as good as Ramirez, the fortunes better.

The pride of young men is not the pride of middle age. Ramon Ramirez was too proud to have his cousin if she did not love him; Castro was too proud, loving her, not to have her on any terms. In the end he possessed her, at what cost to him-

self you shall hear. Always one must admit a certain amount of misunderstanding to mitigate the pitiableness of human affairs.

When Castro began to make favors of small loans to the elder Ramirez it was merely to ease the need he had of serving Ysabel. When Ramirez began to accept favors he had no hint of Castro's suit. If he had known how much the weight of debt pressed upon the elder man, Castro might not have used such urgency. That Ysabel did not love him he knew, but had no hint of the affair with the cousin; there had been no formal betrothal, and, besides, the body and soul of him cried out for her. The desire of mastery mastered him; Ysabel he would have if he died for it. But Ysabel died.

She had one stormy hour with her father, a stolen one with her lover, and afterward submitted to what was, for her, the will of God. They were all for pride, those dons of New Spain, for name and honor and bravery; but, in fact, they were a simple folk.

Jesus Castro was at that time Commandante at San Blas, and Ramon Ramirez one of his lieutenants. At the marriage of his superior Ramon held a stirrup for the bride at the church door. Castro saw his hand tremble when her foot was on it, and got an inkling; looked at his wife's face, and had a revelation. There went to that wedding a broken heart, a slighted troth, a cold exchange of coin, for all of which Castro paid.

Ysabel saw to that. She went to his hearth in scorn, to his bed with cold shudderings of distaste. He had his will of her as far as the outward form, never so far as the borderland of soul and understanding. His pretty plan for marrying a wife and winning her afterward went all awry. It was not that he was too proud to woo, but he lacked knowing how. She met his courtesies with contempt, and his passion with bitter gibes. In all this was no outward quarrel. Her very obedience was a mock. Ramon she had never seen, never tried to see

since her marriage. It was not doubt of his wife's honor that led him to exchange his post to Santa Barbara, where all was strange, but the hope that in sheer loneliness she might turn to her husband. The worst of his unhappiness was that with all her hating he could not unlove her.

At Santa Barbara Ysabel loathed him more, and clung closer to the woman Elisa, who had nursed her.

In truth, I think the poor lady not all to blame in this. With all his will to do her good, her husband's bitter passion would not let him spare her. Besides, her condition — she was by now *enceinte* — no doubt worked a disorder in her mind. Of this, as you have learned, Castro had no hint.

"It would please him too much," said Ysabel to her woman.

Indian revolts in the south kept her husband away from home much of that year, and furthered her plan of concealment. When the Doña Ysabel was near her time, there broke out at the Mission a great pestilence of fever that carried off the natives by scores, and kept every man's mind upon his own affairs.

Those were simple times when nature had a large measure of trust, and women served one another at need. Doña Ysabel had in her hour, which came untimely, the woman Elisa and one other. About sundawn, when they showed her the child, she saw that she had stamped it with her hate, — the very front and feature of the Castros. She turned upon her side and hid her face. "Take it away," she said to the women, "take it away."

It seemed a weakling, not likely to find breath for going on, and the women had hurried it to the priest for baptism. Father Bonaventura had too much to do at that time for record keeping; he christened the child, between two deaths, Jacintha Concepcion, and knew no more about it.

Ysabel never saw her child but once afterward. The women put it to her breast, but there was no milk; the rage of grief had dried that fountain. It seemed

she might have been tenderly moved toward it, for she looked at it long, and took a medal from her neck to hang about the child's, but at once she rose up in her bed, bright and hot and shaken terribly, crying upon the women to take it away. She seemed not to have any thought but "Take it away! take it away!" and—"never let him know, Elisa, never let him know," meaning her husband, "ah God, never let him know!" So she would fall asleep moaning, and waking fall to crying again very pitifully. It seemed as if the child were a great shame to her which she would hide, as, indeed, such a birth might be to a woman who was a maid at heart. But the women understood that she was in a fever, and were very tender of her.

On the ninth day the woman Elisa saw that she opened new eyes upon her, strange, but sane. "Go for the Padre," she said to the other serving woman; "it is the shadow of death." The shadow was very near.

"I have been a sinful woman," Ysabel said to the priest between two breaths. "Tell my husband to take the child"—With that she fell a-shuddering so that the Padre made haste to lay the host between her lips. So she died, but when Padre Bonaventura had time to inquire into the matter the woman and the child had disappeared. Doña Ysabel should have shown her repentance to her servant rather than the priest. The woman loved her, and was as reticent as death.

Neither the Padre nor Castro could make anything of it. That they had died of the fever seemed likeliest. Castro fed upon the hint of forgiveness in that last word, "Tell my husband to take the child"— Ah, Christ, what would he not give! but to the world he was still a childless man.

As much of this as he knew Padre Saavedra brooded over after his meeting with the Commandante. He glimpsed a little what had been in Ysabel's mind when she had denied her child—the good father had confessed women as well as

men—and a little of the notion of the woman Elisa, but he believed the daughter of Castro still alive, since God, who ordered all things, would hardly let it rise up to trouble his mind if there were nothing to come of it. The woman Elisa was a Christian, therefore if living to be reached through Holy Church. Father Saavedra had it in mind to go through the Missions as with a sieve till she was found, or some trace of her. Castro believed her dead of the plague, but the child was not with her; then she had left it in charge of some other who might still be reached. But the best reason for believing was the urgent need of St. Francis to support his failing cause; the fortune of Ramirez might very well be the ram caught in the thicket for sacrifice. You will easily perceive by this the bent of the Father President's mind.

At the Presidio the Padre had asked Castro for proofs, marks of identification by which the child should be known when found; the Commandante, you remember, had said there were none. There was the medal,—Castro had seen it on his wife's bosom,—but they knew nothing of that; and there were marks: the beauty of the Ramirez stamped by the Commandante,—two perfect parted bows of lips, two great eyes under a fine curved line of brows meeting over the high straight nose, a temper quick and restrained, a tongue tipped with the aloe of bitterness that curdled Doña Ysabel's heart, great power of hating, greater for loving. By these marks you should know the child of Ysabel and Jesus Castro when she was found. No doubt the good Padre was right. The surface of waters is troubled above bodies about to rise; something was to come up out of the depths to concern the Commandante and the Father President. Revolving the affair Father Vicente paced back to Carmelo neither so cheery nor so communicable as he had been in the morning.

Meantime Castro who knew more of these things than the Padre, but not so much as you have heard, set straightly

about the business of doing something. He sought out Don Valentin, and put it before him somewhat in this fashion. There was an heir, a daughter who would be about sixteen, but she was unfortunately out of touch, mislaid, in fact lost. He let Delgado think what he would of causes, gave him only facts, place, time, the name of the nurse. It occurred to him now as he talked that he had not paid sufficient attention to the other woman; he had been all for Elisa. It grew upon him that here was a clue that might be followed to advantage. All this was interesting, though it was hardly clear what it purported to Delgado, but there was more to follow.

This Delgado was as courtly and serviceable a young man as ever came out of Mexico; a nimble wit and likely to have himself most in hand when there was most need. All the young caballeros about the Presidio were vastly taken with him. He brought them a new style of waistcoat and a new game at cards. The rope of silver around his peaked sombrero was fastened with a great turquoise. The leathers of his spurs had jewels in them. Besides he could talk, as the fashion then set, of liberty and the Republic, — had all its newest phases very pat.

It seemed from his account that there had been a half brother of the elder Ramirez who had gone far in the favor of fortune, but not far enough in the favor of ladies to secure him a lawful heir. Dying, his estates fell to the heirs of Ysabel, if any such were found. Delgado freely admitted that he had accepted that quest from the administrator because it brought him to the new land where he had heard estates were to be come by. He had taken ship at San Blas on this same King's Delight that dwindled to a speck against the west. He had no other employment but the business of the heir.

Castro considered that he had here a tool to his hand. Delgado could see for himself—Castro put it to him, walking up and down in the low room opening toward the sea—that he was the man for

this affair. Once supplied with money, letters, all the details that were known to the father, this young blade with the quick wit should do wonders. To tell the truth, Castro had made a perfunctory search. The rage of Ysabel even in her grave had been a thing not lightly to be braved. From the first he had been sure it would baffle him.

Padre Bonaventura was no longer at Santa Barbara, but at San Gabriel. He should be able to set forth the facts freshly. The census of the inhabitants was so strictly kept by the Missions that a careful search must reveal something, and the girl once found, — ah, well, — who so worthy of the doe as he who sped the arrow; to whom should the dove belong if not to him who set the snare? In short, Castro let him know in very courtly and roundabout fashion, and not all at one sitting or in one day, that if he would but find the daughter of Ysabel Ramirez he might have whatever he asked, even to the hand of the heiress. Delgado felicitated himself things were coming his way, but he would have a surer bond. This polite indirection had a little fallen into disuse in the days of the Republic. He would do his utmost he said, and marry her — "if so be she was marriageable!" The eyes of the Commandante narrowed to two slits spitting fire. Marriageable! to a Delgado, the daughter of a Ramirez! Don Valentin kept a level eye; he had seen great men rage before now; nevertheless, he had good manners in the main.

"The Señor Commandante forgets — the señorita may be married by now." This was a check, and Castro let his rage die out while he considered it. Ah, ah, no matter; only find her, the reward would not be wanting. So, finally, a bargain was struck, but at this first interview they had hardly made a beginning. There was very little business in those days in Alta California which could not better be finished to-morrow than to-day.

Delgado had gone off to his quarters in the town. Lights twinkled in the houses and went out. Somewhere out of

sight a woman sang to a fretful child, the sentries called across the dark. Over in Carmel Padre Vicente knelt by the bones of Serra; in devotion his soul took flight. Demetrio Fages, near him, moved sideways on his knees to rest them from the tiles; he prayed with his lips, his hands, and the surface of his mind. The depths of him were busy with other things.

By and by the moon swam into the clear void; it looked in on the serene face of the Father President, sleeping with his

hands clasped on a crucifix lest death surprise him; on Delgado, gaming with the young bloods of Monterey; on Escobar, sleeping in his silver-fringed mantle, and on El Zarzo watching him in the wakeful pauses with black, deep-lighted eyes. But in the house of the Commandante lay shadow of darkness; where no moon could pierce a man rolled face downward on his bed, who moaned and bit his hands, and cried only "Ysabel! Ysabel! Ysabel!"

(*To be continued.*)

THE GREAT PURITAN

BY GOLDWIN SMITH

WE have before us now, on Cromwell, Carlyle's *Life and Letters*, Mr. Gardiner's history of the period, the last volumes of Mr. Lecky's history, and Mr. Morley's *Life*; to which distinguished list should be added the historical chapters of Mr. Masson's *Milton*, which, put together and expanded in parts, might be found the best historic mirror of the time.

"Darest thou wed the Heaven's lightning, then?" ejaculates Carlyle, speaking of Cromwell's slaughter of the garrison of Drogheda. Sage of Chelsea, we dare not; we should be upsetting the balance of our historical judgment. There was sure to be a recoil from Carlyle. "Dry-as-dust" was sure to have his own again. Dry-as-dust was, of course, indispensable and inestimable. Yet if there has been a man of transcendent power who has done great things for his kind, though far from being "godlike" he may be altogether fallible, human admiration and sympathy are not irrational or unhistoric. Carlyle might, perhaps, retort that Dry-as-dust's minute criticisms of character and motive were idiosyncratic, and probably had no surer basis than

the hero-worshiper's rhapsodies of admiration. Carlyle has also the advantage of treating history with perfect breadth and freedom on its comic as well as on its serious side. The admission of humor into history is the unique stroke of his genius.

Oliver's character is a very interesting study in itself as a remarkable combination of power with the tenderness which was totally wanting in the character of Napoleon. To his power there could be no stronger testimony than that of his arch-enemy Clarendon, in whom admiration visibly struggles with hatred. "To reduce three nations, which perfectly hated him, to an entire obedience to all his dictates; to awe and govern those nations by an army that was undevoted to him and wished his ruin, was an instance of a very prodigious address. But his greatness at home was but a shadow of the glory he had abroad. It was hard to discover which feared him most, France, Spain, or the Low Countries, where his friendship was current at the value he put upon it. And as they did all sacrifice their honor and their interest to his pleasure, so there is nothing he could have

demanded that either of them would have denied him." Clarendon goes on to mention the two instances of his protection of the Protestants in Savoy and Languedoc. That the three nations "perfectly hated" Cromwell and that the army "was undevoted to him" are the ideas of Mr. Hyde. But it is certain that Cromwell's power was shown in bending to his will and using in his service men like Monk, Broghill, and Whitelocke, who had no attachment to his person or to his cause.

The steward of Cromwell's household, writing after his master's death, says, "His temper was exceeding fiery, as I have known, but the flame of it, kept down for the most part, was soon allayed by those moral endowments he had. He was naturally compassionate towards objects in distress, even to an effeminate measure, though God had made him a heart wherein was left little room for any fear but what was due to Himself, of which there was large proportion. A larger soul, I think, has seldom dwelt in a house of clay than his was." Cromwell's family affections were strong, and show themselves in his letters at the most critical periods of his life. The death of a favorite daughter was one of the things that brought him to the grave.

Cromwell's character had for its basis religion, and of the most enthusiastic kind, commencing with a dark spell of spiritual wrestlings with evil. A good key to it is the *Pilgrim's Progress*. In every crisis of his wonderful life Oliver evidently was upborne by the belief that he was in the hand of God. He ever trusted in divine guidance, and found support in prayer. In this respect a greatly softened counterpart of him has been seen in Gladstone, probably the last of the line. Cromwell's faith was of a very simple kind, and would not have been out of place at a camp-meeting. He was, of course, utterly uncritical. He believed in the literal inspiration of the whole of Scripture. He drew no distinction, unfortunately, between the Old Testament and the New. His enthusiasm was not free, nor

was it possible that it should be free, from fanaticism. In his language there is often an unctuousness which offends our skeptical taste. But of his sincerity there can be no doubt. Of that we have proof in the death-bed scene, as well as in the transport of supreme exaltation when the sun rises on victory at Dunbar.

There were in the Revolution two movements, distinguishable though blended, the political and the religious; resistance to the usurpation of Charles, and resistance to the ecclesiasticism of Laud; two allied powers of reaction. Cromwell belonged to the religious movement, while Pym, and still more distinctly the highly secular Martin, belonged to the political. This should be borne in mind in judging of the consistency of Cromwell's course when he had risen to power, and especially of his apparent willingness to accept the title of king. He was never a political revolutionist. At the outset, at all events, he would have been content with a really constitutional monarchy, provided there was freedom of religion. Nor was he ever an enemy to aristocracy, though it was with the democracy that his lot as the leader of the Independents was cast. He avowed that he honored a real gentleman. To the Levellers he was utterly opposed.

On the other hand, the two movements being blended as they were, Cromwell was a politician and a partner in the ideas and counsels of Pym, Hampden, and the other political leaders of the party. We have him in the Long Parliament taking part in debate with great vehemence of manner, with unpolished language, and an untunable voice, yet with effect. Napoleon was a soldier before he was a statesman, and carried into government the autocratic ideas of the camp. Cromwell was a statesman before he was a soldier, and in government preserved his statesmanlike and constitutional tendencies and ideals.

Cromwell's education had not been high, though he had spent a year at Cambridge. His standard of education was very modest, comprising only a little his-

tory, geography, and mathematics, a small measure, probably, of the last. But he was no Muggletonian enemy of secular science and learning. On the contrary, he respected them both. He saved the Universities from the fanatics who would have destroyed them. He made himself Chancellor of Oxford, and gave it a set of heads under whom it had its only period of intellectual activity and usefulness to the nation between the Middle Ages and the reforms of the last century. He appreciated college culture, and tried to draw young men of promise from the Universities to the service of the state. To extend academical culture to the North, he founded the University of Durham.

It was not likely that a man who took to war at forty-three would become a master of military science. It appears that Cromwell was out-generalled by Leslie, who had learned his science in the Thirty Years' War, and would have been defeated by him at Dunbar had not Leslie's hand been forced by the demented enthusiasts on his side. Not much generalship of the higher kind, in fact, was shown either by the Parliamentary or the Royal commanders. Cromwell became a supreme leader of cavalry at a time when the cavalry was the important arm, the infantry being a weak combination of the pikeman with the musketeer who carried a clumsy weapon with a ponderous rest, and depended on the pikeman to shield him from the horsemen. Cromwell always had his troopers well in hand, and his charges were effective. He seems also to have made good use of artillery. Ruined castles, at least, are always said to have been battered by Cromwell. But his grand services in the war were the spirit which he brought to it and the insight which led him to replace the "tasters and servingmen," of whom the Parliamentary ranks at first were full, with religious yeomen qualified to cope with the fiery valor of the Cavalier. He brought, too, a hopefulness which no reverse could quell, and which burned in him like a pillar of fire. Finally, unlike

Manchester and other half-hearted commanders, he saw and acted on the conviction that the only way to sure peace was decisive victory. Without him unquestionably the Parliamentary cause would have been lost.

Clarendon has done Cromwell the justice of saying that he was not a man of blood. He certainly was not. He voted for the death of Strafford, who is now an object of interest and pity. But there could be no doubt that Strafford, after passing from the patriot ranks into the place of favorite and minister of autocracy vacated by Buckingham, had conspired against public liberty, and raised an army in Ireland by arbitrary methods for the purpose of making the king absolute. He was proved to have avowed his design at the Council Board. Mr. Gardiner's interpretation of the cant word "thorough," used by Strafford and Laud in their correspondence as denoting merely thorough-going devotion to the king's service, will surely not bear examination. What did Strafford mean by saying that he "wished Hampden and others to his likeness were whipped into their right senses"? For the execution of Laud, a needless act of cruelty when the old man was powerless and a captive, Cromwell was not responsible. It was the act of the Presbyterians. But Liberal writers who show their philosophy by patronizing Laud should remember that they have not, for writing against Prelacy, been whipped, branded, had their tongues bored, and been sent to confinement for life in a lonely fortress. Laud, let it be noted, was the innovator. He tried to force his mimic Catholicism on a nation which before had been Protestant, as the position of the communion table in the churches showed. Charles tried to force autocracy on a nation which under his father had been Parliamentary, using a prelatical church, according to his own avowal, as an instrument for that purpose. The French Revolution was one of demolition; the English Revolution was one of resistance to reaction.

There can be no doubt that Cromwell was, for that age, humane in war. At Worcester he risked his own life in riding forward to persuade the Scotch to accept quarter. We have him after being twice fired on by the Clubmen still forbearing to fall upon them, and imploring them to disperse. The exception, and about the darkest stain on Cromwell's memory, is the slaughter of the garrison of Drogheda. The feeling of English Protestants toward the Irish Catholics after the Ulster massacre of 1641 was that of the British toward the Sepoy mutineers after the massacre of Cawnpore. The war of the races and religions in Ireland had been waged with fiendish ferocity on both sides. The Papal Nuncio Rinuccini triumphantly reports that after a victory won by the Catholics no prisoners had been taken. The law of war in those days, and indeed, theoretically, even in the days of Wellington, was that a garrison disregarding a summons to surrender on terms and standing a storm was not entitled to quarter. Cromwell's temper, as Maidstone says, and as more than once unhappily appeared, "was fiery, though the flame of it was for the most part kept down by his moral endowments." In this case it was not kept down. Cromwell had led the third storming party in person when two had been repulsed, and Badajos and San Sebastian can tell how fierce are the passions which the storming of a city sets on fire. Cromwell did not thank God for the massacre, as some who rave against him would have us think; he thanked God for the victory, and excused the slaughter on the ground of just retribution and necessary example. The execution appears to have been confined to the soldiery and some friars who were trumpeters of the rebellion. The armies of Alva, Parma, and Tilly put citizens of cities taken by storm, as well as the garrison, to the sword, and sacked the cities. For the slaughter at Wexford Cromwell was not personally responsible. It took place in a conflict between the victorious soldiery and the citizens, the

citizens having provoked resentment by their drowning of Protestants and their piracy.

Cromwell's proclamation on landing in Ireland assuring all non-combatants of impunity and protection was the first note of humanity heard in all those years. Its promise was strictly kept and sternly enforced against any attempt at outrage; whereas Rupert's Cavaliers marauded at their will and sacked a captured city.

Another and very different occasion on which the "flame" of Cromwell's temper broke out and was not controlled by the moral endowments was the turning out of the Long Parliament, the "Rump," as it was then called, and had in fact become. That assembly contained some very able and very noble men, but it was a party oligarchy without credentials, hopelessly unnatural and odious to the Puritanism militant of the army by which the victory had been won, and to the people at large. Some of its members were corrupt, and their corruption tainted the body. Its finance was confiscation. It had involved the nation in an insane and disastrous though, on the whole, triumphant war with the Protestant Commonwealth of Holland. It had to depart, and it had made it clear that it would not depart of its own accord. But the contumely with which Cromwell expelled it was in every way a mistake, and sowed his future path with thorns. He had served it, he had accepted rewards and honors at its hands. He owed it at least a decent funeral. He appears to have had difficulty in winding himself up to the striking point, and, thus wound up, to have lost his self-control. The want of command of language which appears in his speeches may have helped, in his convulsive effort to express himself, to carry him farther than he meant to go. Something of that kind happened to Wellington in his calamitous declaration against Parliamentary Reform. The error, at all events, was great and disastrous. It was stamped by Bradshaw's dignified protest.

But the greatest error of Cromwell's

life was the execution of the king. Not that in this he showed himself a man of blood. There was in him not a particle of the Terrorist, or of the passion for regicide which slew the helpless king of France. He had been provoked, no doubt, by Charles's double dealing, but he did not hate him; on the contrary, he was well inclined to him, and had wished to come to terms with him. Himself brimming with family affection, he had been touched by the sight of Charles with his children. He was impelled to the fatal act by what seemed to him fell necessity, and by the uncontrollable wrath of the army against the king whose perfidious machinations, while he was treating with the Parliament for a settlement, had rekindled civil war, invited Scotch invasion, and brought them and their cause once more into the extremity of peril. It was at the prayer-meeting of the soldiers at Windsor, before they marched against Hamilton, that the king's doom was really pronounced. The secret treaty with the Scotch for the invasion of England brought Charles to the block, and his offense surely was capital, though its punishment was most ill-advised. The death of the captive king set the king free and absolved the monarchy; it put inexpiable blood between the regicides and a great part of the nation; and flunkeyism, far from being sickened as Carlyle says it was, flourished on the martyrdom, and has continued to flourish on it ever since. The success of *Eikon Basilike* was the proof.

On the other hand, to compare the tribunal to a drum-head court-martial is surely unfair. Nothing could be more solemn than the trial; and the government by which the trial was held, though revolutionary, was then the supreme power of the nation. There was nothing of the levity and monkeyism which disgraced the trial of Louis XVI. It may be added that the treatment of the king's children at the hands of the regicides presents a striking contrast to the infamous assassination of the poor little Dauphin.

Carlyle is right in saying that there is a difference between the followers of Christ and the followers of Jean Jacques.

Cromwell's motive in putting the king to death can hardly have been to open his own way to the throne. Three months afterwards his eldest son was married to the daughter of a private gentleman, after some rather anxious negotiations about the settlement. Richard can hardly have been regarded by his father as possible heir to a crown. As he rose, he would feel that he was rising. He said himself, "No one rises so high as he who knows not whither he is going." But after Naseby, and shortly before his utterance of those memorable words, he was seriously weighing in conferences with the Elector Palatine a proposal for transferring himself and his victorious veterans to the battlefield of Germany.

A civil war should close with amnesty and settlement. That the war of the American Revolution closed, not with amnesty, but with the expulsion of the Loyalists, and the consequent foundation by them of a hostile nation, is a slur on the humanity and wisdom of the Revolutionists, and on Washington, who failed to exert his influence, as Hamilton did, on the right side. Cromwell's crowning victory at Worcester was followed by an amnesty, though one not so full as it ought to have been, or as every sign of Cromwell's general disposition warrants us in believing that it would have been had the decision rested with him alone.

Master of the state after the expulsion of the Long Parliament, Cromwell showed that he did not aim at military despotism, by calling the Barebones Parliament, or the Nominatee Parliament, as it is more rationally termed, an assembly appointed partly by the Independent churches, partly by the officers; an attempt apparently to install that government of Puritan worth for which Garrison and the ultra-religious party of the Revolution yearned. The Barebones Parliament showed itself practical by set-

ting on foot social reforms which have been adopted in later days. But it showed itself unpractical in attempting at once disestablishment of the church and abolition of the Court of Chancery. In the first attempt it dashed itself against a tendency still deeply rooted in the nation; in the second, against a very powerful profession. Unlike the Rump, it had a decent funeral.

Then came the Instrument of Government, which, if it was not the work of Cromwell, who seems, in truth, not to have been much of a builder of constitutions or so attentive as he might have been to forms of polity, must have had his approbation. It is in a measure a republican counterpart of the old constitution with king, Privy Council, Lords, and Commons, omitting the House of Lords. The place of the king is taken by a Protector for life, elected by the standing Council of State, which takes the place of the Privy Council. Vacancies in the Council of State are filled by a mixed process of election and nomination, Parliament naming six, out of whom the Council is to choose two, and present them to the Protector, who is to appoint one. There is a single House of Parliament, with a redistribution of seats on the principle of population, anticipating the Reform Act of 1832. The Protector is invested with the general prerogative of the king, domestic, and in dealings with foreign nations; but his legislative veto is limited to twenty days, and his disposal of the forces, military and naval, a very vital point at this juncture, is to be with consent of Parliament, if Parliament is then sitting, otherwise with that of the majority of the Council of State. There are safeguards against intermission of Parliaments suggested by the anti-Parliamentary action of Charles I. There is a special provision, dictated by the necessities of the time, for the maintenance of a standing army of 10,000 horse and 20,000 foot, by a revenue not to be taken away or reduced without the consent of the Protector.

Mr. Morley in his *Life of Cromwell*

seems inclined to regard the discussion of forms of government as stale and trivial. Yet forms of government are surely important, and seldom has such a union of intelligence with experience been brought to the discussion as was brought by the statesmen of the English Commonwealth. Their work is at least a vigorous attempt at combining authority and stability with responsibility on an elective basis. It has long lain forgotten and mouldering in Whitelocke's *Memorials*. But at the pass to which Democracy has now come, with organized demagogism, party government, and the caucus, those who are seeking a way of escape from revolution on the one hand and reaction on the other may not disdain to glance at the Instrument of Government.

The struggle between the Protector and the Parliament, which filled the greater part of the Protectorate, has not been depicted by any intelligent observer, but its general nature is clear. The party in Parliament which sought to keep all power in the hands of the elective representatives of the people might appeal with force to general principles, the assertion of which had been the object of the civil war. It is easy to sympathize with men who had been fighting for a high ideal even when they were practically ruining their own cause and doing their best to set their own heads on Temple Bar. But they were mistaken in assuming that they represented the nation. They were the representatives not of the nation, but of a party; all who had fought for the king having been excluded from election, while even of those who had not fought for the king a great part were not republican. Had they succeeded in making themselves supreme they would have at once come into collision with the body of the people. The Protectorate alone had any pretension to being national or any chance of gradually reuniting the divided and distracted nation. The tug of war seems to have been rather on the subject of the control of the army than on any of the political clauses of the In-

strument of Government. But the control of the army was supreme power.

Military government must always be an evil. But the government of the Protector was not military beyond what was really necessary to maintain the settlement. Law reigned and was administered in the regular courts by independent judges. The personal liberty of all who submitted to the government was unimpaired. The command of a sufficient military force was necessary for the repression of conspiracy with which the country was seething and which threatened to ally itself with foreign invasion, and to rekindle the flame of civil war. Did Cromwell use arbitrary power further than was necessary to maintain the settlement, secure public peace, and avert a recurrence of strife? Was he all the time doing his best to act in harmony with Parliament, and to return in concert with it to constitutional government? The first of these questions may be confidently answered in the negative; the second may as confidently be answered in the affirmative. The speeches, which to Carlyle seem oracular, are clumsy and uncouth in expression, rambling, and often confused. But through them all there struggles a heartfelt and manifestly sincere desire to get back to constitutional government, to act harmoniously with the Parliament, and in concert with it to save the nation.

On one of the questions between the Protector and the Parliament Cromwell was clearly and nobly in the right, as well as before his age. He steadily upheld to the best of his power the principle of religious toleration. He snatched the Socinian Biddle from the fangs of the persecuting Parliament, in which Presbyterian bigotry held sway. The mad Quaker Nayler was saved from death for his blasphemies only by ninety-eight votes to eighty-two, and was condemned to public whippings, brandings, tongue-borings, and humiliation, compared with which death would have been a mercy. In this case, again, Cromwell interposed, and did

his best to control and mitigate the persecution. His constant fidelity to toleration is admitted by his severest critics. Such a case as that of Nayler is a sufficient proof that in the Protectorate, not in the Parliament, lay the hope of a reunion of the nation.

Scotland was united to England upon terms of equality, the bond being sealed by the calling of members from Scotland to Cromwell's Parliament. Nature had proclaimed that union, though the perversity of man and the malignity of fortune had long delayed it, with the worst consequences to both nations,—desolating wars, border lawlessness and raids, subserviency of Scotland to France. The Scotch people were rid of the domination of an anarchical aristocracy, in place of which came justice administered by judges chosen for merit and not by family; "kinless loons," as an ejected jobber plaintively called them. To the improvement in this respect the testimony is decisive. Order was extended to the Highlands, and an end was put to the Highlanders' marauding. The spiritual tyranny of the Kirk was suspended, so that even Royalists craving for religious freedom blessed the day. There was an end of witch-burning. Free trade with England produced its natural effects. "We count those years," says Bishop Burnet, a Scotchman, "years of great prosperity." When Cromwell died his work was undone. There ensued a renewal of oligarchical oppression, reintrusion of Prelacy, and Stuart persecution of Scotch religion, more civil broils, the rising of Dundee, renewal of the old animosities, and a quarrel about the Darien Company which brought the two nations to the verge of war. Nor did the mischief end there, for twice the Highlands, which had relapsed into clannish lawlessness, furnished Stuart pretenders with forces for the renewal of civil war. Deprived of free trade with England and her colonies, Scotland became the scene of such penury and vagrancy that the Scotch patriot Fletcher proposed slavery as the cure.

To speak of Cromwell's treatment of the Irish nation is a misuse of language. There was no Irish nation. There were in the same island two races with different languages and religions, immemorially hostile to each other, which had been waging for four years a war of mutual extermination, commenced on the side of the Celt and Catholic by a hideous massacre of the English Protestants. After such a conflict the settlement was not likely to be mild. The feeling of the Protestants, both Irish and English, against the Irish Catholics after the rebellion and massacre of 1641, as was said before, was like that of the British against the Sepoy mutineers. The Saxon after a murderous struggle had won the land, and Cromwell could no more have taken it from him and given it to the vanquished Celt, had he been so minded, than he could have made the Shannon run back to its source. The Adventurers who had advanced money for the war on the security of rebel lands to be confiscated, and the soldiers who had received their pay in land-scrip, claimed their respective dues. The transplantation of all the Irish land-owners to Connaught, though not perhaps carried out with the full rigor of its first conception, was a cruel and hateful measure. But fell experience had shown that if the two races were mingled, one would rise and massacre the other, a catastrophe nearly repeated in 1688. Laborers and artisans were not transported; it was hoped they might be drilled into settled industry and respect for law. In all this Cromwell was not his own master, nor specially responsible. The acts were those of the Parliament. Cromwell gave Ireland peace. He united her to Great Britain, thus raising her from the condition of a despised and oppressed dependency to equality with the other kingdoms, and at the same time bringing her murderous factions under Imperial control. He sent her a kind and wise ruler in the person of his son Henry. He sent her a vigorous law-reformer in the person of Chief Justice

Cook, saying that he would use her as a blank paper whereon to write reforms from which professional prejudice debarred him in England. He gave her free trade with England, a boon absolutely essential to her industry, to her prosperity, to her civilization. Religious liberty and equality he could not give, though his own inclinations were always evidently on the side of toleration. The mass was not only idolatry in Protestant eyes, it was a symbol of political disaffection, and meant nothing less than a nation in allegiance to a hostile power planted on the flank of England. But Cromwell "meddled with no man's conscience," which was something in the days of the Inquisition, and recusancy laws were not extended to Ireland. Clarendon bears witness to the material results. He says that "all this [transfer of the lands] was done and settled, within little more than two years, to that degree of perfection that there were many buildings raised for beauty as well as use, orderly and regular plantations of trees, and fences and enclosures raised throughout the kingdom, purchases made by one from the other at very valuable rates, and jointures made upon marriages, and all other conveyances and settlements executed, as in a kingdom at peace within itself, and where no doubt could be made of the validity of titles."

Cromwell had solved the Irish question. Not in the way in which under happier stars it would have been solved at the outset, but in the way which after so many centuries of misrule and disaster was possible. His solution would probably have been final had he lived longer. Here again his work was undone, and the results were the blight which fell on Irish prosperity, the renewal of the war of races and religions in 1688, the Penal Code, the famines, the agrarian war, the rebellion of '98, and the Irish question which has distracted the councils of the United Kingdom ever since.

The place which Cromwell, as the chief of England, or rather of the Com-

monwealth of England, Scotland, and Ireland, in his foreign policy sought for his country was the leadership of Protestant Christendom in its antagonism to the Catholic power. This policy has been said to have been belated, the treaty of Westphalia having put an end to wars of religion. Of that Cromwell was not likely to be a bad judge. Protestants were being persecuted in Savoy and to some extent in France. The Inquisition and the Jesuit were still at work. Louis XIV and James II were still to come. There was still room for a successor of Gustavus Adolphus. Clearly, also, there was a part for any great Christian power to play in putting down the Barbary Pirates. It has been truly remarked that in Cromwell's aims the interest of his country went always hand in hand with that of his religion. The two in his time, as in the time of Elizabeth, were still, though it might be less manifestly, connected. His war policy was of his day, and is no model for ours. "Nobody," said Bacon, "can be healthful without exercise, neither natural body nor politic; and certainly to a kingdom or estate a just and honourable war is the true exercise." It was, moreover, literally true that there was no peace beyond the Line. All who presumed to use the freedom of those waters were, in virtue of a Papal grant, treated by Spain as pirates. There was, in fact, a permanent state of war apart from any special declaration. Cromwell was following the track of the adventurers of the Elizabethan time, whose courses now would be those of buccaneers. Spanish ingots were no doubt very welcome to his needy exchequer. But the nobler motive, that which launched the fiat of intervention in favor of the persecuted Savoyards and Huguenots, was always there. Jingoism cannot point to Cromwell as its forerunner. Cromwell was no more like the Jingo than Milton's sonnet on the Massacre in Piedmont is like the effusions of the Jingo bard.

The wisdom of Cromwell's choice of the French alliance has been impeached

on the ground that the real danger, as in the sequel appeared, was that of French, not of Spanish, domination. But the decay of Spain was not then visible, nor was the danger of French ascendancy apparent. There would, in fact, have been no danger of French ascendancy had English policy continued to be animated by the spirit of Cromwell. It was by the treasonable subserviency of the Stuarts to Louis XIV that the French monarchy was raised to its formidable height of power.

To the impression that this man made on Europe, and the commanding influence exercised by him, beset as he was at home by difficulties and dangers of every kind, Clarendon's reluctant admiration and Mazarin's enforced complaisance bear witness. Nor is it doubtful that the heart of his people was with him. "It is strange how everybody do now-a-days reflect on Oliver and commend him what brave things he did and made all the neighbour princes fear him." So says the Royalist Pepys in the Stuart days of shame. Those words also seem to indicate that the hatred of Oliver's memory, while it is assumed to have been universal, was really rather the sentiment of the higher class, which controlled the organs of opinion and the pulpit, than that of the lower classes, which are usually dumb. At all events, there can hardly have been among the people a very bitter recollection of government by the sword.

Never was the state better served in peace or war than it was served under Cromwell by Thurloe, Blake, Lockhart, Monk, and the members of the Council of State. The Protector fearlessly employed men like Broghill and Monk who could be useful to the public without thinking too much about their attachment to himself. The whole machinery of his government seems to have been good. A spy system is an unpleasant necessity, but a necessity in this case it was, and it was curiously efficient. An intriguer who had been on the Continent, being brought before Cromwell on his re-

turn, swore positively that he had never seen the Pretender. "You speak the truth," said Cromwell, "for your meeting with him was in the dark."

Cromwell's adamantine courage was shown on many a field of battle. Still more was it shown in grappling with mutiny, and with mutiny of such soldiers as his. Most of all, perhaps, was it shown in his perfect self-possession and devotion to his public work in face of the constant danger of assassination, a peril which has shaken souls unshaken in battle and storm. There can be no doubt that he was upborne by his religion.

Of Cromwell's colonial policy Bancroft says: "English history must judge of Cromwell by his influence on the institutions of England; the American colonies remember the years of his power as the period when British sovereignty was for them free from rapacity, intolerance, and oppression. He may be called the benefactor of the English in America; for he left them to enjoy unshackled the liberal benevolence of Providence, the freedom of industry, of commerce, of religion, and of government." Had this policy been afterwards pursued there would have been no rupture, no war of the American Revolution, no war of 1812.

Roger Williams, and a few spirits of the Dawn, as well as a few thorough-going freethinkers and iconoclasts like Martin, had embraced the idea of complete separation of the church from the state and perfect freedom of religious opinion. But England was not yet ripe for disestablishment. The nation as a whole still craved for a national religion, and would have thought that in ceasing to have one it was renouncing its allegiance to God. The Presbyterians, now in fact the predominant sect, were as persecuting as any Prelatist or Papist. They had framed an Act of Parliament punishing anti-Trinitarian heresy with death. Toleration was intensely odious in their eyes. By the Instrument of Government the Christian religion contained in the Scriptures was to be "held forth and recom-

mended as the public profession of those nations." But to the public profession held forth none were to be compelled by penalties or otherwise, but endeavors were to be used to win them by sound doctrine and the example of a good conversation. Such as professed faith in God by Jesus Christ, though differing in judgment from the doctrine, worship, or discipline publicly held forth, were not to be restrained from but protected in the profession and exercise of their religion, so that they did not abuse this liberty to the civil injury of others and to the actual disturbance of the public peace on their parts; provided that this liberty were not extended to Popery or Prelacy, nor to such as under the profession of Christ held forth and practiced licentiousness. Tithes were to be maintained till a better and less contentious provision could be made. A national establishment with toleration outside it was the general principle afterwards adopted in the Toleration Act of William III. Cromwell's establishment comprehended all Trinitarian Protestants of whatever denomination. Within that circumscription the title to the ministry recognized by his Triers was not dogmatic, but personal. Nor does it appear that Anglicans in opinion were excluded so long as they forbore to use the Anglican liturgy. Baxter, who was a Royalist and anti-Cromwellian, allows that the Protector's Commissioners "put in able and serious preachers who lived a godly life of what tolerable opinions soever they were, so that many thousands of souls blessed God." Thus the people gained, as far as at the time was possible, that for which Cromwell himself had taken up arms, and which in his eyes was the great object of the civil war. Among tolerable opinions were not reckoned Roman Catholicism or Anglicanism, liturgical and sacramental. Both these were not only religious, but political; Anglicanism hostile to the Commonwealth; Roman Catholicism hostile to all Protestant Governments. But Anglicanism, as we may gather from Evelyn's *Diary*, en-

joyed generally a large measure of connivance. Nor does it appear that the treatment of Roman Catholics was so harsh as it had been under former governments. Archbishop Ussher was highly honored by Cromwell, who gave him a public funeral, and there are some symptoms of a kindly feeling on the part of the Protector himself toward the old Church of the nation.

Cromwellian comprehension seems, at all events, to have effectually ousted Prelacy from any seat which it may have had in the heart of the people. "I and Lieutenant Lambert," says Pepys, "to Westminster Abbey, where we saw Dr. Frezen translated to the Archbishopric of York. Here I saw the Bishops of Winchester, Bangor, Rochester, Bath and Wells, and Salisbury, all in their habits in King Henry VII's chapel. But Lord! at their going out, how people did most of them look upon them as strange creatures, and few with any kind of love or respect."

The most arbitrary act done by the Protector was the temporary institution of Major-Generals. This was clear disregard of law, and could be justified only by the state of the country seething with insurrection, both of Royalists and Levelers, which threatened a renewal of civil war. The moral censorship which was combined with the military and fiscal functions of the Major-Generals is probably said with truth to be traceable to Cromwell's own mind and to mark the path into which he wished to lead the nation. We see here the Puritan ideal. Bear-baiting, bull-fighting, and cock-fighting were put down, not because they gave pleasure to the spectator, but because they were wrong. Horse-racing was generally forbidden on account of the dangerous crowds which it drew, but permitted when the attendance was safe. Cromwell himself was very fond of horses. There was everywhere a raid upon unlicensed and disorderly taverns, as well as upon disorderly life and vagabondage in general. Puritanism abolished the church

holidays, Christmas, and May games, unwisely and to its own undoing. It rigorously enforced the Sabbath. It closed theatres, unwisely, though perhaps as the stage then was, or as it reappeared at the Restoration, without much detriment to moral taste. On the whole, probably the extent of the Puritan war on cakes and ale and the annoyance it caused any decent liver have been overstated. Pepys, who was a voluntary as well as a Royalist, shows no marked sense of escape from a yoke. What probably hurt the feelings of the masses more was the sight of arbitrary power in the hands of men of their own class. But Cromwell's social policy no doubt was doomed to prove the difficulty of raising general morality to a higher plane.

Government by the sword is the greatest of evils. Government by the sword the Protector's was in the sense that the army was provisionally used to uphold the settlement. But in ordinary life law still perfectly prevailed, and was administered by the ordinary judiciary. Nor did the government in any ordinary case set itself above the law. In cases of conspiracy and insurrection a High Court of Justice was formed, but it was most respectfully composed and followed the rules of evidence; nor has the justice of its sentences been in any case impeached. This was better than packing juries, which would have been the alternative, unless the enemies of the settlement were to be allowed to overthrow it, murder the head of the nation, and renew the civil war. The discipline of the soldiery was perfect. No serious case of outrage is recorded. It was with the highest compliments that the army was disbanded at the Restoration; and its veterans were noted for their good conduct in the callings to which they returned. Let this be contrasted, say, with the repressive action of the Directory after the French Revolution.

It is admitted by the severest critics of the Protectorate that there was no more interference than was necessary with the

freedom of the press. Literary men, the most opposed to Cromwell's principles, such as Hobbes, Cleveland, and D'Avenant, soon found themselves secure, and carried on their work freely under his rule.

In dealing with old political comrades who had been estranged from him and plotted against him, the Protector showed himself always mindful of general sympathy and former connection.

Settled and essentially conservative though Parliamentary government, with moral, social, and legal reform, and the largest attainable measure of religious freedom, made up the Protector's home policy, while his foreign policy was one of national greatness combined with Protestant leadership in Europe.

Though the robes of Monarchy are too gorgeous, Democracy need not go naked; nor, ruled as we are by our senses, is it desirable that it should. The second and grander installation of the Protector was a model of republican ceremonial, thoroughly significant and impressive without being overdone; the true medium between the gaudy coronation of George IV and Jefferson, as the legend represents him, hitching his horse to the fence. The court of the Protectorate seems to have been stately without being lavish, its entertainments consisting largely of music, of which Cromwell was very fond. It was also admirable in contrast with many royal courts before and after it in presenting a picture of domestic purity and love.

The offer of the crown was made by the party, no doubt very large both in Parliament and the country, which desired a settled government, and saw the best hope of it in a return to old names and ways, together with the lawyers whose forms were all monarchical. The immunity, secured by the old statute, for adherence to a king *de facto* against the legal vengeance of a Restoration, had also great effect. Nor, as has already been said, was there in Cromwell's political principles anything repugnant to consti-

tutional monarchy with a free church. But the veto of the companions in arms to whom he owed his position was decisive. The substitution of nomination for election in the succession to the Protectorate practically made the Protectorate hereditary. Had Cromwell's heir been capable of holding his own, there would have been a sort of counterpart of the Stadholderate of Holland.

To the question Why did Cromwell fail? the answer is that he did not fail. He failed at least only as Gustavus Adolphus had failed on the field of Lützen. Worn out with care, broken by the death of his favorite daughter, he died before his hour. There can be no doubt that the Protectorate was taking root. It was supported by multitudes who, careless of form and title, wanted security for stable government and freedom from a recurrence of civil war. Cromwell's glory and his ascendancy in Europe fired the national heart. Even the nobility were beginning to be reconciled. The purchasers of crown, church, and confiscated lands formed a powerful interest bound to the government from which their titles were derived. In the army and navy, both of them victorious, there was no sign of disaffection. The Protector was preparing hopefully to meet Parliament again. The chief difficulty was finance, which can hardly overthrow a strong government. Mazarin and Don Luis de Haro evidently deemed the Protectorate firmly founded, and would have nothing to do with Charles II. Richard, poor creature as he was, succeeded amid general acclamation, and the Royalist rising under Booth was easily put down. Could Richard have mustered courage to act on Monk's advice and cashier the mutinous officers, perhaps had Monk himself been in Richard's place, the Commonwealth of England, Scotland, and Ireland, with the Protectorate, might have lived. But the turbulent ambition of the chiefs of the army brought on a military anarchy, and it was from the military anarchy, not from the Commonwealth or Protectorate,

that the Restoration was a recoil. Of course forces before suppressed—Royalism proper, dislike of military government, dislike of Puritan austerity, jealousy of plebeian rule—found vent and helped to bring on the reaction. The death of Cromwell before his hour and without a worthy successor was simply one of the critical accidents which baffle our attempt to create a science of history.

The Restoration fell in its turn. And in a certain sense it may be said that

Oliver, after all, mounted the throne as constitutional king in the person of William III. But the constitutional monarchy of William III was the Commonwealth less the unions with Scotland and Ireland, less free trade between the kingdoms, with the Irish question still unsettled and destined so for two centuries to remain, with an unreformed Parliament, with Prelacy, an Irish Church establishment, and a reduced measure of toleration.

THE CURSE ON DUNOON

BY FLORENCE WILKINSON

*The sea and the sand
Go hand in hand.
"I am Memory," quoth the sea,
"A sleepless mind,
I urge, reiterate."
"I am Vengeance," quoth the sand,
"Lidless and blind,
I scourge, obliterate."*

The pines kept watch beside Dunoon;
They slanted toward the sea.
Betwixt their plumage leaned the moon,
Pointed at him
A finger slim
When stumbling through the twilight dim
Came shapes and revelry,
Faint footsteps from the sea,
Soft thunder of the sliding sands
And footsteps from the sea.

She blew across the yellow dune;
She came a mystery,
A vagrant and a nameless tune.
Quick of the year
Hummed at his ear,
Sap of young leaves, a prophet clear.
The pines cried, "She is yours;
Ecstasy that endures!"
The insistent sea sang in his blood;
The stars were lamps and lures.

She was the witch light of Dunoon,
Scooped from the sparkling sea,
With hands like golden cups of June.
“O rainbow Mary,
Wild sea-fairy!”
But spirits do not love to tarry.
She gave him kisses three,
Foam of the dying sea.
The dunes sobbed all night long for her;
The pines talked to the sea.

“I am the master of Dunoon,
Dunoon beside the sea.
Death comes to take me—none too soon!
(Vision of Mary,
Tarry, tarry!)
Cursed be my lands
If any hands
Smite down that wood beside the sands
Where Mary came to me.”
The sands heard and the sea.
Soft thunder of the sliding sands
And footsteps from the sea.

The sea and the sand
Go hand in hand.
“I am Memory,” quoth the sea,
“A sleepless mind,
I urge, reiterate.”
“I am Vengeance,” quoth the sand,
“Lidless and blind,
I scourge, obliterate.”

He died and still the pine trees stood
Communing with the sea
Till stranger folk struck down the wood;
Then the slow sands
Reached forth their hands,
Crawled up along the wasted lands;
Also in memory
Muttered the gray-lipped sea.
Soft thunder of the sliding sands
And long wash of the sea.

The blind dunes quenched the springing land;
The strong remembering sea
Followed the lithe heels of the sand.
The limpets spawn
Where, years agone,
Her bright feet rippled up the lawn:

Meagre crustaceans crook
Through every oozy nook,
And where she danced between the doors
Pale polyps peer and look.

*The sea and the sand
Go hand in hand.*

"I am Memory," quoth the sea,

"A sleepless mind,

I urge, reiterate."

"I am Vengeance," quoth the sand,

"Lidless and blind,

I scourge, obliterate."

THE SOCIAL CLASSES IN ITALY

BY ANGELO DE GUBERNATIS

ANCIENT Roman society — like the ancient Vedic and Brahminical — was founded on four great castes which still survive: the sacerdotal, warrior, merchant, and working class,—constituted by the clergy, aristocracy, middle class, and democracy. Historical events have, however, greatly modified that primitive Roman Constitution. Nothing, perhaps, was uniform on Italian soil before the foundation of Rome; nothing could be so any longer after the fall of the Roman Empire, which, without actually destroying any especial thing, had bent everything to its own law and fashion. It thus becomes necessary when speaking of the Italian aristocracy to make some wide distinctions, for its origins have been various, and the respective value of the different aristocracies deserves consideration.

If, happening to meet, assembled in the same drawing - room, a Sicilian duke, a Neapolitan baron, a Roman prince, a Venetian or Genoese patrician, a Piedmontese count or marquis, a Lombard noble, some superficial observer should imagine himself to be in the midst of a single world, of that world called in France *le grand monde*, and in England

and America high life (because the mundane element of the five o'clock tea is everywhere to be found, and everywhere seems to represent the same narrow, monotonous round of existence), that observer would risk quite mistaking the real life of Italian aristocratic families. The historical origins of these families were in different epochs, provinces, regions, and cities; hence even in the midst of Italian aristocratic society have arisen many noble castes far removed one from another, and differing considerably in their habits, customs, interests, tendencies, capacities, and character.

To begin, *exempli gratia*, with Rome, one might make a wide distinction between the great families which in the Middle Age gave and created popes, and those families which the nepotist popes after the Renaissance enriched and ennobled.

Amongst all these, the Colonna, Orsini, Caetani,— who still exist,— hold the first rank; the first two still enjoy the privilege of assisting — like guardian angels — about the Papal throne in all the great ceremonies of the Vatican.

A progress of ideas is, however, to be

noted in these Papal families. For instance, the Prince Prospero Colonna, once a brilliant cavalry officer in the Italian army, has been for some years at the head of the municipality of Rome, in his quality of liberal and ideal lord mayor of the Eternal City. The old Duke Michelangelo Caetani di Sermoneta, the eminent student of Dante, as president of a Roman deputation, presented to Victor Emanuel in 1870 the *plebiscito* of Rome for her union to the kingdom of Italy. The daughter of this same duke, Countess Ersilia Lovatelli, the distinguished member of the Lincei and Crusca Academies, opens her elegant suite of drawing-rooms to all that Rome contains of most intellectual and intelligent. Her son Onorato was Minister of Foreign Affairs for King Humbert; her nephew Livio has distinguished himself in Italian diplomacy.

Long contact with the Papal court and the influence of Catholic Spain in the affairs of the Holy See had hitherto transformed these old Roman princes into pompous and often absurd Spanish grandes of haughty aspect, whose grandeur was mere vain display, and whose power was measured by their splendor and the number of their lighted and empty halls, thrown open on days of great receptions, and also by the number of gentlemen of lower rank, but connected with them, — monsignori, country merchants, agents, clerks, officers, and valets, — attached to their princely house and little court. But the force of things must gradually and inevitably drag all the ancient Papal families into the vortex of the liberal movement of modern Italy.

The aristocracy of Naples and Sicily can generally boast an illustrious and ancient origin, dating from the Normans, the houses of Anjou and Aragon, and the great Spanish monarchy; it possesses great titles, great feudal lands, and displays great pomp on great occasions. Just as the Neapolitans and Sicilians love gaudy color and lavish it in the decoration of their churches and processions,

so the southern aristocracy is attached to all that is ornamental, and regrets to be no longer able to appear at court decked out in the antique velvet state robes embroidered in gold and silver, wearing at the side a sword of Toledo, and on the breast the Order of the Golden Fleece or the Cross of Malta. The Bourbons had maintained the greatest respect for all this out-of-date heraldic splendor, and in their opinion the House of Savoy, notwithstanding its ten centuries of glory, presented the aspect of a degenerate race as it became democratic and marched with the age, its look fixed upwards on its star, — the star of Italy.

In vain have the Torrearsa, the Trabia, Scalea, Rudini, San Giuliano, Castromediano, Casanova, Filangieri, Dragonetti, and other illustrious families of the ancient southern aristocracy given the example, cordially taking active part in the resurrection of Italy, — the greater number of feudal noble families still lag centuries behind. Ignorant and superstitious, they live during most of the year on their estates in their old castles, like the small tyrants of the Middle Age, affecting a fine disdain for everything which is new or modern. They keep their women in a state of ignorance, and consider them inferior beings, whose will must be subjected to that of man. They lodge and nourish their servants and peasants very badly, and live themselves — save on certain high feasts and festivals — like barbarians. They still consider their dependents in the light of slaves; and they saunter idly about their vast lands like Don Rodrigo, whom Manzoni portrayed in the *Promessi Sposi*, making vain show of his petty power and grandeur in the insolent pursuit of pretty peasant girls.

The existence of the custom of the *jus primae noctis* in the Middle Age was contested some years ago by a German scholar, who, doubtless, was in error. The most evident proof that such infamous usage existed is that in certain parts of southern Italy and Sicily it is still in

vigor! We may, indeed, wonder that Italian law does not intervene to punish and repress such strange customs, which survive, notwithstanding the abolition of feudal systems. But as long as the inhabitants of the *latifundia*, too docile to their lord's dominion, do not rise and protest, such abuses will naturally continue. It is also owing to the duration of feudalism that vast tracts in southern Italy are still deprived of schools because the lord neither cares to have them built, nor wishes that his peasants should be instructed. The want of education and the hostility of the nobles to popular instruction are no doubt among the principal reasons why, notwithstanding the wonderful progress of modern Italy, there still exists in certain provinces of the South and in Sicily an average of eighty in a hundred of utterly illiterate persons. In the southern cities and small country towns, in obedience to the law which enforces obligatory instruction, many elementary schools have been founded. But in the country many dispersed peasants are still destitute of all means of education. This is why the mass of the poor people, half idiotic in appearance, who arrive every year in America from Basilicata and Calabria, not only are illiterate, but can speak only their native patois, never having learned the national tongue!

An aristocracy which possesses no history has no future before it. The sole hereditary transmission of a title does not suffice to form a real tradition of nobility. Thus we may note that in Tuscany many very ancient and noble families for a long time never boasted a title, nor did certain ducal families in Venice and Genoa; while others — and these too numerous — received titles of nobility just at the time when by their deeds they had ceased to be important or illustrious. So the decline of the real noblesse forced such families to adorn themselves with false glitter, as their golden splendor was on the wane. Dante, who justly felt that he had personally added by his own glory something to

the nobility of his great ancestor, Cacciaguida, declared that nobleness of blood diminished when its possessor did not, from day to day, do something toward upholding the lustre of his forefathers. But would Dante have been more to us had his ancestor Cacciaguida been a count or a marquis? Thus titles of nobility are effectively of small importance, and serve but little toward the constitution of true noblesse. The Doria and the Spinola, the Bentivoglio and the Malvezzi, the Dandolo, Morosini, Visconti, Borromeo, were once very great lords and true princes, long before they were created counts and marquises. The Beccaria, once seigneurs of Pavia, in the eighteenth century received the title of marquis. But the author of the famous book against capital punishment, is he not far more illustrious as Cesare Beccaria than as *Marquis Beccaria*? It is well known that the Manzoni, petty feudal lords and tyrants of Valsassina, might have rightly retained their title of count; but Alexander Manzoni, grandson of Beccaria, did he not create for himself an immortal parchment of nobility by writing the *Promessi Sposi*?

In the old Piedmontese families, possessors of vast feudal fiefs, it often happened that the eldest son came into all the various titles pertaining to the land. Sometimes, however, the noble *pater-familias* would distribute his land and titles equally among his sons. So, for instance, Albert, eldest of the La Marmora family, had the title of Prince di Masserano, whilst his junior brother, the general Alfonso, took that of marquis. In the Cavour family, which possessed two titles, that of marquis was borne by the elder brother Gustavo; that of count by the celebrated Camillo.

As a general rule, the eldest son and heir lived on his feudal domain, occasionally exerting himself to serve his king in diplomacy, where titles were still held in great consideration. Younger brothers (for noble families were once patriarchal, and often boasted a numerous progeny) en-

tered the army or the Church, and if one of them showed any especial talent he studied law and became a judge or a member of the civil service.

The old-fashioned Piedmontese gentleman could permit himself the magnificence of a large family, for he found no trouble in settling his children in life. And young noblemen, fresh from college, if they were distinguished in manner, might easily find a place as page or chamberlain at court. But it frequently happened that in some too numerous families one of the members was neglected, and instead of being educated in town was kept secluded on the country estate like a *gentilhomme campagnard*. Taught to read and write by the parish priest or the chaplain, this poor he-Cinderella had to content himself with such humble learning, though occasionally he took his revenge by studying actively in his own behalf. Thus abandoned to his own wits and lot, this unfortunate would sometimes by his own efforts attain a degree of culture which rendered him remarkable. From his obscure corner, he observed the world in which he lived; listening and meditating on what he saw, he sometimes grew up to be a wit or a philosopher, and nearly always knew how to make himself useful or amusing. His advice was sometimes sought, and though it did not carry great weight, it was often that of an experienced man of the world. And if he did not dine every day at the table of his illustrious elder brother, he was often invited in haste to fill up a gap, if the guests happened to be thirteen in number, if a dancer was missing in the quadrille, or because his witty chat served to enliven the tedious hours. This curious member of society was denominata in Piedmont *el cavajer* (like the *chevalier* in France of the eighteenth century); and though in appearance an elegant parasite, in his quality of honorary bailiff in the country seat or town palace, he would watch over like a guardian angel the fortune and property of his absent brother and nephews, already on the road to ruin.

This antiquated person, typical of the useful junior of the fairy tale, at first an idiot and afterwards the hero of marvelous exploits, is now only a relic of the past. For the mode of living of Piedmontese nobles is greatly changed; very few still own land or live on it; though, maybe, in some remote corner such rare specimen of the country lord might be discovered.

The French Revolution, and the subsequent French occupation of Piedmont, ruined the greater number of noble families that remained faithful to the House of Savoy. When peace was restored they returned to their native Piedmont with their king, whom they encouraged to liberal reform. The ministers of the first Piedmontese revolt of 1821, such as Ferdinando del Pozzo, Santorre Santarosa, Collegno, Moffa di Lisio, Giovanbattista de Gubernatis, were nobles. The Italian *Risorgimento* of 1848 had been prepared in Piedmont by her nobility; and the names of Cesare Balbo, Cesare Alfieri, Cesare and Alessandro Saluzzo, Alfonso La Marmora, Federigo Sclopis, Pietro Santarosa, and Camillo Cavour will remain forever glorious. It is here to be noted that the Piedmontese nobles alone gained no profit from the Revolution which they had themselves promoted; applicable to them is the famous Virgilian sentence: *Sic vos non vobis mellificatis apes*. For they had worked to construct the beehive, but others had sucked the honeycomb! Thus having suddenly lost all their ancient heraldic privileges, almost every career has been closed to them. As the revenue of their land, burdened with taxes, no longer suffices to maintain them decently, their property has passed into the hands of newcomers, of *la gente nuova*.

But the Piedmontese nobility fell, like Caesar, nobly, and is probably still destined to play a part in history; and though submitting to chains forged by others, it will doubtless not renounce its future mission of civilization and the honor yet reserved to it of rallying round

it all the energies of the Italian aristocracy, to continue — as a sole force and directing power — the great work of unity initiated by Cavour.

If, as already observed, taken as a mass, Italian aristocracy (including the Piedmontese), shorn of its ancient prestige, now no longer counts for much, it would still be easy to select from that mass a certain number of gentlemen of high birth eager to help toward an aristocratic resurrection, in the best sense of the word. In all the chief towns of Italy exist clubs, societies, and casinos, where the Italian noblemen assemble, though, unhappily, only to play cards, kill time, and exchange social gossip. For the scions of nobility no longer organize anything, save some meeting for sport. Their daily existence, conventional and formal, is a round of frivolous routine. Nearly all of them live on their capital, aloof from the active life of to-day, and seem to disdain and ignore what happens about them.

Many nobles, however, suddenly awakened to a keen sense of this sad situation, no longer even frequent the clubs to which they gave their names. It is thus to be hoped that soon they may quite arouse from their lethargy, and set their best energies to the salutary task of progress and reform. Italian nobility, like every other nobility in the world, is full of coxcombs, vain of what no longer belongs to them, of the splendid trappings of their ancestors; but, on the other hand, there is no lack of intelligent men of birth, who, proud of the virtues of their great forefathers, are ready to imitate them. Isolated, however, they can do but little; for life round them has changed, and the former scene of action on which their ancestors fought having disappeared, it would be necessary to create a new one in harmony with the present age.

The divine privilege of a possible and perpetual Italian renaissance ceases to be a miracle if we consider the vitality and vivacity of the peoples dispersed over

the Peninsula, whose spirit and mode of thought varies not only from the north to the centre and south of the continent, but even from one district to another, from town to town, from village to village.

The wealth of local historical proverbs, which expressed the satirical criticisms of neighbors exchanging compliments one with the other, may well serve to qualify and stamp the spirit of individualism which distinguishes the Italian people, and its various modes of speaking, dressing, living, loving and hating, suffering, and even dying. In fact, this proverbial lore shows us the population of Italy under various lights, but always original, revealing its instinctively ardent nature. So little Italian villages gradually became large, flourishing cities; and though it is the fashion to name only a hundred illustrious historical towns, it would be easy to number twice as many whose rivalry was propitious to civilization, and which still preserve an original stamp owing to the vigor of the race that founded them. Since this vigor is not yet exhausted, it is probable that the future of Italy still conceals many other mysteries and surprises. And if one considers all the marvels that Italy produced in the days of her greatest servitude, ignorance, and misery, it is natural to look forward to the happy day, when the whole mass of the population, educated and emancipated and well employed in useful labor, shall be entirely *compos sui*, master of itself and of its own genius.

Italy is now a monarchical state, and for the present moment no other better form of government can be desired for her. This monarchy, which unites and defends her, is constitutional with democratical tendencies, and ought thus not only to guard the rights of the nation, but also to protect those of the free towns. In the Middle Age the free towns passed, turn by turn, from under the protection of the Emperor to that of the Pope, according as they declared themselves Guelph or Ghibelline. Guelphs and Ghibellines now no longer exist, and the communes are no

longer in warfare against one another, though their mutual jealousy still continues. Royal protection is thus rendered easier than was once that of the Emperor or Pope. However, it is now more necessary to impress on the public mind that the *Commune* is the most historical and natural form of Italian popular life; and this conviction, grounded in the conscience of the people, should also penetrate the spirit of national government, too apt to centralize! As a general rule, the southern provinces wrest from the central government every kind of service and benefit; whilst the northern provinces, on the other hand, are often left to their own resources.

The initiating spirit, varying from one province to another, is very strong in the north and in the greater part of Central Italy, but scarcely exists in the south, where, as already observed, government is supposed to provide everything,—street lighting, schools, hospitals,—and to construct roads and seaports. And why not? Did not the Roman Empire, in its time, provide the citizens with *panem et circenses*?

Industrious cities such as Milan, which exact hardly anything from the central government, and seem even to disdain its help, and found their own high commercial school (*Università Commerciale Bocconi*), are still in Italy an exception. But this exceptional independence of the Milanese municipality is derived more or less from its historical tradition, and might serve as an example to other Italian towns which seem to have forgotten their glorious past. Milan, on the contrary, still remembers with pride how she once held front against the German hordes of Frederick Barbarossa. Captured, burnt down and razed to the ground, a few years later, this heroic city sprung from her ashes on the same spot, and placing herself at the head of the formidable Lombard League, accompanied by her glorious Carroccio, emblem of communal liberty, marched, armed with vengeance, on Barbarossa at Legnano, and provok-

ing him to battle, finally overthrew him completely. Once again, this same city, at the distance of nearly seven centuries (March, 1848), rose up alone to oppose her tyrannical keeper, and by her hastily constructed and marvelous barricades, during five days of heroic strife, shook off the yoke of Austrian rule. Thus Milan, even in the present age, has shown by her example in Italy the force and power of our communal institutions.

No country is richer in cities than Italy, but not one of her cities, since the fall of the Roman Empire, has ever been able in its population to exceed half a million souls. See now what happens at the present day in Milan: the population of the town, having been considerably augmented owing to the artisans' suburbs (called *corpi santi*), it comes to pass that these suburbs have already affirmed their own individuality, and have emancipated themselves from the town itself, becoming, in their turn, independent communes.

This spirit of independence and individuality is yet so strong in Italy that not only around great cities spring up separate municipalities, but, almost daily, petitions are addressed to Parliament by small portions of towns and villages which desire to be freed from the authority of the *chef-lieu*, to constitute themselves independent commonwealths, headed by a mayor and council, to watch over the private interests of that section which loudly demands its autonomy. No other country in the world can boast a communal legislation vaster than that of Italy. The statutes of the Italian municipalities form a *corpus juris* original and unique. Municipalities in the Middle Age had simply ruled, moderated, and corrected the already received customs of each individual commonwealth. This law had a solid basis and was adapted to the population for which it had been promulgated; being clear and evident to all, it could be faithfully accepted and obeyed.

A certain number of rustic usages still remained, however, outside the pale of

legislation, and they still persist in many country places in Italy by that law of tradition which often possesses greater force than written law. For long custom creates laws which appear the more inviolable because so well known to all. The *Paterfamilias*, or *Capoccio*, of a village family and the elders of the village often exert more authority over the peasants than the king does himself.

The above thoughts and reflections might, perhaps, serve to trace a true and sure way by which the Italian aristocracy should regain a beneficial influence in modern society. If Italian noblemen would only call to mind the saying of Caesar, who preferred to be the first citizen in a village rather than the second in Rome, they would not so easily abandon their estates to live an obscure existence in cities, where, lost in the crowd, they can exert no influence whatever. In his village, on his estate, the lord may easily play the beneficent part of moderator, mediator, and inspirer. A feudal tyranny has ceased to exist almost everywhere; the provincial noble of a democratic turn of mind no longer excites suspicion amongst the populace. Better bred and educated, gentler and more genially modest in his manner than those around him, he can, by his position or office, which brings him in contact with the local authorities and representatives of national life, guide and govern the village folk, if he does not disdain them; and this sort of government, familiar, personal, and foreseeing, founded on the true experience and knowledge of men and things, is best of all. As to the nobles who can no longer reside in the country, but live in towns, they can still make themselves useful, and emerge above the common people by mixing more freely with them.

It is well known that the strong castles of the nobility, for twenty miles round Florence on the territory of the Republic, were once razed to the ground, and all noblemen whose names were not in-

scribed in the books of the arts corporations were excluded from the municipal administration. But it is also well to remember that the presence of all such democratic nobles in those various corporations, and the part by them taken — urged thereto by the people — in the affairs of the government, contributed greatly toward making the Republic prosperous and glorious. Thus the nobles brought their ideas of beauty and refinement, and the artistic working-class put those ideas into ideal shape and form.

This population of artists still exists in Italy, and needs only to be guided and directed. As democracy is the only form of life adapted to a free people, it is necessary, to prevent the blind mass from stumbling in the dark, that intelligent torch-bearers should watch over it from above with sympathetic foresight; and who better than the nobles, worthy of that appellation, can be or become such enlighteners? But let both the nobles and the people be on guard against becoming simply burghers, thus merging their individual characteristics into that hybrid class, described by Dante in one immortal verse: —

"La gente nova e i subiti guadagni."¹

Far from being a pessimistic judge of my own country, I perceive everywhere, on the contrary, its precious latent energies; and I have the greatest confidence in its possible resurrection and infinite resources. But, on the other hand, I condemn all these levelers, centralizers, scoffers at ideality, who fear all that is superior to the common run, all that emerges from mediocrity, and does not follow the vulgar beaten track. And as far as the word *bourgeois* signifies narrowness, want of ideality, conventionality, and vulgarity, I despise the class; for this fat *bourgeoisie* threatens to devour not only the public exchequer, but the very soul of true Italy. Thus it is with real alarm that I observe a great, un-

¹ The parvenus and sudden gains.

sightly, misshapen mass, a hideous monster with countless limbs, advancing slowly like some infernal machine, to crush and devour human lives. For what is merely enormous easily assumes to my eyes the appearance of a monster.

This troubling tendency to fashion men all alike, to range them on the same level, to make them all march to the same tune, and bend them to one uniform equality, is contrary to life, to nature, and to the national traditions. For to crush the individual in Italy signifies to crush the whole Italian people. And to such a flat, pale, insipid tenor of life — which gradually would annihilate the spirit of the nation — is almost to be preferred a half-savage existence, or one perpetually feverish and volcanic. That which is deprived of physiognomy is not Italian. And this is the reason why I cannot admit our *bourgeoisie* — such as dominates to-day — to be a faithful representation of the Italian nation. The history of Italy was carved out of events by her aristocracy and her people. The middle class has no history; it was formed far later on in the small towns, and sprang up between the feudal castle and the village; thus, to attain some grandeur, it must return to one or other of these its native elements.

Men are all equal before God. But it is sometimes necessary for man to feel the presence of God to be able to elevate his soul toward Him. If a man live a purely material life, keeping selfishly aloof from all that is high and spiritual; if he refuse the ideal bread of angels, he may doubtless enrich himself and fatten; but to grow too stout is often the beginning of decay.

Thus I would not like to see the utilitarian *bourgeoisie* gradually deteriorating and vulgarizing our glorious country, turning it into a land of prose, whereas God created it to be an Earthly Paradise for the Italian born in the midst of its natural beauties to live in loving and singing, and creating immortal works of art. The vulgarity of the middle class

may some day be fatal to these very same *bourgeois*, who now systematically decry all generous enthusiasm, and every effort made to raise to an ideal standard the new generations springing up around us.

To sum up what I said above on the subject of aristocracy, I want to declare that I give this word the only acceptation possible, that of *Aristos*, which signifies the optimates, the best of all. Each one of us, of whatever class he may be, can better himself by sheer force of will; and this will is not an exclusive privilege, for every person is capable of such an effort. It is, however, necessary that each and all should be animated by the desire to emerge individually from mediocrity, and to see his country rise high above the common standard.

It was by the force of light of the Logos, of the divine wisdom, that worlds were formed and began to move in their orbits. What conceals itself from the light, wrapping itself in obscurity, prepares its own decay and ruin. And it is to be feared that the Papacy, voluntary captive in the Vatican, stranger to the new Italian life, is working secretly in the shade at its own dissolution.

I was speaking of this one day, about thirty years ago, with the then most illustrious man in Rome, the old Duke of Sermoneta; and this is the upshot of what that mentally far-seeing, though physically blind and aged duke said to me: —

“Yes, Rome is eternal, and will never perish. But she crushes, in the long run, all that falls under her power and all that she herself has created. Kings, consuls, and emperors exercised over her their sway; popes, in their turn, appeared and shone in her history; she will finish by engulfing the Papacy before the end of the twentieth century. See what now is taking place in Rome: the Eternal City offers hospitality at present to the three most important personages of our time, — Pius IX, Victor Emanuel, and Garibaldi.

The world, from afar, interests itself in what these three great men say and do; the reporters of the foreign press follow their footsteps. Rome alone does not seem to care. In fact, if you ask a Roman what the Pope, the King, or the hero of Caprera is doing, he will answer with apathy that he knows nothing about them. Rome takes but slight interest in what does not directly concern her. Pius the Ninth shut up in the Vatican, Victor Emanuel residing at the Quirinal, Garibaldi as deputy sitting in Parliament, live quite apart from the people.

"When formerly Pio Nono appeared outside the Vatican to bless the population, the Romans could see him occasionally, kneel to his benediction, and they might be able to refer not to an abstraction but to a person, the news, important or not, of the Pope; just as once on time they paid homage to their emperors, when bread was distributed to the populace, or invitations to the public games.

"But now since the Pope has shut himself up, he is no longer seen, and naturally is forgotten. I cannot say," added the duke, "whether Pio Nono will have a successor; perhaps, but this also will only be a fleeting shadow.

"Of course so ancient an institution as the Papacy cannot die and disappear in a clap of thunder; it must perish of gradual decline, like the Roman Empire. When Romulus Augustulus, the last Roman Emperor, expired in his Villa of Tiberius, his decease passed unnoticed; it is not even quite known how he died, and no one cared to investigate the cause of his death. This obscure fact was forgotten, because the Empire had so long been languishing of mortal decline that its tedious agony had wearied several generations. Thus, at the last moment, no attention was paid to the flickering of that flame which no longer served to illumine the old world, groping blindly about in the first darkness of the Middle Age.

"I foresee the day when in Rome the palace of the last Pope will excite the same popular curiosity as the mysterious

abode of the Great Master of the Order of Malta,—once so powerful and glorious,—now simply a phantom! If the popes continue to live secluded, notwithstanding all the actual splendor of their voluntary prison in the Vatican, in the space of three or four generations, they will no longer, even in Rome, occupy or interest public attention. The Italians like to see and worship their idols at a near range, for we believe only in that which our senses perceive. The great Lama of Thibet, ever invisible, may still be believed in and adored from afar as a mystery; but when near—being concealed—he is often replaced, and may be an old man or a child, or may even not exist at all; and no one cares to inquire what he is or what has become of him!"

As we may see, a great truth is hidden in all this splendid ducal paradox. The decadence of the Papacy began from the moment in which it surrounded itself by a mundane court of cardinals. St. Bernard, St. Peter Damianus, St. Francis, Dante, Petrarch, St. Catherine of Siena, and Savonarola had, long before the Reformation, sounded an alarm to awaken the Church which thus sacrificed Christ's religion to temporal dominion. St. Francis, more especially, in bringing back religion to its evangelical sources, saved Christianity in Italy.

The religion of St. Francis, born in Italy, fortified in the East, is the purest and most ingenuous expression of true Catholicism. In the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries there was current a proverb which quaintly said, "Everywhere are to be found Florentines, sparrows, and Franciscan friars." Ancient Florentine merchants and bankers have ceased to wander about the world, but the chattering sparrows still continue to chirp and multiply, and the missionaries of St. Francis still open their charitable embrace to sad and suffering souls in all corners of the world, everywhere showing the same spirit of gentleness, mercy, and fraternity, united to a real love of Italy.

I have met these good friars more or less everywhere during my long travels in the Holy Land, at the foot of the Himalayas, beyond the range of the Cordillera. All of them spoke the simple language of St. Francis, and the mention of dear, far-off Italy always filled their eyes with tears of regret, or brightened them with passionate desire. The Franciscan Order keeps aloof from politics, its sole mission being to serve Christ and, in his name, to love man and relieve all human misery.

The Franciscan friar is so familiar a feature of Italian soil, and so dear to my countrymen, that an Italian landscape without the silhouette of a brown-clad, sandaled Brother of St. Francis in it seems almost incomplete. And here I might add, that should the Papacy some day come to an end, Catholicism would still live on in Italy as long as it was represented by the Order of St. Francis.

Unhappily the same thing cannot be said in favor of the Spanish Order of the Jesuits, for, in spite of the name — Society of Jesus — conferred on it by its ardent founder Loyola, this order has always been far more political than religious. The sublime motto, *Christus imperat*, has only served the Jesuits as a banner, a means, to realize their Utopian dream of universal dominion.

Owing to their enormous riches, the Jesuits' material force is immense, and it is just this wealth which, notwithstanding the fall of temporal power, still sustains the Vatican's mundane court and semblance of state, but which, at the same time, creates a gilded cage for the Pope and keeps him prisoner in the hands of the Jesuits.

It would be a great mistake if, abroad, the work of the Jesuits — secretly conspiring under the shadow of the Vatican — were to be judged from what they really are and really accomplish in Asia or in America. I had occasion once, at Bombay, to have a long talk with a Jesuit bishop. His ideas about dogma were so advanced that I was quite surprised to find myself, on certain points, more or-

thodox than he. I have visited the Catholic Universities of Beirut in Syria, of Georgetown in the United States, and I found there enlightened professors who edified and charmed me. But the Jesuit residing in Rome is far less liberal, and his narrowness gives greater weight to religious half-terms than to the essence itself of religion, and becomes almost ferocious when a religious pretext is involved in a political cause.

Taken one by one, Jesuits in Rome and elsewhere seem inoffensive. Generally well-bred, well-educated men, they are often also virtuous, and live simple, pious lives. Among them, saints may sometimes be found. But they all obey one single rule and one discipline. In the Company of Jesus the individual counts for nothing; the Order is everything, and its political principles are far deeper grounded than its religious ones. Domination being its great aim and object, the chief thing it cares for is to dispose of large fortunes and numerous subjects, so as to exercise authority and be obeyed, to be rich and powerful.

Springing up about the same time as the Reformation, and seeing that ruin menaced the old edifice of the Church, the Society of Jesus turned all its efforts toward upholding the Papacy, — affirming its political prestige and the pomp of the Papal court, which the Spanish monarchy was well adapted to maintain.

To the Jesuits, the principal obstacle against Cardinal Sarto's election — which was decided by some of the most enlightened members of the Sacred College, and amongst these by Cardinal Gibbons — was the great simplicity and humility of the Patriarch of Venice. It was feared that, as a humble peasant's son, he would, by his simple way of living, diminish in part the magnificence of the Head of the Church. Thus the Jesuits assumed the task of watching over the pontifical education, and immediately placed near the Pope, as Secretary of State and Master of Ceremonies, a newly created Spanish cardinal. The modest country parish

priest, raised to the throne of St. Peter, might very well in private life keep his rustic habits and tastes, as long as these were hidden from the public gaze under the regal robes of pontifical grandeur!

All this display of worldly luxury seems in flat contradiction to the legend of evangelical simplicity still diffused more easily afar off than near. But without the aid of this exterior decoration, how could pilgrims visiting Italy, and Rome, be persuaded that the Papacy still exists?

What benefit does the population of Italy receive from the presence of the Head of the Church, if the Pope is compelled — even before his election — to renounce the joy of being the pastor of his flock, and to play before the world the part of a poor victim kept prisoner in the Vatican by a usurping power? In an eloquent article recently published by Mr. W. R. Thayer, a great friend of Italy, in the *World's Work* — in which he notes the great progress which free Italy has made in these last thirty years — may be read a noble apology of the conduct of the Italian Government toward the Holy See.

This apology of an impartial and enlightened American relieves me of the trouble of insisting on the prudence and patience of which the first three kings of Italy and their ministers have given proof, in their attitude toward the implacable enemy to whom they not only conceded a legendary, and perhaps merited, prison, but the privilege of an inviolable fortress.

But if Italy as a political state can well do without the approbation, favor, and benediction of the Vatican, having clearly shown that she possesses sufficient vital strength to stand alone (in spite of this disturbing element within her), there is, beyond all others, a religious and moral question which ought to preoccupy and afflict us.

Though it was in Rome, in Italy, that Christianity was born for the Western world, yet Italy is perhaps the country, nowadays, that takes the least interest in religious questions; and the fault lies es-

sentially with the Papacy and the clergy. For, notwithstanding the personal virtues of the last popes and many cardinals, the Vatican, which ought to be the first sublime inspirer and educator, exercises no direct or salutary influence on the Italian people. The Vatican no longer cares to govern human consciences, to reawake ardor of faith or religious enthusiasm. In consequence, the bishops and priests, obedient to instructions received from the Holy See, very rarely touch on spiritual matters, and are therefore inadequate to guide the souls of their flocks. And yet the lower clergy, no less than the more enlightened bishops, would be so eager for such spiritual manna!

The prestige of the Pope would still be very great, would he only confine his authority to holy things and to the gospel, and make his age march with God and in God's name.

We saw recently the interest with which the Italian clergy of sincere faith took up the question of Christian Socialism, when the priests thought that Pope Leo XIII, backed by some of his cardinals, encouraged them in their new track. But this movement, under cover of a religious campaign, only hid once again a political game; and when a part of the clergy, already engaged in this work of propagation, perceived this, they gradually cooled and fell off, losing interest in what might turn out to be more dangerous than useful. Just in the same way there would be, scattered over Italy, a great number of earnest-minded priests, able to render good service to the people, and ready to take a cordial part in public national life. If the Vatican would allow these priests, not only to vote, but to invoke the Holy Spirit's inspiration on all good works, it would soon be seen that the lower clergy, always in contact with the masses, might still, by means of the parish priests, become a valuable spiritual guiding force.

Alas, the Vatican by its doctrine of *Non expedit* separates the pastors from their folds, fearing, perhaps, that the con-

tact of the clergy with the democratic party might, in future elections, decoy the more enlightened members of the clergy from the Holy See and its anti-patriotic designs! Strange to say, the most virtuous and saintly bishops are not the most honored by the Papal court, which often condemns them to isolation.

Happily in our day, as in that of St. Francis, the religious spirit is not altogether confined to the narrow circle which radiates about the Holy See. The liberal and useful work of the priest Rosmini, the friend of Manzoni, though blamed by the Jesuits, and scarcely approved by the Vatican, was a holy work, and still perseveres in its luminous mission. Still another mission of useful goodness disdained by the Jesuits, but secretly encouraged and blessed by liberal-minded Pius X, is that which at present

inflames the patriotic zeal of two illustrious prelates,—Monsignori Bonomelli and Scalabrinii, Bishops of Cremona and Piacenza, who have set themselves the noble task of educating and bettering—by their intelligent choice of ardent missionaries—the unhappy lot of the great wandering mass of Italian emigrants, seeking work in foreign lands. These worthy bishops have thus taken to heart the evangelical sense of the great prayer of Christianity, *give us this day our daily bread*, and, giving it a practical application, have distributed to those expatriated sons of Italy the bread of life,—the divine manna, which never satiates, but ever multiplies when divided, and serves to illuminate the sombre existence of the poor, exiled workman, opening to his wearied, homesick sight a consolatory vision of a future of heavenly rest and peace.

THE EDUCATION OF A SAINT

BY EVANGELINE WILBOUR BLASHFIELD

Quoth Antony: "I saw the snares of the Enemy spread over the whole earth. And I sighed and said: 'Who can pass through these?' and a voice came to me saying: 'Humility.'" — THE WORDS OF THE ELDEBS.

I

SERAPION, who had just risen, stiff and chilled, from his knees, stood at the door of his cell looking down on the fields and the river below him. The north wind was hurrying through the valley, buffeting the palm trees, and driving a dim cloud of sand before it, furrowing the surface of the Nile into foam-edged wavelets, and veiling the mud villages in swirls of blue smoke. As the sun dipped behind the Libyan hills there followed a strange and swift transference of color from earth to sky. The face of the cliffs, that had kindled into red gold under the fires of sunset,

faded suddenly to a dull, greenish gray; the violet clefts of the crags grew ashen; the tree trunks, glowing like columns of bronze, turned to lead, and the vernal flame of the young wheat paled, while the great dome above them flushed and deepened into rose.

Serapion felt an aching sense of inward bruise as he watched the daily miracle. His prayers had been longer than usual, for news of a great scandal had come from a neighboring laura only that day, and the Abba had bidden the monks to remember the sinner in their orisons. "Lead us not into temptation" had taken on an even more solemn significance in Serapion's mind since he had heard the tale of a brother's fall.

It was, indeed, a sad story that had come down the river, told with much superfluous detail and comment by the

master of the pottery-raft while he exchanged his clay water-coolers for fresh vegetables from the monks' garden. An infant had been left at the entrance of a young hermit's cell, and its mother, a handsome, brazen girl from a neighboring village, had declared that she had laid her child at its father's door. Marinus, the accused, had opposed no denial to her charge, and had shown a parent's affection for the baby. The sin and scandal were the greater because Nilus, the culprit's father, a most holy man, had brought the boy to the monastery when he was but nine years old, and dedicated him to the religious life. The saintly Nilus had died a year ago, and now his unworthy son had been cast out of the community he had dishonored, and had probably perished miserably in the desert with the unhappy, little result of his evil-doing.

Serapion, a big-hearted young colossus, who possessed more knowledge of four-footed and feathered creatures than of matters of discipline, thought (though contritely) rather of the wretchedness of the offender than of the vileness of his offense, as he watched a mighty arch of cold, blue shade creep slowly up the eastern horizon, where it hung like a rainbow sharply defined against the rose-strewn vault. It broadened and gradually covered the whole face of the heavens, until only a wide, faint stain remained in the west, and the stars began to look out.

"Lead us not into temptation," repeated Serapion, his eyes dazzled with ethereal splendors. To him, constantly fasting, always appropriating more than his share of the manual labor of the little brotherhood, temptation had presented itself far more frequently under the form of toothsome doorah-cakes, or piles of juicy sugar-cane, than under that of the engaging demon who had so sorely tormented St. Antony, and divers of his own brethren. True, there were mischievous girls in the village below, whose sidelong looks, half-shy, half-roguish, had provoked curious sensations about his midriff, and aroused an avid desire for more

of such glances. But the consciousness that they were probably laughing at him and his coarse eremite's robe generally proved an efficient antidote to the sweet venom, and a long day's work, carrying baskets of Nile loam up the almost perpendicular side of the cliff to the convent garden, completed the cure.

It had occasionally occurred to Serapion, though not given to meditation on such questions, that the brothers most tried by fiendish enticements were those who rendered the least temporal service to the monastery, but he drew no conclusions from his observations. The image of the starving sinner brought with it no arraignment of the wisdom of his spiritual superiors, only a welling up of pity for a fellow man's sufferings.

Meanwhile he loitered quite unconsciously, seeking and finding surcease of sorrowful thought in the peace of evening, until in the magic light of the afterglow the sky restored to earth the warmth and tint of which it had despoiled her. While the air about him was transmuted to molten gold, and the landscape below was yet suffused with a dusky radiance, which penetrated the deepest shadows, the densest masses of foliage, and saturated them with rich bituminous color, he reluctantly fastened the door of his cell, and wrapped himself in his sheepskin, submissive to the rule that sent the monk early to the couch which he must leave before sunrise.

But the forlorn figure of the guilty Marinus, the last of his waking thoughts, was still uppermost in his mind when a slight noise aroused him from his first sleep. Something was softly shaking the door, or rather gate, of coarsely woven palm-fibres which barred the entrance to his hermitage, once an ancient tomb. He was on his feet in an instant, reaching mechanically for the recluse's only carnal weapon, a stout staff. There were thieves and to spare in the desert; not only desperate men driven from their homes by grinding taxes, but four-footed robbers to whom the scent of the scant hoard of

dry bread in its ill-closed wooden coffer was as tempting as it had often proved to the anchorite himself on fast days. It was only last night that a marauding fox had deftly decapitated three of Brother Paulus's fattest geese, when with regrettable curiosity they had thrust their inquisitive heads out of the basket-work crate in which they slept. But it was a taller shadow than even that of a wolf which was dimly projected into the tomb, intercepting the starlight: that of a slight man wrapped in a cloak. One long stride brought Serapion to him, and one quick movement caught the thin, cold hand that was pushing at the gate.

"Who are you?" Serapion panted a little. This was surely no evil spirit, and yet how icy chill it was!

"One who is dying of hunger," was the faintly whispered answer. "Help in the name of our Master!" and the suppliant fell into an inert heap on the sand.

Hospitality was the law of the desert even without the invocation of the Divine Name. In busy silence Serapion half led, half carried his guest to his own sleeping-mat, covered him with the sheepskin yet warm from his own body, lighted the tiny clay lamp, made a fire in the cooking-place, and set in it a bowl of lentil soup.

The starving man watched him mutely like a frightened animal, until Serapion began to crush a flat cake of hard bread between two stones; then he made a despairing effort, and half raising himself from the mat,—

"I need nothing, give it to this," he muttered huskily, and plucked from the folds of his brown mantle a small bundle from which a weak murmuring proceeded like that of a newly dropped lamb.

Serapion started to his feet. "You are Marinus!" he shouted to the pale boy, who had sunk down again still holding the ragged bundle.

"I was," answered Marinus without opening his eyes. "Now you will cast me out. I should have told you at once, but for the child. It is growing cold; the

chill sand freezes my marrow, and the wind bites me to the bone. Oh, let me stay a moment in this sheltered place. For three days we have wandered, begging for bread, and receiving only stones and curses. The village dogs have hunted us, and I have that in my side — No, never touch me!" he shrieked shrilly as Serapion gently tried to loosen the blood-stained tunic.

"Surely you will let me bandage your wound?" Serapion urged softly; a strange tenderness had possessed him at the sight of this poor hounded creature; he felt a novel stirring of unknown impulses within him, an imperious need to succor and comfort.

"No, no," protested Marinus, still feebly, but stridently insistent; "it would open again. Promise me you will not try to touch it."

"As you will," replied Serapion, unconsciously lowering his voice. "Now, how shall I feed this? Like a lambkin?"

"You dip your fingers in the soup and put them in his mouth. Take him, I can't hold him up," gasped Marinus, who seemed exhausted by his outburst. He watched Serapion jealously while he gently raised the child, and turned back the tattered wrappings from its face. It was warm in its nest of rags, and its tiny fingers closed about the young man's thumb with the strength that is so often the dower of the undesired infant. That fumbling, soft clutch took hold of Serapion's heart strings; with a smile of foolish delight he fed his new charge sparingly and delicately with thickened broth. Marinus wondered at his dexterity. "I have often helped the herds," he explained, while the baby protested with some faint show of vigor, which delighted them both, at the abbreviation of its meal.

"He must have but very little at a time," Serapion said apologetically, then, apparently as an afterthought, added, "Was he baptized?"

"Of course; they would not let its soul perish as well as its dear little body," was the answer accompanied by a sigh.

"And now you must eat something, too," said Serapion, as he finished swaddling the still vocal bundle, and laid it again beside Marinus. "Here is plenty of broth still warm. Try to swallow a little," and he carefully raised the boy's tired head on his arm. Marinus made a brave effort to eat the soup, but after one or two mouthfuls he turned away with a groan.

"I cannot; I am but a poor, broken thing. Those sharp stones have pelted the life out of me. My body is one wound," he moaned, falling back on the sheltering arm.

"Rest awhile first, then," suggested Serapion patiently, smoothing the tumbled curls that had escaped the tonsure, and looking down on the pallid, delicate face with a yearning pity, which, to his horror, he found was as irresistible as it was culpable. For this was the worst of sinners, guilty of the vowed celibate's unpardonable crime; an accursed thing that had been driven out to die like an unclean beast; and yet how seemingly innocent was the look in Marinus's eyes, and how young, how childlike even, was the thin, white face! Thrust out this helpless creature! Serapion could no more have done so than he could have passed by a lost lamb or a wounded pigeon. No, he could do no otherwise! The boy must stay, though he, Serapion, should be anathema and banished in his turn. He had been too busy ever since Marinus's entrance to reflect on his own misdeed in receiving one whom his superiors had judged and condemned. Serapion's was a simple, soldier-like code; to him the word of the Abba was law, but to-night disobedience seemed equally holy.

As if his thought had been divined, Marinus opened his big, lustrous eyes and whispered, "You must not be good to me; you will suffer for it. I am a great sinner."

With a slight, reassuring pressure of his arm Serapion answered simply: "I know all that; don't talk of it. I am a strong, tough fellow, and I can bear discipline.

Beside, our Abba is indulgent; he is a disciple of Father Macarius."

"It will not be for long," continued Marinus in gasping whispers. "I am dying. I have coughed much lately, and those stones have killed me. Every time I breathe the blood surges up. When it is over promise me that you will wrap me in my cloak, and bury me in the clean, dry sand. You are a holy man, and it is a pious office."

"I hope to nurse and feed you instead," returned Serapion. "Now try another spoonful of soup. Here it is close to your lips. You have only to swallow it, like the baby."

"I cannot, I am stifling already; there is blood in my throat; it rises and falls with every breath. Promise."

"I do," said Serapion solemnly. He had seen the red stain on the lad's lips.

"Ah-h-h!" sighed Marinus, turning his cheek cosily on Serapion's shoulder. "Now am I at peace;" and the thick, double fringes closed over his eyes. Serapion's heart smote him; it was barbarous to disturb the suffering lad; not to do so was far worse. If indeed, as seemed only too probable, death was near, Marinus must be spiritually furnished for the dark journey. Confession, penitence, the sacrament, should cleanse and comfort the polluted, erring spirit; Serapion was not only a pitying nurse, he was a monk as well, and the soul's needs were pressing. He had hardly opened his lips before Marinus again anticipated his speech.

"Will you hear my confession? You are the only man who has been kind to me since my dear father joined the saints. Yes? Listen, then, with your ear close to my mouth for I am losing strength. The lamp is burning dimly; fill it so that I can take heart, looking in your good eyes."

The lamp replenished, and the delicate head once more tenderly supported, Marinus whispered hoarsely: "I was always wicked, even when my father first brought me to the Abba Elias's laura. I had no vocation; I was not called to the devout life; my mother and my two bro-

thers had been killed in a church riot, clubbed to death by the Donatists, and as I was quite alone my father could not leave me in the world he had renounced after they were gone. I was a naughty child, but every one was good to me at first; the old monks spoiled me, and my father was very patient with me,—strict but in one thing only: that I should always keep a little apart from the other novices, and be in truth an anchorite. This was no sacrifice, for they were rougher and stronger than I; but I was quick at learning, and my voice in our chapel was sweet to hear, they said. I was happy enough, and not too lonely, until my father died. Then there came to fill his place a monk from Scetis, who found our rule too slack, and was always at our Abba's ear, clamoring for longer fasts and harsher discipline. Me, he judged more sinful than all the rest, for I wreathed our altar with garlands, and wove borders into the mats we plaited to be sold in Memphis. All things pleasant to look on were fiend's lures for souls, Ammon said, when he tore up the rose-hedge in my little garden, and I submitted quietly, knowing well that I was given to the lust of the eye. But one day I rebelled. I had been down to the river with a heavy crate-load of vegetables to sell to the boatmen, and had reached my cell, panting and overdone. At its door I found Ammon and something else which made me fly at him like a mad thing. For in my cell were two doves whose mother had been stoned by a careless harvest-slinger while they were still but helpless balls of down, and I had fed and cherished them so that they were always at my heels and knew no fear of any man. These poor, pretty creatures had flown to Ammon in all confidence, and he had killed them, because, as he explained afterwards (while he was stanching the blood from his nose), they were birds of love, sacred to heathen Aphrodite, and unseemly companions for Christian monks. When I saw them lying limp with twisted necks, I struck him on the face with all my strength, and cursed

him in the name of the Father who feeds the fowls of the air and marks the sparrow's fall."

"Oh, Marinus, why did you not leave Ammon's punishment to that just Father?" queried Serapion in mild reproof.

"I have repented of it," said Marinus wearily. His voice had been growing fainter and hoarser, his breathing more difficult, and Serapion saw with impotent compassion that the fold of the mantle he often pressed to his lips was red.

"Rest now," he urged; "you can tell me more to-morrow. Let us pray together."

"No, no," protested the penitent; "for me there is no to-morrow. Be patient with me. Wait." He seemed to doze a few minutes, and then began to speak again in tones which were scarcely audible. "After that my life was — hell. The most fatiguing, the most disgusting tasks were mine, and — when through weakness I failed in them — the scourge. It was just. I had been angry with my brother, and had called him worse than fool. Some of the elder brethren pitied me, and would have tried to lighten my penance, or to say a kind and encouraging word when I passed them, but Ammon was always preaching reform, so that they who had been as fathers to me, and had known my own dear father, were cowed into silence. My only happy hours were spent in the ferryman's hut; to it every week I brought my load of baskets to be sent down the river. He was a busy man, and often bade me wait for him; his daughter" — Serapion moved uneasily, but Marinus opened his deep eyes and held him with the coercion of his steady gaze — "was kind to me. She was neat with her needle and cunning at the loom, and she showed me many patternings, which I wove into my mats. Also she was round and rosy like a ripe peach, sweet to see and to smell, through much bathing in the river and anointing with balsam, which, Heaven pardon me, I have always found delectable; and she had curiously wrought jewels of silver, anklets and

necklaces, which tempted me sorely. Brother, have you never felt the spell of these twists and cirelets of glittering metal? No? Ah! you are blessed indeed, but it was with me as if the serpent which deceived our first mother were coiled within those shining rings. She treated me like a child, mocking my downcast eyes, telling me that if I were not a monklet I would be a pretty fellow; that I ought to weave a flowered border for my ragged tunic; and much more that was unfitting for her to say and unseemly for me to hear, but the gayety and blitheness of her uplifted my sad spirits. One day in a frolic she slipped the armlets over her smooth wrists, and poured them into my lap! 'There, if you'll promise not to melt them with your eyes, little one, you can play with them until father returns,' she laughed, while I, who seemed to see the mocking eyes of fiends looking up at me from the twinkling heap, let it fall with a crash, and fled.

"The next week I prayed that some one might go in my stead, but as I had only to proffer a request to have it denied, I found myself again at her door. My knock was unheard, covered by the sound of loud voices. Hers was shrill, and there was a sob in it. She was beseeching some one to take her away with him, begging him in the name of all he held sacred and dear not to leave her; and a man's deeper tones were denying her, and urging her to be patient and reasonable. I laid my burden on the ground and turned to go, unwilling to interrupt their conference, and the desperate insistence in her changed voice had made me sick and faint, when suddenly the door flew open, and a tall, handsome soldier rushed out with her clinging to his arm. He thrust me roughly out of the way, and before they had reached the gate of the little yard he had flung her off, and then, running down the steep river bank, he leaped into the boat which was waiting for him, and was rowed out to the transport filled with recruits, which had stopped in mid-stream.

"She stood leaning against the wall like one stunned, until she heard theplash of the oars. Then she raised her head and screamed out curses on him. I clapped my hands to my ears to shut out the horrible words. When she stopped, breathless and shaking, I ventured, remembering my duty, to reprove her.

"'Hush, my sister, lest God strike you dumb. What can this man have done to you that you wish him such evils?'

"She raised her bent head, and her eyes burned into mine: 'He has destroyed my whole life. May God' —

"I laid my hand on her lips. 'What can I do for you?' I asked hurriedly more to stop her blasphemies than with any hope of aiding her, and yet moved to compassion by the sight of her blanched, drawn face.

"'You can follow him and kill him; you can tear out his false heart, and throw it in his lying face,' she panted with glowing eyes, and then added scornfully, 'but that is a man's work.'

"'And I am a man of God,' I made reproachful answer.

"She turned fiercely on me. 'Then go back to your God, and leave me to despair. Man indeed! with that cheek and chin of cream! Wait until a beard blues your lip before you give yourself that name. Go, I say, boy of God, and trouble yourself no more about grown folks' affairs.'

"I should have left her then, but I longed to comfort her. It wrung my heart to see the laughing tease, my old playmate, transformed into this sombre Fury.

"'You wanted to go with him? Why? Do you love him? Tell me! I will intercede with your father if you will. My prayers at least' —

"A wave of angry scarlet rushed over her face.

"'You overheard? Then you know; why do you ask? To shame me?'

"I shook my head. 'I heard but that.'

"She laughed harshly.

"'And it was not enough? And you

call yourself a man. Look at me and learn!" I obeyed her. I had always tried to avert my eyes from her, as our rule commands, but in some way I had felt rather than seen her warm dusky color and slender roundness.

"Now what shipwreck of grace and bloom met my eyes! A dreadful light broke in on me, and in the first instant of horrified surprise I drew back. Her eyes seared me: 'Leave me, holy man, too good and pure even to breathe the same air with me!' she shrieked, picking up a stone; 'Leave me, or I will break your shaven crown for you!'

"I was not afraid of a stone, above all in a girl's hand, but her shame turned me coward, and I hurried away as fast as my shaking knees would carry me from her, — from her hard look, and her bitter tongue. I had never come close to mortal sin before, and my own soul seemed stained by the impact. As I stumbled up the slope I met her father, who tried to stop me, but I avoided him, and never ceased running until I reached the cool peace of my own cell.

"Here I passed many miserable days. The knowledge of suffering and evil, my own poltroonery in fleeing weakly from the lost girl instead of showing her the way to repentance, lay heavy on my heart. What a wretched soldier of Christ I was! what a poor craven! brave enough to raise my hand against a brother monk, but terrified at the mere revelation of sin. The unhappy, abandoned girl haunted my waking thoughts, and filled my nights with troubled dreams. I longed to speak some word of comfort and of hope to her, or to beg one of our elder brothers to lift this strayed sheep out of the pit, but I dared not. Her secret was her own, and I feared to bring more misfortune on her by divulging it; and yet I felt that God would surely hold me accountable in some degree for her misdeed. If I had been an exemplar of godliness, if I had spent the few moments I used to pass with her in reproofing her for her vanity instead of fostering it, she might not have become

the light thing that she was. I had been given a glorious opportunity to redeem my past, to win a soul to heaven, and I had missed it. I had brought her flower seeds, and learned stichery, when I should have given her good counsel and brotherly rebuke. Neither prayer nor discipline could exorcise these thoughts. Since I had fallen into disgrace I was much alone, and my heart was famishing for a comfortable word, a kindly look, when one morning I found this at the door of my cell."

Marinus gently touched the roll of rags beside him, glancing down at it with a new softness in his eyes, and then looked into the sorrowful, perplexed face of Serapion.

"Do not doubt me, my brother," he said gravely, trying to steady his weak, uneven voice. "It is not at a moment like this that one lies." With an effort which cost him much he drew a rough iron cross from the breast of his tunic, and after pressing it to his lips, added solemnly, "As my Redeemer lives, and as I hope soon to see his face, I am telling you the whole truth."

Serapion bowed his head. There was conviction in those accents, veracity in those clear eyes.

"I believe you, my brother," he said slowly, after a long silence, broken only by the ragged, painful breathing of the wounded boy. "I believe you, but have you no proofs, — no justification?"

"None," returned Marinus. "What need is there of them? You believe me, and my Saviour and Master *knows*. Did He justify himself when He bore this for us?" And he devoutly kissed the cross again and slipped it under his tunic. "I took this castaway, so newly come into a sorrowful world, and gave it in secret what poor care I could, and, Serapion, the heaviness of spirit, the dryness in prayer, all vanished before the touch of those little fingers. I had something to care for, something to be fond of, something that needed me. The third day of this happiness there marched to my cell,

in solemn procession, Abba Elias and Brother Ammon, her father, and all our elders. I saw them coming, and foretelling trouble, hid my small stock of provisions in my tunic, and took the child in my arms.

"I have neither voice nor time to tell you all that passed. By her parent's testimony, by her own confession, I was proved to be the father of the waif I held to my breast. My care of it, my secrecy in regard to it, were additional proofs of my guilt, far more than were needed, Ammon said, to convict of wantonness a keeper of doves and a lover of roses. So they drove us out, and the village boys stoned me, and set their curs on me, and I dragged myself into the desert to die, and found you."

Marinus shut his eyes and sighed softly. He was quite spent; a strange sound, something between a cough and a sob, had frequently interrupted his speech, and his face had grown perceptibly pinched and sunken during the last hour. Serapion eyed him with commingled apprehension and reverence. He could not bear to disturb him, and yet —

"Marinus, dear brother," he said, raising the boy's thin hand to his lips, "why did you not deny their charge? Why did you not tell what you knew?"

Marinus opened his eyes, and fixed them in bewilderment on Serapion. "Don't you understand?" he queried slowly; and then almost irritably, "Don't you see, Serapion, that our merciful Lord sent me this one chance to redeem my mistakes and my cowardice? In all my seventeen years I had done nothing for any one, and this was my opportunity to bear witness to my love of Him. Besides," he added, with a sudden, sweet touch of archness, "I wanted to keep the baby, you know; it was something to play with."

"But to be innocent, and to be tortured, martyred — I fear — as you have been," protested Serapion. "It is too much!"

"Too much?" murmured Marinus almost inaudibly. "Think of what my

dear Lord suffered for me, for me, who am unworthy to say 'after Him, even in my heart, 'Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do.'"

After that he spoke no more. Serapion, bending over him, hearing a faint, hoarse rattle in his throat, and watching a gray pallor invade his face, was again reminded of the ghostly comfort which he now feared it was almost too late to administer. Twice he went as far as the door of his cell to seek help, and twice he returned to Marinus's side, fearing to leave him alone in his weakness. Then, condemning his own indecision, he again left the boy, to be arrested a few steps from the threshold by the sound of a stifled sob; he turned once more, and found Marinus lifeless, wrapt in the crimson pall of his own lifeblood. Kindly death, like a gentle nurse, had carried him swiftly out of an unkind world.

The suddenness of it unnerved Serapion. He had never seen the young die, and this quick cropping of life's blossom, the instant submission which those who have not acquired the habit of living tender to the dread summons, was at once novel and terrible to him. It was a long time before he could apprehend the awful wonder of it. Finally, the yammering of the hungry baby aroused him to a sense of the reality of things. The child must be fed, and Marinus must be buried as he had promised, and then? Sufficient unto the day — Day, indeed, was almost at hand, and with it new complications: if detected in harboring the dead youth and the child, Serapion might be prevented from keeping his word. Marinus, in the eyes of the community, was still a reprobate. Confession was sacred; Serapion could not repeat the sad story; he had no right to reveal Marinus's secret.

"To feed the hungry, to bury the dead," — these two corporal works of mercy at present filled the arc of Serapion's existence. The first was an easy task, and the second not difficult for one who had made his home in a tomb. The first tenant of Serapion's cell had been an

ancient Egyptian of rank, and in the empty sarcophagus, which still remained in the rifled grave, Serapion laid the dead boy, covering him with palm branches (for had he not earned the martyr's emblem?), and filling in the pit again with the fine, clean sand which formed the flooring of his cell. He was oppressed by an unwonted sense of loneliness and loss when his task was finished, but the luxury of reverie was denied him by the unremitting demands of his new charge on his attention. During the night Serapion's pity for the parent bird in its ceaseless labors for its brood rapidly extended to other bipeds sharing the same responsibilities.

Every morning after nones the Superior visited each monk's cell according to the rule of Father Macarius, the wisest lawgiver of the monastic world. What should be done with the baby during this visit? How explain its presence without divulging Marinus's secret, or in his own turn becoming the object of unjust suspicion? Serapion was beginning to discover that one concealment, no matter how innocent, inevitably implies another, and another, and that the covered way necessarily becomes the dark way. He mastered an impulse to take the child to Abba Marcus and tell him the pitiful story, for the figure of Marinus rose before him with his finger on his lips. Ah! what was he, Serapion, that he should dare to violate the martyr's holy silence, to reveal the divine humility which Marinus had laid as an oblation at the feet of the meek Saviour? No, it was impossible. He would hide the child in Brother John's cell, empty since his death, higher up on the mountain side, and well out of earshot. There it could remain during the day, and at night he would carry it back to his own bed. Prompt execution followed this plan, and Serapion had even time to reflect while he waited for the summons to morning prayer that the path of deceit was a fatally smooth one. For five days he trod it without stumbling. His many duties, for he was the porter

and provider of the brotherhood, afforded him opportunities to visit his ward during the day; and early in the winter evening, long before there was any danger from wolf or hyena fierce or strong enough to burst through the door of the lonely cell, the child was safely transferred to his own under a fold of his cloak.

Serapion soon discovered that in assuming a parent's cares he had also taken on himself a father's perplexities. What was to become of this helpless creature cowering close to his side like a shivering bird in those long, chilly nights? A few hours of cold or hunger would pinch the life out of it like any other nestling. What if something should happen to him, Serapion? This reflection straitened his breast; life and thought were growing complicated; this new tie, weak as it was, had tangled the simple warp of his existence. Doubts and questionings glided from secret chambers in his brain and confronted him menacingly. Was it right for Marinus to have kept silence? By it he had won martyrdom, but by it also he had made innocent men his executioners. His fellow monks had unwittingly played the part of persecutors. Had he not built up his own justification on their involuntary injustice? He had gladly offered himself up for love of his Redeemer, but had he not, in thus forcing his brothers to act as oppressors, failed in love to them? And they were Christians, too, these guiltless offenders, not heretics or heathen, whom it was more venial to lead into sin, since they were doomed to an eternity of torture in any case, and, therefore, were fitting instruments for the pious uses of martyrs and confessors.

If believers could thus err quite innocently, why should not they, these heretics and idol-worshipers,—poor tools who knew not what they did,—be accounted blameless—Here Serapion fell on his knees, and sought sanctuary in prayer, aghast at the conclusion toward which he found himself helplessly driven. He realized that such queries were the bitter fruits of wrong-doing, of stepping outside

the narrow, smooth path of obedience into the tangled thickets of self-will; perhaps they were even suggestions of the Fiend cloaked in the garb of mercy. Though Serapion was the child of an age which counted doubt as criminal, he could not quite stifle the consciousness that the questioning faculty was as real, as much a part of himself, as the capacity to believe. Prayer, however, numbed thought, even if it brought no response to doubt; it bestowed peace, if it yielded no solution; and the cenobite sought it as instinctively as he had felt for his stick when suddenly awakened.

But it could not quite satisfy the unregenerate craving of the boy's nature for intimate companionship, — for a closer, warmer relation than that of spiritual son and brother. The ties of the flesh, which were so rudely, often so barbarously severed by the anchorite, assumed a new aspect after that night of ministering care. Serapion knew that many of his elders had entered the religious life disregarding an aged mother's tears or an infirm father's pleading. More than once monks had been pointed out to him as exemplars of sanctity because they had abandoned devoted wives, and despoiled their helpless children, to flee from the world and bestow alms, but he was himself too close to the great heart of nature, too much the natural man, to revere such spiritual egotists without inward protest. "A broken and a contrite heart" was the purest of offerings, but surely not the broken hearts of others. A dimly apprehended idea of the solidarity of humanity oppressed him; untrained to think, quick to feel, he was only painfully conscious of an inner isolation, a sense of loneliness which the coming and going of Marinus had brought to him.

II

On the fifth morning of his guardianship he noticed, as he left his cell for morning prayers, an unusual commotion

on the Nile bank. A new boat was moored at the village landing, and a crowd of gesticulating, blue-gowned figures were gathered about it. He had no time to watch the villagers, for he was already late, and service had begun when he entered the chapel, which had been built inside the largest of the tombs.

Serapion, abashed at his tardiness, remained near the door, keeping his eyes humbly lowered, and it was not until prayers were nearly over that he became aware of the presence of two newcomers, stranger-monks, who knelt near him. This in itself was no unwonted sight; the huge dehr, or fortified monastery, and the tiny laura, or assemblage of isolated cells, were alike hospitably open to all ecclesiastics who journeyed up and down the river-way of Egypt. But Serapion's unquiet conscience had made a coward of him, and he scanned the newcomers apprehensively as they joined in the psalm which followed the invocation. The shorter and elder of the two possessed the type of the recluse of sacred legend: his mild, lamblike face was partly covered with a snowy fleece of hair and a beard which may have veiled an irresolute mouth and a weak chin. The brow, though deeply furrowed, was broad and noble; the eyes, deep-set beneath it, were far younger than the bowed shoulders and the white hair; in fine, a venerable figure that would seem most at home at the mouth of a cave, praying before a rude cross, or meditating, skull in hand, in the golden glow of evening, or taming some fierce desert beast into gentle service.

If the elder man suggested the poetry of hermit life, his companion personified its tragedy. Emaciated, shaggy, black with filth, naked save for a sordid tunic and a broad girdle, armlets and leg-pieces of iron, he was so repulsive to every sense that at first one might not have perceived the extraordinary force and character of every hard line in the leathern face; the strange conformation of the cranium, which, narrowing at the brow, rose to a

great height above the eyes, and the muscular strength of the lean frame. A formidable human machine, constructed to believe and to act, not to think or to reason; a tempered, trenchant weapon was this brother, or perhaps saint, for his weighty, penitential armor and his phenomenal uncleanness marked him as one who had aspirations, at least, to exceptional holiness.

Of such, of many such, was the kingdom in Egypt. They formed a redoubtable militia at the beck of unscrupulous and turbulent bishops. They terrorized church councils. They violated and despoiled pagan shrines. They plundered and banished the Jews. They stoned the civil authorities who tried to protect non-Christian citizens from their violence. They silenced philosophy by tearing Hypatia to pieces before the Christ she denied. They suppressed learning by destroying the Alexandrian library. They annihilated art by the destruction of pagan statues and temples. But their services to the new faith were not only of a destructive character. No figures appealed more strongly to the popular imagination. No body of men had done more to fashion the creed which they enforced, and no influence had been more potent than theirs to press doctrines dear to Egyptians on a reluctant Eastern church.

Serapion, as he looked shily at the grim ascetic beside him, felt his involuntary movement of disgust yield to admiration and reverence. The self-torturing cœnobe incarnated the ideal that was swaying the souls of men,—an ideal of utter abnegation, of complete self-sacrifice.

But who were the strangers, and what was their errand? Serapion's mind wandered from one vague apprehension to another, until the short service ended and Abba Marcus left his seat to welcome the newcomers. Serapion could not even learn their names, for he was immediately impressed by the Economist to fill Brother Hilarion's place, who was sick of a fever, and to assist in bread-making,

which was an important duty in the lonely lauras, as bread formed the staple of the monk's scanty dietary, and was truly his staff of life.

Serapion longed to question his fellow workers as they walked along the steep face of the cliff, but all labor was performed in silence, and his curiosity remained unsatisfied. A narrow shelf of rock, powdered with wind-blown sand, afforded a path which ran in front of the row of tombs; a few feet below, a wider ledge formed a natural terrace which, covered with fertile Nile mud and constantly irrigated, showed a flourishing crop of wheat, lupins and millet, and constituted, with a few sheep and buffalo, the chief resource of the community. To its very edge, an eternal menace, ever encroaching, undulating in glistening furrows as if in mockery of man's labors, swept the cataract of tawny sand. Below the ledge it slid in sheer descent to the confines of the cultivated land in the valley beneath, recoiling sharply before the onset of the serried spears of the young corn. Bread wrested from this devouring sea—for the Egyptian attacked and vanquished the desert as the Dutchman resisted and subdued the ocean—was precious indeed, and the making of it a ceremony.

At the door of the bakehouse—a long, low hut made of mud bricks mixed with chopped straw, the ends of which stuck out in all directions, forming a surface which was as harsh to the eye as it was rough to the touch—Serapion and his companions laid aside their tunics, and proceeded to a meticulous handwashing, for cleanliness, generally contemned as pagan and unregenerate in the care of the body, was enjoined in the preparation of food. Inside the hut two rows of smooth, spotless boards flanked by bulging sacks of flour were laid on the earthen floor, and a clay water jar supported by a wooden tripod, and surrounded by bowls and flasks, filled one corner.

Each monk helped himself to a portion of the flour, and then, squatting on

his heels, began to knead it. From time to time water was required; the bread-makers tapped on the board, and the one nearest the amphora brought it without speaking. Half an hour had passed in silent toil; the bronzed arms and shoulders of the workers were glistening, and the water-coolers were passed more frequently, when the stillness, which had been unbroken save by the buzzing of an occasional persevering fly and the thump of the dough on the boards, was torn by the brazen clangor of a gong. The bread-makers raised their heads. Once, twice, thrice, the jarring sound reached them; then every man sprang to the door of the hut, huddled on his tunic, and ran back over the narrow path to Abba Marcus's cell, for this was a signal that called each monk from his task; a signal of urgent need. Many of the younger brothers, Serapion among them, had never heard it before, and the older ones shuddered as they remembered the last time it had beaten on their ears.

The Abba's cell, the most spacious of the ancient tombs, was far too small to contain the flock that promptly answered their shepherd's call. The pious hands that had covered the pagan cartouches and deeply incised hieroglyphics with a smooth coating of loam had also built a low wall, broken by a narrow door, across the entrance between the rock-hewn pillars. In the doorway sat the Abba on a couch of wickerwork; on his right was the strange old man, while at his left stood, bowed a little under the weight of his irons, the ascetic Serapion had reverently admired in the chapel.

The monks, as fast as they arrived, formed in line with soldierly precision before the Abba and his companions, and Serapion, to his chagrin, found himself in the front rank, opposite the gaunt stranger. A few moments after the last comer, who had been fishing in the Nile, and who arrived wrapped like a river-god in dripping nets, had taken his place, Father Marcus struck the ground sharply with his stick, and an old brother left the

ranks, and called the roll. When all the names had been answered to, save those of Hilarion and Basil,—the latter was at the sick man's bedside,—the Abba rose, and, turning his brilliant, jewel-bright eyes from one face to another, addressed his flock:—

"Beloved sons, I have called you together to-day, not because danger threatens this, our most cherished community, nor because heresy has again invaded the sheepfold of the faith, but for the performance of a duty, which, if I know you well, you will hold as only less sacred,—that of helping your brothers. Saint Antonius, our revered Father, said well of the eremite life, 'He who sits still in the desert is safe from three enemies: from hearing, from speech, from sight; and has to fight against only one,—his own heart;' but I tell you that you must not be content with the conquest of your hearts for yourselves. To us, living apart from worldly cares, there comes all too seldom an opportunity to serve man. Such occasions are from God, and should be seized and held fast like angelic messengers until they have bestowed a blessing upon us. These our brethren are afflicted, and call upon us in their trouble, and shall we deny them our help? It is a small grace they ask of you, only to answer truthfully, and without shame or fear, the questions of our brother, Abba Elias." As he finished his allocution, Father Marcus turned with a graceful gesture of invitation to the old man on his right, and then resumed his seat.

Abba Elias was deeply moved; he rose slowly, and the hands that were clasped on his staff shook, while his voice, drowned in the cataract of his beard, was at first hardly audible. Indeed, if it had not been for the goading glances of his grim companion, toward whom he looked nervously during his short speech, it seemed hardly possible that his own strength would have sustained him.

"Dear brethren in Christ," he quavered, "you see before you two sorely tried sin—" (here the eye of the iron-bound

brother, coercive as a bridle, checked him, and he hastily substituted) "envoys and suppliants from a community still more heavily afflicted. For many days we, and all our children, have been grievously tormented in the spirit and the flesh with madness and fever. Our simples, our potions, our penances, and vigils have been unavailing. In vain has our saintly Brother Ammon here laid his sufferings and macerations at the foot of the Cross; in vain have I offered my worn-out body for the well-being of those under my care. The sickness rages unabated. Three nights ago, having watched late before the altar, struggling with a carnal drowsiness to which, through ripeness of years and weakness of the flesh, I am too prone, I received a message. I, unworthy as I am, heard these words whispered softly in my ear: 'Until you have taken the cross from the breast of Marinus, and brought it to your brethren to kiss, the wrath of the Lord shall not pass away from you.' Thrice were these strange words repeated, and then I fell in a swoon before the altar, where I lay until the time of morning prayer. Now this Marinus, as you have been told, was a foul offender, who had been driven forth from among us, and therefore I feared that this message might be the inspiration of some lying spirit, or the vain utterance of my own troubled heart, for I had loved the boy, and indulged him until our good Ammon opened my eyes to his iniquity. So I said naught all day, but tended the sick as well as I could, for I, too, was smitten; but the chilled blood of age could not riot through my veins in the fever that parched the younger men. That night the voice thundered in my ears, not once, but many times, bearing always the same mandate. With dawn I rose, bade farewell to my children, and went out to find the lost one, Brother Ammon lending me his strength and his company. This is the fourth day of our journeying, and we have no tidings of Marinus. To you I appeal for help in my quest. Do any of you know aught of him?

A pale, pretty lad, and slender, with a child in his arms?"

The old man looked pleadingly at the rows of wondering faces before him as he put the question to which head-shakings and negatives alone replied. Serapion's heart had leaped into his throat, stifling breath and voice when he first heard the name "Abba Elias;" and the hammering of the blood in his ears drowned the words which followed. For the first time in his short life he breathed hard in the grip of the tempter. Memories of the simple joys he must instantly renounce crowded on him like loving children around a banished father. To be reviled of all men! To leave the poor baby to starve and be torn to pieces by wolves! To be thrust out of the beloved laura, and to perish alone accursed! And he was not blameless like Marinus; he had not the consciousness of martyrdom to exalt him. Did the infinite Truth, which was also the infinite Mercy, require it of him? Never before had his humble life and its dear familiar setting seemed so sweet to him. The garden, the chapel, the sheepfold; the kindly offices of his brother monks; the frugal feasts on holydays, — must he resign all these? They stood for home, and kindred, and intimate family joys to the early orphaned Serapion. And those monks who were burning and raving in that other laura of Father Elias's? They, too, loved their spot of green earth, which they must soon leave forever if he kept silence. Was there no easier way to save them? No, to heal the sick, Elias must himself take the cross from the breast of Marinus. And his own soul's health, was that nothing? Serapion writhed in the clutch of an overwhelming fear; then, terrified at his own base terrors, he bounded forward and threw himself on his face, with arms outstretched in the form of a cross before Abba Marcus.

There was a rustle, and a low hum of surprise. A long silence followed; finally Serapion, groveling, with his face in the pebbles, heard Father Marcus's level voice saying quietly, "Speak, my child."

Serapion raised himself, and, still kneeling, lightly clasped the Abba's knees, murmuring, "Father, I have sinned and am no more worthy to be called thy son."

Bending his white head, Father Marcus answered:—

"And am I father to the sinless? If you have sinned, the greater is your need of me. Confess your sin, that we may the sooner rejoice over your repentance."

Serapion's cheek, white under the dust-smudge, flamed before the gaze of many eyes; it was not fear alone that impeded speech, but modesty, the *infans pudor* which the anchorite life had fostered and prolonged; he had never spoken before his superiors except in reply. All initiative was spared him, however, for Elias, leaving his place, laid an unsteady hand on his shoulder, and questioned eagerly:—

"You have seen him? You can tell us where he is? Be kind, and let me know quickly!"

Serapion, his eyes fixed on Marcus's face, answered:—

"I saw him the same day that the story of his transgression reached us. He came to me, starving, bleeding, too, from a wound in his side. I gave him my bed; I nursed him until he died; I buried him, and I have hidden and cared for the child which he left in my care."

A low murmur of amazement ran through the assembly. This from frank, simple-minded Serapion, the Christopher of the community, whose absolute truthfulness was taken for granted as unquestioningly as were his strength and goodwill; the brothers seemed far more surprised than shocked, all save one.

Ammon, who had, until the brief confession was finished, maintained an air of abstraction from all earthly concerns, now turned to Abba Elias with a vehemence which seemed seeking to atone for his previous impassibility.

"Behold, brother, the evil results of rejecting my counsels. Had you profited by my suggestion, and followed our rule in Scetis, this scandal would never have come to light and made you an offense in

the nostrils of your neighbors, and this child of the Fiend would never have been allowed to wander up and down devouring the souls of weaklings. Had Marinus been properly walled up in his cell, and duly disciplined instead of being allowed to depart, his guilt would have died with himself, and not have been handed on to others like the light in a heathen torch-race. Sinners should be sequestered; otherwise they breed sinners, and so I told you.

"Unhappy young man," he added, turning to Serapion, "did your vow of obedience lie so lightly on you that you shook it off at the sight of mere carnal suffering? Do you entertain every chamberer who knocks at your door? Where is your hatred of vice, where is your love of holiness? Is this your fashion of keeping unspotted from the world? On whose culpable indulgence do you count that you confess your iniquities with such a brow of brass? In Nitria your back would have been scored with discipline ere this!" and Ammon shook his staff over Serapion's head.

Poor Father Elias hung his head like a chidden hound at this attack, but in mild Father Marcus it awoke a primal instinct which he fondly flattered himself had long ago been eradicated, — the proprietary sense. He had renounced all ownership in material things, but Serapion was his spiritual son; his errors and sins were his father's exclusive affair, and the old Adam within that father rose to repel interference with his ghostly rights. His resentment, however, was dominated by the Oriental's courtesy, and the ecclesiastic's self-control. Without rising from his seat he gently waived Ammon back, and said smoothly enough:—

"Our first duty is to relieve your sick brethren, Father Elias, and the question of my penitent's disobedience and his penance will come up after your quest is ended. Pray continue, Serapion, and you, Brother Ammon, will perhaps advise me in private later when this pressing business is finished and we have found

Marinus's cross." This was an unexpected check to Ammon. Fortified by the consciousness of superior sanctity, he had, preceded by the fame of his fasts and self-tortures, come self-appointed to tighten the bonds of discipline in Upper Egypt. No one had hitherto questioned the propriety of his action in a country "where whoever wore a black dress was invested with tyrannical power." A man who had lived in a dry well for many years on five figs a day was thereby qualified to settle the most difficult points of church government. The very clanking of his irons was an irrefutable argument in support of any statement he might choose to make; and who, in an age of faith, could question the words and acts of one who had not washed himself within the memory of living man? Such a holy being could not usurp authority; he might assume it for a time, as many a priest or abbot found to his sorrow, for his macerations constituted his divine right to dominion; but Marcus's calm assumption of his hierarchical superiority in his own laura left Ammon quite defenseless. Accustomed to impose his will on the meek Elias he was unarmed for resistance, and growling something about such boys being treated differently in Scetis, he reluctantly lowered his staff and returned to his place.

In Serapion, too, his apostrophe had evoked latent emotions. Elias's appeal had touched his heart; all his mother in him had responded tremulously to it; but Ammon's aggression aroused the man's combativeness. Under the gentle rule of Marcus he had long remained a dutiful boy; the ascetic's rough words had matured him suddenly, as a young tree bursts into leaf under the onslaught of a summer storm. With a novel sense of elation which enfranchised him from doubts and tremors, he answered Elias's pleading look:—

"I will lead you to my cell where Marinus lies; under the tunic I promised not to touch is the cross you seek. He kissed it before he died, and prayed Him who

hung on it for us to forgive those who had done evil to him, and offered his torments to his Lord and Saviour;" and Serapion, his exaltation increasing as the memory of Marinus grew to clearer and firmer form in his mind, added slowly and loudly, that all might hear:—

"I do most humbly confess and repent my sin of disobedience, and I will meekly receive whatever punishment you may mete out to me. But were it all to do over again I could not act otherwise, and I thank God that He led Marinus to my door."

Serapion, after one steady look at the elders, at Ammon, and at the curious crowd of monks, bent his head to receive the blow, or the words more heavy to bear than blows, that his bold avowal had provoked. He had no dread of them, he was singularly uplifted by his championship of the innocent dead, and something of Marinus's own spirit seemed to have entered into him. The torch had passed from hand to hand as Ammon had predicted. But the thirst for self-abasement was for the nonce unslaked. The two old men before whom he knelt exchanged a look: Father Elias whispered timidly, with a sidelong glance at his guardian angel, who seemed momentarily to have withdrawn himself from the spectacle of such depravity, "'Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy,'—is it not so, my Brother Marcus?" while Marcus added: "Your duty comes first, my son; your confession and penance later. While we talk our brothers are suffering. Lead the way to your cell."

Serapion had but a dim memory afterwards of a hurried walk over the rockledge; of digging deep into the loose sand of the newly made grave; of gently lifting out of the sarcophagus that light (so piteously light) burden, and of reverently uncovering the face of his dead friend, which still wore the pathetic, conquered look of those who die in flowering-time. Marinus was quite unchanged; the clean, cool sand had lain lightly on him, and death, in pity of his youth, had spared

something of its grace. Serapion felt anew the sense of loss as he straightened the tangled curls, and smoothed the folds of the tunic; then, still seeing the crowd of eager monks at the door, and the little group before him mistily as through tears or driving rain, he stood aside, saying,—

"Father Elias, will you take the cross now?"

The old Abba, after a short, silent prayer, sunk on his knees and pulled tremulously at the chain on the dead boy's neck, but it seemed caught in the rope girdle around the waist, and after vainly trying to draw it up, he clumsily untied the knotted drapery on Marinus's shoulder and turned down the front of the tunic. There lay the cross quite safe, but as if it possessed a Gorgon spell to turn living flesh to stone, the four men glared at it in pallid amazement, looked at one another, blanched, and stared again.

Then Serapion, with cry of ineffable tenderness and grief and pity, swiftly replaced the tunic, while Ammon, groaning and beating his breast, threw himself down on the sand, and Elias, tumbling into a dejected heap, began to moan and rock himself to and fro. For Marinus was no youth, but a dead maiden; the grave had yielded the girl's secret.

It was Marcus who first found speech. "Now blessed be He who hath inspired such incomparable humility and refreshed these old eyes by the sight thereof; and blessed are we to have this holy and perfect example in our midst, and thrice blessed are you, Serapion, to have entertained this angel. Be comforted, my brother," he continued, raising Elias to his unsteady feet, "she who forgave you on earth will intercede for you in heaven."

"No, no," sobbed the old man, who possessed the *donum lachrymarum* in abundance. "I have been an unfaithful steward; his — her father left her in my care when he died, and I drove her — tormented her — worked her to death. I should have guessed — I should have known!"

"And robbed her of a crown, and us of a saint," retorted Ammon, whom Marcus's words had revived like a draught of palm wine. "We have been but instruments in the divine hand to fashion this soul for his service. Let us rejoice, then, and do not forget the cross. Your being commanded to take it from the martyr's body is surely a sign that you are forgiven. Strange that you were elected for this honor, but the ways of the Lord are inscrutable."

So the old man was comforted, and at last timidly removed the cross, now freed from the arresting folds of drapery, from the dead girl's breast. Serapion, who had not moved or spoken since he had reverently replaced the tunic, stood like one in a trance, looking down on the empty sheath of the creature for whom he had sinned. Like the blinding light that on the road to Damascus flashed upon the persecutor, bringing inward illumination, and darkening the outer world, the knowledge of his own heart burst upon Serapion in one crowded moment. He loved! And this love, sanctified by death, for one who could never feel it or need it, was no sinful passion, but an act of adoration. A bewildering sense of discovery, of exultation, mingled with the anguish of frustration and loss, held him rigid and motionless, while a curious crowd, augmented by the villagers, to whom by some mysterious means the news had been instantly conveyed, defiled past the body. When devout women came to carry it away, and to wash and robe it for a triumphal progress down the river, he did not speak, although his eyes betrayed a dumb, intolerable pain. Only those hours of his life that he had spent with Marinus seemed real to him; all the rest was but a vain appearance; all other beings, merely *simulacra*, dust and shadows.

Wise Father Marcus, noting Serapion's dazed look, sent for the child, and, putting it in his arms, bade him care for it, saying, "It shall be your penance for disobedience," and Serapion was led back to duty by those soft, clinging hands.

To duty, but not to peace. The old tranquil delight in work and life was gone. The passionate tenderness, the chivalrous devotion, long dormant in an ardent and reverent nature, stretched out imploring hands fated to remain forever empty, and shook barred gates, closed for all time. "He who sits quiet in the desert has only one enemy to fight, his own heart." Only one! What more redoubtable or subtle foe could he contend against? His waking and sleeping dreams, his daily meditations, his nightly vigils, were haunted. One image filled his periphery, quickening mysterious forces in the depths of his nature; it could not be exorcised; all spiritual weapons were shivered against it. His spirit prostrated itself before the martyr, but his heart cried out for the woman. Marina! Marina! Not the saint in glory, not the wounded guest, but the girl whom he had never known, caressing her doves,

tending her roses, obsessed his vision; and to shut his eyes against this radiant presence was to feel the elastic resistance of her ringlets against his fingers, the light burden of her slenderness in his arms. Again, like a celestial envoy, rose the remembrance of her holiness, stilling the tumult in his veins, bringing deliverance from vain desire, and he mourned like one who had profaned an altar. Sometimes he could conceive her as a divine essence beckoning him to the height she had gained, and her dear earthly shell became only a tabernacle hallowed by the mystery within: and then he would be shaken by a passion of fierce longing, dogged by a sense of utter desolation, and the unending struggle began again.

It was in communion with a memory at once so inspiring and so enthralling that Serapion found martyrdom, and won sanctity.

WORLD-ORGANIZATION SECURES WORLD-PEACE

BY R. L. BRIDGMAN

OVER fifty years have passed since the first world's peace congresses met. Seven in all were held, and in them the impulse of the peace movement attained its full force as a motive for the welfare of the world. The first of these congresses was that in London in 1843. Then came the great gatherings in Brussels in September, 1848; in Paris in August, 1849; in Frankfort in August, 1850; in London in July, 1851; in Manchester in January, 1853, and in Edinburgh in October, 1853. These demonstrations had the freshness and the enthusiasm of the Washingtonian temperance movement. All the moral, humanitarian, industrial, social, and financial reasons which are now massed so conclusively against war were urged then, with the only difference from

the present attack that modern statistics were lacking, and that the illustrations from recent warfare were not available. But the vision of the pioneers of those days, of Elihu Burritt, of Victor Hugo, of Henry Richard, of Frédéric Bastiat, of Richard Cobden, of Émile de Girardin, of John Bright, and of many others, was as far-seeing as that of their successors, and their thunders against the evils and the follies of war were as loud.

But dark days followed. The Crimean War engrossed the attention of Europe. Then our own civil war banished from our minds the hopes of the first effort, and the early congresses lost their initial force. Only in recent years is their prodigious momentum once more felt.

Peace societies, however, continued

their work within national limits. But not until 1878, at the World's Exposition in Paris, was another international gathering held to promote the concord of the nations. Seeds were then sown of larger work, and in 1889 began the present series of universal peace congresses of which the session in Boston in October will be the thirteenth.

Practical means have been the purpose of these agitators. They have aimed to combine sentiment with accomplishment, and the successive congresses have labored steadily for the prevention of war, and for the substitution of reason for force in the settlement of differences between the nations. Arbitration has been the great theme which has rung from the platforms of these congresses year after year, whether the session has been in some European capital or in Chicago. Kindred topics have been debated with all the vigor and earnestness that enthusiastic apostles of the reform could command, and an immense pioneer work has been done in educating the nations for peace. International relations are, doubtless, far more friendly to-day than they would have been had it not been for the self-sacrifice, for many discouraging years, of these world benefactors.

Insistence upon the brotherhood of man has been constant. On that foundation have been discussions of disarmament of the nations, of the diffusion of peace principles in all public schools, of the negotiation of arbitration treaties, of industrial arbitration, of prevention of military drill in public schools, of an international peace bureau, of the codification of international law, and of many other propositions tending toward the consummation of the great purpose.

Such have been the conditions antecedent to the meeting of the Universal Peace Congress in Boston in October. The progress for peace has been wonderful in recent years, in the opinion of those who have followed it in detail. The arbitration conference at Lake Mohonk this year was attended by a larger number of

enthusiastic men and women than any preceding session. Anxiety for the establishment of universal peace was never greater than now, when the war in the Far East illustrates the evils against which the Congress is working, and when menaces upon our own liberty and political institutions, as a consequence of our last war, are filling the minds of many of our patriotic citizens with apprehension.

Under these conditions, it is timely to turn to another movement, which has already a strong standing in Massachusetts and in Pennsylvania, and see what promise it has for assistance toward the peace of the world.

World-peace is the object of the coming Universal Peace Congress. World-organization, beginning with a world-legislature, or a "stated international congress," is the object of an effort before the Congress of the United States, proposed to it by a resolution of the Legislature of Massachusetts, as well as by private citizens. The proposition here advanced is that world-organization includes world-peace, and vastly more. Therefore, to employ a military term in speaking of the effort for peace, the peace of the world may be secured most quickly and permanently by a flank movement, not attacking the difficulties directly in front, but approaching them by way of the organization of the world. When the greater shall have been secured, the less will be found one of the rewards of the effort, and such broad and deep foundations will have been laid for the future that the superstructure cannot be overthrown.

By putting mankind into its true position as an organic whole, permanent conditions of peace will be established. It may occur that some outburst of human passion will flare up, making a commotion for a time. But that will not change the general truth, nor overthrow the fact that the best possible conditions for permanent peace have been established. The crust of the earth is a fairly stable place upon which to live, in spite

of earthquakes and volcanoes. Earth's forces break out at times; men's passions might overcome restraint occasionally, but the fitting of the nations into the unity of mankind would be the best possible preventive of such outbreaks, the most likely to compel them to be of short duration, and the most powerful energy to force the insubordinate elements into their due subordination.

World-organization must grow out of the essential unity of mankind. It cannot be a federation, or any agreement which has in itself the seeds of nullification or secession or any implication that the conditions were created by men and may be destroyed by men at will. The fundamental reality in the existence of mankind was not created by men and cannot be destroyed by men. Recognition of this fundamental truth, the unity of mankind, is the preliminary of world-organization. Effort for world-peace, therefore, should act along the line of omnipotent truths, and not endeavor to advance along a line of options created by men.

World - organization will be found much easier than it now seems to most people if they will only practice what they know, or believe, to be true. One of the inconsistencies which every observing man must notice is not only (as the world generally complains) that Christians do not act as if they believed what they say they believe, but that it is just as true of people generally; they seem to distrust the universality and undeviating force of eternal principles. With many people it is as if the multiplication table ran after this fashion: "5 times 5 are 25; 6 times 5 are about 30; 7 times 5 are between 34 and 36; 8 times 5 are in doubt, but most mathematicians hold that the answer approximates 40; 9 times 5 are uncertain, authorities differ, the public is in doubt, and it is a question which may well be left to a referendum." Building on the eternal foundation of the unity of mankind (and those who dispute it are a negligible quantity for this discussion), the steps which are in order for

the organization of the world into one political body are coming to be seen more and more distinctly in the near future.

We take the world as it is to-day, more or less occupied by nations more or less near together, every producer trying to enlarge his market and to bring the world closer to himself, — except where statesmen are using the tremendous powers of government to put obstructions in the way of trade, and to make each country an isolated economic factor. Though nations have many relations to one another, and more to-day than ever before, yet they want many more than they have now. People in incalculable numbers in every quarter of the earth wish to do business with other people in every other part of the earth, and all sorts of persons, in all sorts of places, have a desire which would be uncontrollable, if they had the money to satisfy it, to see all the other sorts of persons and places upon the earth. World-unity is a fact to-day. But unity of the world under a government of men is not a fact. Narrowness of view, conservative ideas of progress, timidity regarding the future, selfish jealousy lest others get more than we if we throw down all barriers which shut us out from our place in the organic total of mankind, — these factors stand in the way of the accomplishment of formal political unity, and, in every nation, hold back those who are already fit and otherwise ready for political union.

At our present rate of progress, considering the enterprise, push, and optimism of men, this unstable condition cannot exist much longer. World-forces are rapidly bringing mankind to its birth-right as a united whole, working together in harmony, and then the wonder will be how men could have been so foolish as to have opposed or ridiculed such a summation.

Organization, for a political person, means that it must have organs whereby it can know its environment, what its body is, what its surroundings are, what

its nature demands, what its circumstances permit, and so on, as far as the functions of a knowing organ are concerned. It must have the means of expressing its will after it has learned what its conditions demand. It must have an organ for carrying the will into action. It must have an organ to determine how far the expressed will applies to particular cases. In other words, it must have a legislative department, an executive department, and a judicial department.

Nations have these organs now. To that partial extent mankind is organized already. But mankind, as a whole, has not yet any such organs established and recognized by the nations. The nations deny that there is any sovereignty over them. It is true that developments have already occurred, remarkable in number and wonderfully significant in idea, proving the unity of mankind, and that the nations are coming to recognize it. But hitherto not only has each nation rightly denied that any other is more sovereign than itself, but each has refused to admit the sovereignty of the whole over itself. That is, mankind, as a whole, is not yet organized. Fragmentary organization, equipment with organs by sections, known as nations, is the highest point of development thus far.

Now, in the relations of nations to one another, as proved by their treaties and code of international law, certain truths are recognized which involve the very nature of mankind as a created whole. That is, there is a world-constitution, unwritten, not called by that name, but existing as truly as the animal creation existed before it was named by man, and as independent of his recognition and his naming as the animal creation was independent of human recognition. Though that world-constitution has remained obscure and unrecognized, yet world-progress toward its formal expression has been wonderfully rapid in recent years.

In the first place, that constitution is bringing about the formal existence of an organ for the use and for the expression

of the intelligence and the will of the world. Nations, repeatedly, in separate congresses, upon special subjects, have expressed their intelligence and their will, and have entrusted to the nations severally the duty of carrying out that will, as is most perfectly illustrated in the case of the Universal Postal Union. That is, the nations are creating a world legislative department.

In the next place, the establishment of The Hague Court of Arbitration is doubtless the beginning of the establishment of a judicial department which will include other duties than the settlement of causes dangerous to the peace of nations. Lastly, the formal establishment of some world-executive will not long lag behind the creation of the legislative and the judicial departments. The world is moving rapidly toward political organization as one body, and the situation must soon reveal itself to present doubters.

United States history throws a powerful light upon the wider truth of the relations of the nations to one another. After the Revolution came the Federation. Subject colonies, having thrown off the government of England, were independent states, or sovereign powers, in their relations to one another and to the world. So they said. But the Nature of Things, asserting itself through a disorganized currency, industrial distress, political antagonisms, and the decrepitude of the central government, said to these self-styled sovereigns: "You are fools. You must recognize me. You are one. You must recognize your unity in me. Throw away your theories. Admit the truth which existed before you, which shaped your being, and which holds you in its inexorable grasp." The wisdom of the framers was shown in their recognition of the folly of the federation, and in their willingness to become subordinate to the Nature of Things.

Yet the sovereignty of each state was recognized, such were the exigencies of the times, to the extent that it could come under the Constitution or not, at its will.

Years passed before the slowest and dullest and most selfish of them recognized the fundamental fact that they were in the grip of circumstances, and in relations over which they had no sovereignty, and then they formally adopted the Constitution.

What the Nature of Things will yet do with the United States remains to be seen. As far as our Constitution is in accord with the supreme, unwritten constitution, it is in an impregnable stronghold, and no might of man can destroy it. But wherever it is not in accord, or is so interpreted as not to be in working accord, then the Nature of Things will have no more regard for the written Constitution than a tornado has for the straws in its path. Fundamental rights of man and the true obligations and responsibilities of nations lie in the world-constitution back of all written agreements or treaties or human understandings whatever, and they will triumph at last, provided men are unselfish enough and brave enough to die for their rights,—and martyrs have never yet been lacking when the cause was clear. So we can turn to the history of the United States and get a bright illumination upon present conditions and duties.

States of the United States do not have wars with one another. It is true that the great civil strife occurred, but the Nature of Things proved that the bond over the warring parts was stronger than the repellent forces whose presence together was due to the introduction of a falsehood contradicting the truth of human freedom, which was one of the fundamental and eternal principles upon which the nation was established. But civil war between different individual states is impossible, though there are diversities of interests and of local sentiment between some of the states greater than the diversity between the northern tier of states and the interests and sentiment of the people of Canada. States of the United States have no tariff wall between them. Though the nation covers such immense territory that the good of one section is gained under

our tariff by direct and admitted loss to another,—as in the case of the duty on hides and leather,—yet the states which suffer for the benefit of the others continue in their friendly relations, and there is no possibility of war. The original colonies have submitted to the Nature of Things. They have abandoned forever their claim of absolute sovereignty, and they enjoy permanent peace and friendship with one another.

They are in organic relations with one another. Politically they are one. One flag is over them. One legislative body, composed of representatives of all sections, makes laws for the whole, and promotes the development of the weakest parts. One judiciary department has jurisdiction over cases which arise between the different states, or between the states and the general government, or between citizens of different states. Settlement of all differences is assured according to forms of justice which are the same in all parts of the country. One executive, in the choice of whom all the parts have a voice, enforces the will of the representatives and carries out the decisions of the courts. The political machinery is built for the just settlement of causes of differences, and for the harmonious growth of all parts of the living whole. Law is respected. An army is needed, internally, for police purposes only for the savage and lawless communities.

Yet these amicable and prosperous relations for the individual states have not been secured by any direct agreements between them individually since the adoption of the Constitution. Maine has no treaty relations with California, nor even with Vermont. Formal relations have been rendered needless forever because the Nature of Things has been recognized. That determines the relations of the states to one another. When they have once come into the relations which are in accord with the higher powers, then further arrangements have been superfluous. The greater has included the less, and a vault full of treaties and agreements and

codicils and explanations and ratifications could accomplish no more than is secured forever in the whole, and in detail, by the simple act of recognizing the fundamental unity of the states in the superior nation.

Thus the United States is an illustration to the entire world of the peace and prosperity which follow the accomplishment in political life of the unity of mankind, as far as our Union embodies and expresses that unity. When Connecticut expanded into the great West it was not necessary that she should conquer larger areas. The exact contrary actually occurred, and the survival of the name of the Connecticut Reserve will proclaim to the world, as long as those hear who have ears to hear, that political supremacy is needless for the spread of a colonizing people. New York capitalists did not declare war upon Montana when they wished to invest their capital in the deposits which dazzled the imagination of the covetous by the fabulous richness of their ores. Yet the local laws of Montana were materially different from those of New York. Ohio has not made war upon Louisiana because the latter has control of the mouth of the Mississippi and prevents access to the ocean. Massachusetts has not carried fire and sword into South Carolina in order to invest her capital there in cotton manufacture, nor did New Hampshire desolate the plains of Kansas with the carnage of innocent women and children, and becloud the horizon with the smoke of burning homes in order to make sure of her investments in Western farm mortgages. Pennsylvania has not established concentration camps of the helpless non-combatants of her sister states in order to open a market for her iron and coal, nor has Minnesota transported the people of Rhode Island to some remote confinement in order to open up the little state to her superabundant wheat. Expansion has been the practice in our country from the beginning, free and constant expansion, without the accompaniment of political conquest, even

where the people and the laws to which the expansionists went were totally different from those which they left behind them. The Southwestern states, with their Mexican antecedents and population, illustrate the power of supreme political conditions to preserve the peace, and to open all possible sources of profitable investment without resort to force, to say nothing of resort to outrage, oppression, and slaughter.

No one has ever been heard to say in these times that this system of political relations is less beneficial than would be a system whereby each state might be an independent sovereignty, each having a high tariff wall against its neighbor, each staggering under a standing army to repel invasions from its stronger neighbors, and to plunder its weaker ones, where each workman toiled with a soldier strapped to his back in order to maintain an unstable equilibrium, and where the passions and jealousies of each state were in constant exercise against each and every one of its neighbors. Yet such would be the condition of the states of our country to-day if they had not recognized the Nature of Things and surrendered a seeming sovereignty, which they never had in fact, in order to rise to a higher plane of existence as subordinate parts of one organic whole, one self-governing nation.

This is no mere human order which is supreme in our country to-day. It is no result of cunning wits planning out a political machine and fitting the parts together like a marvelous mechanism so framed that it never breaks down and never develops excessive friction. Our present system is strong because it recognizes the foundation truths which lie in the relations of free and independent human beings to one another. Our statesmen have recognized and applied the eternal truths in the Nature of Things. The inevitable consequences have followed that recognition. Similar consequences will follow similar recognition in the relations of the nations to one another.

But there are other forces which work

for the unity of our country. Sons of New England become loyal sons of the Western states in which they have their present homes, yet they are none the less loyal to the homes of their fathers. Old Home Week is conclusive proof of the strength of the bond which holds the dwellers on the prairies to the hills and valleys of the ancestral states. Sons and Daughters of the Revolution are equally loyal, whether they live on the Atlantic, Pacific, Gulf, or Lake coast. It has been proclaimed as one of the blessings of the war with Spain (not admitting or denying here the assumption that war has blessings) that it brought together once more Southerner and Northerner under the Stars and Stripes. Fraternal orders have their members in every part of the country. Great expositions demonstrate that there is a brotherhood among all our people, whether they come from the East or West. Freedom of intercourse, frequency of personal contact, intimate association in trade and pleasure, familiarity with one another's peculiarities, appreciation of the humanity which is deeper and stronger than peculiarities and circumstances, all these influences weld our people into one great family, between whose members conflict is becoming more and more impossible, not only because our political system prevents it, but because our political system promotes something higher than political relations, and because the brotherly affection between our people will find some way other than war by which to settle any differences which may arise out of their common weaknesses and passions.

Now apply the illustration of the United States to the nations of the world. Suppose that the first object of world-statesmen is to secure perpetual peace. We have shown the world how. Our states have formally surrendered their claim to absolute sovereignty. They have voluntarily taken their place as subordinate parts in a larger whole, and the crushing might of the stronger states coercing the weaker ones by fire and sword, by

slaughter and rapine, was not a necessary preliminary of the new relation. The states reserved for local self-government the details in which local administration can secure more accurate justice and larger liberty for each person than the broad and less discriminating power of the central government.

Let each nation now, in the pursuit of world-peace, recognize in like manner the Nature of Things. It was supreme over our original states. It is equally supreme over all the nations combined, and it will continue to load them down with the enormous burden of their ignorance and their blunder until they open their eyes and admit the prime fact in their existence.

Our states established a political organization to fit their needs. That is, they set up, with all the wisdom they could gather from their experience, enlarged by their rare genius for political constructiveness, a legislative department for their central government, an executive department, and a judicial department. Every necessary organ was provided. Organs are indispensable to bodies which expect to do anything, and it would be as foolish to suppose that the world, as a political body, can act without world-organs as to suppose that we could have a central government for the United States without organs whose field for exercise covered the entire country. The world has not yet got its head. It has no organ of intelligence. It is far from having any means whereby it can formulate or express its will, and further still from a means of enforcing it. A world-legislature, then, and a world-executive and a world-judiciary must come in due time, before mankind will be fitly organized for any simple act as a world-organism. If we face the situation squarely we see that it does not require either impossibilities or absurdities. It offers promise of reward beyond our imagination to comprehend, yet within the ability of the nations to secure without loss to any, and with immense credit and benefit to all. More than this, the signs of

the times point to the certain realization of the predictions of political world-unity.

Already the world has made material progress toward the consummation of this great ideal, though the skeptics are many in spite of a profusion of facts. World-peace may be much nearer than the hopeless and the doubters suppose. Humanity is even now becoming organized into one whole. The proposition for a world-legislative body, with regular sessions for such business as may come before it (though the point of reference to the home governments for ratification of its acts is conceded), has already been heard by the House Committee on Foreign Affairs of our national Congress, and the representatives of the American Peace Society who presented the case were accorded such a favorable reception that they believe that their movement will find approval. The idea of world-unity is stronger to-day than it ever was before. Expectation of the realization of the inspiring ideal is spreading among those who watch the signs of the times. Familiarity with the facts only strengthens this confidence. The example of the United States is in itself such a proof that it will do much to convince the political leaders of our country, and to persuade the statesmen of Europe, Asia, South America, and other lands that the truth is applicable to all mankind, and that in the realization of this ideal will come permanent peace and prosperity, with practical enjoyment of the brotherhood of man.

Absolute sovereignty having been waived by the agreement of the nations to enter into a regular international congress, there would follow participation in regulations tending to establish similar conditions around the world among all nations represented in the Congress. In the United States over thirty states and territories have joined the effort for larger unity in state procedure by the appointment of Commissioners on the Uniformity of Legislation. Effort in a similar direction would be one of the earliest necessities felt by a world-legislature. Indeed,

there is in sight already, in this and other fields, abundance of material for world-legislation for several sessions.

One of the conditions which promotes peace between the states of the United States is that, wherever any citizen may be, he is free to enjoy whatever form of religion he prefers. He may be a Christian, Mohammedan, or pagan, as he pleases, only he must preserve the peace and live a decent life. World-peace will be unspeakably promoted if there prevails such a system of world-law that when a man goes into any part of the world, he will be free to worship God after any form he prefers. Other liberties, now not known in all countries, may be expected in the growing toleration and homogeneity of the world.

But world-law which secures personal rights and liberty having been established, there will arise a far greater freedom of movement among the peoples of the world. Mutual concessions will be made for the sake of securing to each the advantages given to the citizens of the most favored nation. Thus trade and profit would become increasingly possible. National belief that it was necessary to expand by conquest in order to find security for religion, for trade, or for property rights, would dissipate in the presence of universal toleration and universal opportunity. Japan could expand into Korea without feeling that she must dominate it politically. Russia would find her ice-free seaport without becoming a menace to Japan. England could trade in India without holding hundreds of millions of people her political subjects. The United States could sell cotton cloth and machinery in China without incidentally holding against their will a nation of 7,600,000 Filipinos. The Boers could govern themselves, meeting the outlander issue under local conditions, without being forced into the British Empire. So much, and much more like it, would be accomplished under a system of world-law.

But the world-court would carry the

probability of peace to a certainty. As our national courts have jurisdiction over issues involving parties other than the residents of one state, so the world-court would be a tribunal before which national differences could be tried and settled by the highest judicial ability the human race could produce. Nations would be in their organic relation to one another as parts of the common whole. Occasion for differences would be reduced to such minor matters that not only would the honor of each contestant be satisfied by the court procedure, but the material interests of each would be promoted far more than by any possible resort to force. For it must be remembered, in connection with the truth that only minor matters, compared with present issues, would come before that court, that, in the relations of the nations, there could arise no question of the destruction of one nation by another. World-law would remove, by its free opportunities for race expansion into territories of other races on the part of all who desired to trade or travel or live elsewhere, all pretext for resort to force. More than that, as has actually occurred under the Concert of Powers in Europe, there would be such jealousy to maintain the *status quo* territorially that the public opinion of the entire world would be against any one Power which should undertake to destroy the existence of any other, however small. And the Concert itself illustrates the growing and tremendous strength of world-opinion, especially when backed by the moral law.

Other questions than existence or integrity of territory would be settled by the world-court, and the public opinion of the world would be powerful to influence the losing side to accept the verdict without resort to force. In any event, acceptance would not involve dishonor in the eyes of others, because it would be a verdict by the world-court, and acceptance would certainly entail less loss of prestige or property, to say nothing of life, than a resort to arms.

The details of the development of the

world-executive are not essential to the taking of the first steps for world-organization for the sake of world-peace. Present arrangements, such as exist in the case of the special world-congresses which have acted upon particular subjects, suffice for present needs. The main elements needed first are the legislative and the judicial departments, and these are already so near realization that recognition of the situation by the nations will promote the disposition of the people everywhere to hasten what is so surely approaching.

With world-organization secure there would disappear some of the present problems which destroy the financial health of Europe and put a burden upon the United States. With the danger removed that national existence might be destroyed, with the preservation of territorial integrity assured, with substantial justice (even with the risk of occasional errors) promised by a world-court, the problem of disarmament would be solved. This, of itself, would be of incalculable worth. The revival of industry, the decline of militarism, the decay of national jealousies, the promotion of international intercourse, the exchange of national products on better terms, and other widespread consequences, would follow the recognition by the nations of the Nature of Things.

The Universal Peace Congress can help much to hasten the solution of the problem of how to end war. Every forward step which it can take to promote knowledge of this American movement in the home nations of the members respectively will be so much direct help toward the unity of the world as one political body. To this consummation there is no doubt — so believe those who are active in this movement — that the world will ultimately come. They are not prophesying whether that consummation is near or remote. That it is coming and that it will be of incalculable benefit when it does come are sufficient premises upon which to build the most diligent work

possible for its speedy coming. While there must be a ripening of events for this end, and while time must elapse for the operation of forces beyond our control, yet it is no less true that much depends upon direct human agency. The law of opportunity improved holds as fully in this field as in others, as in the establishment of The Hague arbitration court, for instance. The curse of opportunity neglected hangs over those who counsel neglect as truly as over any others who fail to rise to the full height of their opportunity and responsibility. Subjects are waiting in abundance for the action of the regular congress of nations, or the world-legislature. Obstacles are no more insurmountable than they were for The Hague court. Indeed, the success of that effort guarantees and prophesies success in this. The cause itself is momentous enough, magnificent enough, and inspiring enough to call out patient, untiring, and self-sacrificing effort.

Fitting it is that Boston should be the place of the gathering of the Congress which promises to be the largest and most influential in the history of the peace movement, for Boston has been in the fore-front of the agitation for world-

peace from the beginning. It was at a meeting of the American Peace Society, at its Boston home, on July 26, 1841, that the proposition was first made, by Joseph Sturge, an Englishman, which resulted in the entire series of international peace congresses. Charles Sumner's famous oration, "The True Grandeur of Nations," — a convincing plea for peace which still has living force, — was the public Fourth of July oration in Boston in 1845. In Park Street Church, in 1849, Sumner delivered his powerful indictment against war, — "The War System of Nations." Almost all the anti-slavery leaders were pronounced peace men, especially Channing, Garrison, and Sumner, and the Massachusetts Peace Society was organized in Channing's study on December 26, 1815. Boston, for many years, has been the home of the American Peace Society. Among the first twenty-two members of the Massachusetts Society were the governor of the state and the president of Harvard College. Boston has always been so conspicuous in the peace crusade that her friends look to her now to see a new and great advance made in consequence of the meeting within her gates.

MY CLOTHES

BY WINIFRED KIRKLAND

In the dear, naughty Memoirs of Madame de Brillaye, not inaptly named by the author the *Journal of a Wicked Old Woman*, you remember that scene in the pleasaunce at Château Vernot, where the turf was like fairy velvet and the trees were tortured into all manner of shapes unarboreal,—she liked to have her trees dressed, she said,—“There is something indecent in great naked branches sprawling the good God knows where.” The little old lady is sitting with her great, old-ivory cane across her knees; she rolls it back and forth with her little old-ivory hands, while she scolds Aimée,—as always. Aimée has just come through that brisk little encounter of hers with de Brontignac, and seems to have allowed her raiment to look a little battle-worn. “Go dress yourself, baby,” cries Madame Great-Aunt. “Will you let your very laces whimper? Into your rose velvet brocade, and your chin will be jerked up as if by a string. Gowns have healed more hearts than they’ve ever broken: the second, men’s; the first, women’s. Now you think you have a soul; when you are my age, you will know that women are not souls, but dresses. I look back; my history is the history of my gowns; undressed, I do not exist; my clothes are myself.” (A few lines above I used the word “remember,” but merely for the sake of an effective start-off. Madame and her Memoirs do not exist outside of this paragraph. I am not the first to perpetrate a spurious quotation; I am merely the first to confess it. To proceed.) It is not the first time that the little old de Brillaye has set me thinking. Is she true in this passage, or merely epigrammatic? If my history is the history of my clothes, let me so study it out, formulate, as it were, the meditations of the pupa upon its successive integumenta. Yet the

figure is infelicitous. In fact, the chrysalis image is not over pretty as regards this side of eternity: pupa suggests the pulpy tenantry of the chestnut; this worminess may be liturgical, but it is unpleasant, is opposed to that sociability with one’s self which makes life entertaining; there is nothing chat-worthy in a worm. Be it granted me to regard these accidental rags of lawn or wool or silk I find adherent, these hardly less transitory hands and feet, this hardly more durable incasing occipital, not as a worm incarcerate, but with the detachment and uplift of the incipient butterfly.

Why not *my* philosophy of *my* clothes,—the pronoun italicized, meaning not Teufelsdrockh’s, but my own, both the clothes and the philosophy? Let me here and now make some effort toward system and definition, toward order out of chaos, in that long chapter in a woman’s story, my lady’s wardrobe. How far have these successive wrappings around and prankings out of diverse colors and tissues that are to my fellow passengers labels of my lone pilgrim soul, stating of what age, sex, nation, education, and caste I may be,—how far have these clothes of mine served for triumph or undoing in my spiritual history, the life-history of this “celestial amphibian,” myself?

The clothes of babyhood first. It is a strong-minded adult who does not grow sentimental in regarding the garments of his infancy,—those caps and bibs and socks reminding us of the wabbling heads, the aching gums, the simian feet, of the days when we, for all our present arrogance of maturity, were the sport of colic and nutritive experiment.

How explain the repugnance of the newly-born to clothing, the birth-wail that pleads for the sincerity of the nude, protests against the cloakings of con-

vention? Strange paradox that the first emotion of the baby soul should be bitterness against all those contrivances of decency, those hemstitched linens and embroidered flannels, through which the mother heart eased its brooding love. The little pink, squirming creature, fresh out of eternity, cannot be too quickly incased in the wrappings of finite human care. That is why we are so long in seeing ourselves as we really are; all the clothes and the conventions were ready for us; before we had a glimpse at ourselves we were popped into them; it is a merciful long while before we are old enough to undress sufficiently to discover, away inside, the little shy soul-thing, the naked ego, with its eerie eyes.

Thus it is that when I first find myself in those early, misty recesses I see myself all dressed, dressed for company inspection; I am a little girl wearing a crispness of brown curl and a crispness of white muslin; I wear white stockings and Burt's shoes.—I recognize, also, quite in the same way, as enveloping facts, without which I may not present myself unclothed to my fellows, that I have a peppery, passionate temper, and an imagination,—that is what seeing people in void air and talking to them is called. Thus clad and ticketed, I go patterning along the pilgrimage.

How little clothes mattered then! All spun about with fairy films and the witchery of talking trees and singing winds, I did not remember my clothes. But at times clothes broke in abruptly on my unconsciousness. I well remember a certain mitten. It was a brown mitten on my left hand. My mother and I were walking down a flight of stone steps. I slipped; my mother caught my hand, retained, not it, but the mitten, and I bumped unimpeded to the bottom. My baby resentment against that mitten endured long. It was a surprise, a disappointment, this treachery of the accepted; so my clothes were not to be trusted; it was well to keep half an eye on them. The mitten episode marks a step in my

spiritual adjustment; my clothes might at any moment go back on me. It is a lesson I have not yet found it safe to unlearn.

In those days there was a pleasant interest attached to the Burt's shoes,—not when new and shiny, but later, when they had become well worn. Some unexpected morning I would espy a peering bit of white stocking looking out from the blackness of the leather toe. The hole being not yet so large or so alarming as the cobbler's charges, a piece of black silk was adjusted over the stocking, the foot deftly slipped into the shoe, a dash of blacking applied to the whole, and behold, only mother and I knew the difference.

Penury as such was not yet known to me. The consciousness of shabbiness had not yet frayed the elbows of my soul. The device was merely interesting, beguiling the tedium of the sanctuary, and affording meditation on the ingenuity of mothers.

Here succeeded several years of tranquillity in my relations to my garments, until, at the age of six, I found myself—infelix!—removed to a town possessing a bleak climate and many woolen manufactories. It was the custom of the house mothers to buy flannel by the piece direct from the factory, red flannel, hot, thick, felled like a Laplander, and the invention of Lucifer. Out of this flannel was cut a garment, a continuous, all-embracing garment, of neuter gender, in which every child in that town might have been observed flaming Mephistophelian-like after the morning bath. A pattern was given to our mother. The hair shirt—I laugh when I read! By definition the hair shirt must have possessed geographical limits of attack, but my flannels left no pore untickled, untortured; they heated the flesh until scarlet fever paled into a mere pleasantry; and they soured the milk of amiability within me forever. The rotation of the seasons reduced itself to terms of red flannel. In the autumn, when the happy

fowls and foliage alike moulted, shed the superfluous, when bracing October set the body in a glow, I alone of living things must be done up in flannel! And more,— did you ever try to draw on your stocking smoothly over a red flannel tumor at the ankle, and then attempt to button over the whole the shoe that fitted snugly enough over nothing at all? Did you ever tear off shoe and stocking, and, dancing red-legged and barefooted, cry out in frenzy that you would eschew breakfast and school, aliment and enlightenment, but never, never, never again would you wear footgear? Thus autumn. And spring, that season of vernal bourgeoning, was the time when I, too, like any other seedkin, slipped free of all stuffy incasings, and could sprout and spring in air and sun, clad in blessed, blessed muslin. I shall never forget the corroding bitterness induced by flannels. At times they absolutely reduced me to fisticuffs with my religion, so that filial piety, the ordaining of the seasons, and the very catechism itself, hung in the balance of the conflict. I believe I can hardly over-estimate the spiritual detriment done me by my flannels.

One incident of this, my first decade, I recall with mingled respect and envy:—

“It is not now as it hath been of yore.”

“Choose,” commanded my mother, “will you have a new dress this winter or *St. Nicholas* for next year?” I was stung at the implication that for such as me there could have been a doubt of the choice. *St. Nicholas*, of course! A magazine doth not wax old as doth a garment, and besides, is not reading more than raiment? Alas for the high intellectuality of eight years old! If the choice lay now between the dress and the book, would I hug the volume and walk among my fellows gladly shabby? I would not.

About at this same period we were visited by a family of strange little girls. There were three of them; they stayed three days, they changed their dresses three times a day, and they never wore

the same dress twice. We regarded them as we might have regarded the fauna of Mars,—they were an utterly new thing. It was wonder at first, then pity, then wonder again, for we found that they liked it! Being little human animals even as we, they would rather be tricked out in fresh frocks than play tag! What were we going to wear that evening, they asked. Why, how in the world should we know? Something clean, of course. Our visitors’ bits of frocks were embroidered, beribboned, beveleted in a manner simply incomprehensible. What in the world happened when they got dirty? That visit filled me with prophetic misgivings; some day I should have to wear stuff goods. In a vision I saw the great gulf that separates the grown-up who cannot be put through the wash-tub from the child who can. Horror of the unwashable! “Shades of the prison-house,”— Oh, no!

Just here the retrospect reaches the place where the road turned; I do not say, forked, for it was not a question of alternatives; I was a woman-child, and I had to keep on in the only way. Hitherto my clothes had been as much or as little myself as the down of the chick, or the fur of the rabbit. Providence and my parents had provided my apparel without the faintest solicitude on my part, leaving me free to attend to my body and soul. This could not long endure. It is the era of Mother Hubbards that bridges together the old time and the new. The Mother Hubbard was so noteworthy, so startling, in fact, after the trimness to which we were accustomed, this

“Robe ungirt from clasp to hem.”

It swayed with a truly Hellenic undulation like the pictures in the mythology. I first admired, then coveted, then teased my mother into making me one. It was finished just after dinner, and though it was yet early for dressing, I put it on, and turned out upon the street, which, to my disappointment, was empty of children. There I strutted, and swelled, and waited

for the others to come and see, and was exalted, not recognizing the first shackles of my slavery. Now, first, I become acquainted with Fashion; now, first, I regard other people's clothes as the most important factor in the production of my own. Too truly it is the close of the first chapter, the end of innocence, the end of joy, the end of sexlessness. I am irreversibly a woman: imitation and emulation are henceforth the distinguishing motives of my costume. Now, first, I look in the glass to see my frock, and then I look a little higher to see that face and that mop of curls I wear, and I wonder what colors best suit them. I look at the eyes, too, and at the secrets they tell me, and I wonder what external clothes and conduct are most becoming to those eyes and to that inner meshed personality they reveal. What is becoming! The word is epitome of all that the grown-up is and the child is not.

The period of my teens was the period when my wardrobe was continually in abeyance upon the higher claims of my education. It was not possible simultaneously to beautify my brain and my body. I acquiesced in the circumstance, for the most part, with occasional fits of passionate revolt, and more or less constant misanthropy. I blush to recall that at one time the light which was in me turned to darkness for a year or more, and all on account of my clothes. I found myself at a great city school, I a shy little country waif, most curiously clad. I looked at the clothes of my compeers, and I locked my lips and my heart against all converse with my fellows, and I walked to the top of my classes in a desolation of spirit that was tragic. I would have exchanged my monthly reports with those of my most addle-pated classmate if I could have had her clothes. Never since have I approached the intellectual achievement of fourteen; but the shabbiness of my motives was greater than that of my costume. The effect was not wholly evil, but I here confess that I never should have learned Latin rules if I had been prettily dressed.

I wanted to show those stylish misses that there was no backwoods brain under my backwoods hat — that was all! I attributed to others a snobbishness wholly my own, and for that once clothes came perilously near costing me all human joy in human friendship. If my wardrobe had never bettered, I might now be a female Diogenes, — and incidentally have furnished meteoric display for a dozen universities. My clothes improved; I am not friendless, but dull and illiterate, and all through the shaping destiny of dress.

This paragraph in my history yields me this much of philosophy as regards the influence of clothes on the social relations. My dress, so long as it be not conspicuous for disorder, disruption, or display, has much less effect on others than on myself. But as for myself, since I am a woman, and it is ordained of fate that I be forever subdued to what I wear, I shall never, except when I believe myself suitably dressed, be able to look my fellow creature in the eye with the level gaze of conscious equality which alone gains friendship. No woman was ever so proud as not to cringe in an ugly hat. No woman is ever so happy as not to be made unhappy by her clothes. Let the dress reformers prattle to the breezes, — there is no exaltation like that of knowing one's costume stylish, becoming, and, if possible, expensive. Only by recognizing our limitations may we women successfully cope with them; one's own respect is surest guarantee of other people's; for women self-respect is soonest secured by clothes: therefore, O women, dress!

I have digressed from the contemplation of my girlhood, but I have not exhausted that time, for I have not touched upon second-hand clothes or long dresses. As a girl I was perpetually made over. I came to regard fresh material as something almost sacrilegious. Of all gift-horses, clothes are the most difficult not to criticize, and especially old clothes. My prosperous cousins did not possess my complexion, my tastes, or my figure, and yet I inevitably succeeded to their

clothes, so that I came to watch their expenditures with morbid interest, and if they asked for my advice, the strings of my sincerity were severely strained by "a lively sense of favors yet to come." In such circumstances it is well to have in the family one who is mother, dressmaker, and genius, all in one, for only such a combination of inspiration and devotion could have kept my head up in those days when I was always second-hand.

To be honest, am I anything else now? What else is it to be fashionable? With brain or scissors every woman is snipping and clipping and cutting over other people's clothes to fit her figure; real clothes or clothes existent only in the fashion papers or her dressmaker's brain, but what is the difference? Every woman wears what somebody else has worn. What woman would wear a dress she had not first seen on another woman? Old clothes, making over, copying, copying, copying,—dear me, how second-hand we women are!

The years from sixteen to twenty are those years in a woman's life when dress becomes an ecstasy—as never afterwards. We always look in the glass when we put on our hats, but at sixteen we look at the face, not the hat. It is not such a bad face to look at, at sixteen, with its eyes and lips of wonder. For some few years Heaven lets dress be a sheer delight, not the mere sordid comfort and decency of childhood, or the studied concealment of imperfections of maturity, but a revelation of the new self of which we are neither unconscious nor ashamed. It is but the working of natural laws; in the spring do not the very trees prank themselves out in a vain glory of blossoms, do they not prink and preen in the mirroring water, arranging their leafy tresses, and bedecking themselves for the masculine regard of sunbeams and breezes? So girls, and many a one quite as unconsciously. The sap stirs and the leaf sprouts, and the stirring of the sap is a thrilling of new joy, and the leaf is a new and beautiful thing.

What is it, what am I becoming? Look in the glass and see. That is womanhood burning in my eyes, on my cheeks,—Oh, yes, sir, you may look, too, if you wish. When my skirts have grown all the way down, and my braids all the way up, then there will be coronation robes ready, and a kingdom, and a king. Now I am only a schoolgirl, but it is all coming, coming, coming! Do you wonder that she counts each inch on her skirt in an agony of impatience, that she arranges her hair high on her head at night before her mirror? Schoolgirl nonsense, and something else. Then one day it is the hour at last,—it is the first long dress, cut to show the regal throat, trained like a queen's. The hair is piled up diadem-wise. The princess is ready. The color comes and goes, the slipper taps the floor—"I am all dressed for you. I am waiting. Come, Prince, hurry, hurry!"

But, O little Princess, it is not at all like what you think, really; so soon your long skirts will have ceased to tickle your toes with delight, and your coroneted tresses will seem to have grown that way. The Prince will have come, and you will have got used to him, or he will not have come, and you will have forgotten that you ever expected him; the clothes of womanhood will no longer be a rapture, but an obligation and a habit. You will find yourself wearing a personality restricted by that thing you have somehow acquired, called a style of your own, and restricted also by the style of all the other women in the world, so that you will find yourself wearing those dresses only, and saying those words only, that both yourself and others expect of you; it will not seem a very wonderful thing to be a woman, after all. But remember, Miss or Madam Princess, that you must still go on dressing, dressing, dressing to the end.

What mockery to prize of the equality of the sexes when one sex possesses the freedom of uniform, and the other is the slave of ever-varying costume! Think of the great portion of a lifetime we women are condemned to spend merely on keep-

ing our sleeves in style! Talk of our playing with scholarship or politics when we are all our days panting disheveled after scampering Dame Fashion, who, all our broken-winded lives, is just a little ahead! Yet dress-reform is the first article in our creed of antipathies, and I, for one, am last of ladies to declare myself a heretic. I am not ungrateful for the gift of sex and species. Suppose I were a fowl of the air, — what condemnation of hodden gray, and soul unexpressed either by vocal throat or personality of plumage! Among things furred or feathered it is the male who dresses and the lady who wears uniform; that it is otherwise with human beings is due, I suppose, to some freakish bit of chivalry on the part of the autocrat Evolution, the ring-master who puts the entire menagerie through their tricks. No, I would not be a fowl; let me not repine; let me at this business of dressing, pluckily.

Women are nobler than men; it is because we are purified in the fires of more severe temptation. Man does not encounter the demoralizing influence of the dressmaker, that creature with mouth of pins and suave words. To what degrading subterfuge are we not reduced to get our own way with the dressmaker, seeing with what delight and dexterity she lifts her spurning foot against our desires! Do we presume to know what we want to wear? — alternately she sporteth and scorneth — and yet we lift not against her her proper scissors. She practices dark arts; she runs an hypnotic finger along the seam, and the wrinkle is no more seen — until the dress comes home. Lies are about her head. Her promises are vanity, and her bills elastic as a fluted flounce. Counter-mendacity alone can move her; the gown must be sent home, for we attend a wedding in twenty minutes; even now the caterer "hath paced into the hall;" or we leave for California in an hour, and even now our sleeper paws the track. By the ways of unrighteousness alone may we be clothed, and yet so signal is female virtue that after

centuries of dressmakers we are still unsheathed in our integrity, and are still the church-goers of the species.

There is something stirring to contemplate in woman's devotion to dress, — to see how we lay down health and comfort, and clamber up and frizzile for a lifetime on the altar of the aesthetic. That is what our dressing is to us, — an art and an aspiration. If our sex doffed its radiance, and did on "blacks," what loss to popular culture! What of the universal hunger for color and form if so many curiosities of craft, so many animated works of art no longer whisked about the streets of the world?

For another reason, also, we are preoccupied of our costume, — our invincible frankness; for we would have our clothes the expression of our souls. With what fondness we cling to the frock that suits us! Such a bundle of subtleties is woman that words are too gross — a black coat and trousers an insincerity — for the hundred shades of shifting color and form that we are inside. Though it take half our life, let us be true to our clothes, our clothes to us; let the dress be the lady, and the lady a symphony of soul and silk.

Verily, "my soul on its lone way" has traveled far from the days of babyhood, kicking against all wrappings, to the days of womanhood, when personality exists not, separate from frocks and hats and gloves and shoes, and both the inner layer of individuality and the outer layer of costume have become cosy and comfortable, so that by no means do I wish to lay them aside.

What next? Some day I shall be given into the hands of those who

"fashion the birth-robés for them
Who are just born, being dead."

Shall I be again enfolded in garments all ready for me, of skyey tissues and opalescent tints? Shall I squirm and struggle again, and again be slowly subdued to the clothing and conventions of another world?

Or when I pop up the lid of this uphol-

stered bone-box, my body, shall my soul be then and there set free, — escaped, volatile, elemental, as wind or moonshine, having cast from it — one by one as a garment — age, sex, race, creed, and culture? But what if in this off-shedding I

strip from me my personality, myself? This involved wrapping in which I am duly done up and ticketed and passed about among my acquaintance, what if to rend this were to leave me in the shivering nakedness of the impersonal?

SHAKESPEARE

BY RALPH WALDO EMERSON

THE following notes on Shakespeare were written by Mr. Emerson for the celebration in Boston by the Saturday Club of the Three Hundredth Anniversary of the poet's birth.

In Mr. Cabot's *Memoirs of Emerson*, vol. ii, page 621, apropos of Mr. Emerson's avoidance of impromptu speech on public occasions is this statement: —

"I remember his getting up at a dinner of the Saturday Club on the Shakespeare anniversary in 1864, to which some guests had been invited, looking about him tranquilly for a minute or two, and then sitting down; serene and unabashed, but unable to say a word upon a subject so familiar to his thoughts from boyhood."

Yet on the manuscript of this address Mr. Emerson noted that it was read at the Club's celebration on that occasion, and at the Revere House. ("Parker's" was the usual gathering place of the Club.) The handwriting of this note shows that Mr. Emerson wrote it in his later years, so it is very possible that Mr. Cabot was right. Mr. Emerson perhaps forgot to bring his notes with him to the dinner, and so did not venture to speak. And the dinner may have been at "Parker's." — EDWARD W. EMERSON.

"T is not our fault if we have not made this evening's circle still richer than it is. We seriously endeavored, besides our brothers and our seniors, on whom the ordinary lead of literary and social action

falls, — and falls because of their ability, — to draw out of their retirements a few rarer lovers of the muse — "seld-seen flamen" — whom this day seemed to elect and challenge. And it is to us a painful disappointment that Bryant and Whittier as guests, and our own Hawthorne, — with the best will to come, — should have found it impossible at last; and again, that a well-known and honored compatriot, who first in Boston wrote elegant verse, and on Shakespeare, and whose American devotion through forty or fifty years to the affairs of a bank, has not been able to bury the fires of his genius, — Mr. Charles Sprague, — pleads the infirmities of age as an absolute bar to his presence with us. We regret also the absence of our members Sumner and Motley.

We can hardly think of an occasion where so little need be said. We are all content to let Shakespeare speak for himself. His fame is settled on the foundations of the moral and intellectual world. Wherever there are men, and in the degree in which they are civil, have power of mind, sensibility to beauty, music, the secrets of passion, and the liquid expression of thought, he has risen to his place as the first poet of the world.

Genius is the consoler of our mortal condition, and Shakespeare taught us that the little world of the heart is vaster, deeper, and richer than the spaces of astronomy. What shocks of surprise and sympathetic power this battery, which he

is, imparts to every fine mind that is born! We say to the young child in the cradle, "Happy, and defended against Fate! for here is Nature, and here is Shakespeare waiting for you!" 'T is our metre of culture; — he is a cultivated man, who can tell us something new of Shakespeare; all criticism is only a making of rules out of his beauties. He is as superior to his countrymen as to all other countrymen. He fulfilled the famous prophecy of Socrates, that the poet most excellent in tragedy would be most excellent in comedy; and more than fulfilled it, by making tragedy also a victorious melody, which healed its own wounds. In short, Shakespeare is the one resource of our life on which no gloom gathers; the fountain of joy which honors him who tastes it; day without night; pleasure without repentance: the genius which, in unpoetic ages, keeps poetry in honor, and, in sterile periods, keeps up the credit of the human mind.

His genius has reacted on himself. Men were so astonished and occupied by his poems, that they have not been able to see his face and condition, or say who were his father and his brethren or what life he led: and, at the short distance of three hundred years, he is mythical, like Orpheus and Homer, and we have already seen the most fantastic theories plausibly urged, as that Raleigh and Bacon were the authors of the plays. Yet we pause expectant before the genius of Shakespeare, as if his biography were not yet written: until the problem of the whole English race is solved.

I see among the lovers of this catholic genius, here present, a few whose deeper knowledge invites me to hazard an article of my literary creed, that Shakespeare, by his transcendent reach of thought, so invites the extremes that, whilst he has kept the theatre now for three centuries, and, like a street bible, furnishes sayings to the market, courts of law, the senate, and common discourse, — he is yet to all wise men the companion of the closet. The student finds the solitariest place not soli-

tary enough to read him, and so searching is his penetration, and such the charm of his speech, that he still agitates the heart in age as in youth, and will, until it ceases to beat. Young men of a contemplative turn carry his sonnets in the pocket. With that book, the shade of any tree, a room in any inn, becomes a chapel or oratory, in which to sit out their happiest hours. Later they find riper and manlier lessons in the plays.

And secondly, he is the most robust and potent thinker that ever was. I find that it was not history, courts and affairs that gave him lessons, but he that gave grandeur and prestige to them. There never was a writer who, seeming to draw every hint from outward history, the life of cities and courts, owed them so little. You shall never find in this world the barons or kings he depicted. 'T is fine for Englishmen to say they only know history by Shakespeare. The palaces they compass earth and sea to enter, the magnificence and personages of royal and imperial abodes, are shabby imitations and caricatures of his, — clumsy pupils of his instruction. There are no Warwicks, no Talbots, no Bolingbrokes, no Cardinals, no Henry Fifth, in real Europe, like his. The loyalty and royalty he drew was all his own. The real Elizabeths, Jameses, and Louises were painted sticks before this magician.

The unaffected joy of the comedy! — he lives in a gale — contrasted with the grandeur of the tragedy: where he stoops to no contrivance, no pulpiting, but flies an eagle at the heart of the problem, so here his speech is a Delphi, the great Nemesis that he is and utters. What a great heart of equity is he! How good and sound and inviolable his innocency, that is never to seek, and never wrong, but speaks the pure sense of humanity on each occasion. He dwarfs all writers without a solitary exception. No egotism. The egotism of men is immense. It concealed Shakespeare for a century. His mind has a superiority such that the universities should read lectures on him

and conquer the unconquerable if they can.

There are periods fruitful of great men; others, barren, or, as the world is always equal to itself, periods when the heat is latent,—others when it is given out. They are like the great wine years, the vintage of 1847 is it? or 1835?—which are not only noted in the *carte de la table d'hôte*, but which, it is said, are always followed by new vivacity in the polities of Europe. His birth marked a great wine year, when wonderful grapes ripened in the Vintage of God. When Shakespeare and Galileo were born within a few months of each other, and Cervantes was his exact contemporary, and, in short space, before and after, Montaigne, Bacon, Spenser, Raleigh, and Jonson. Yet Shakespeare, not by any inferiority of theirs, but simply by his colossal proportions, dwarfs the geniuses of Elizabeth as easily as the wits of Anne, or the poor slipshod troubadours of King René.

In our ordinary experience of men, there are some men so born to live well,

that, in whatever company they fall,—high or low,—they fit well, and lead it! But, being advanced to a higher class, they are just as much in their element as before, and easily command, and, being again preferred to selecter companions, find no obstacle to ruling these, as they did their earlier mates,—I suppose because they have more humanity than talent, whilst they have quite as much of the last as any of the company. It would strike you as comic, if I should give my own customary examples of this elasticity, though striking enough to me. I could name in this very company, or not going far out of it, very good types—but in order to be parliamentary, Franklin, Burns, and Walter Scott are examples of the rule; and King of men, by this grace of God also, is Shakespeare.

The Pilgrims came to Plymouth in 1620. The plays of Shakespeare were not published until three years later. Had they been published earlier, our forefathers, or the most poetical among them, might have stayed at home to read them.

THE BOUNDARY INVISIBLE

BY ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS

BEAUTIFUL world from which I part,
Holding the summer in my heart!
Thou hast been my friend
To the shining end.
In the wide arms of space,
Star, sun, or any place,
What can I gain or miss,
As sweet as this?

Breath of wet moss, brown buds, and wasting snow,
Oh, thrill me once again before I go!
Too subtle April stirring in the veins;
The maple-light that fires October rains;
Half temptress, guardian half, a solemn moon,
Watched by two, silent, on a night in June;

— Fairer than ye, what things may be or are,
In those strange lands where I must travel far?

Beautiful world to which I go,
Bowing my head before the snow!
While the storm grows old,
Take me, lover cold!
True is thy faith, and kind,
As one I left behind.
Now, dumb and dear as his,
Thy sacred kiss.

Beautiful world for which I start,
Hiding the tremor in my heart!
When my last sun shall dim and dip,
Behind the long hill's sombre slope,
— Strong be the paean on my lip,
And, singing to the darkness, tell,
That she, who never passing well
Did grasp the hearty hand of hope,
Gave back to God her failing breath
With trust of Him, and joy of death.

THE PREPARATORY SCHOOL

BY ABRAHAM FLEXNER

THE preparatory school is the embodied answer of practical education to the college entrance requirements. The colleges set up an arbitrary and external test for admission. They tell the teacher that his candidate must achieve within a specified number of minutes a minimum percentage in certain definitely defined areas of knowledge. "Very well," says Expediency, "it is not for me to question the terms upon which you open your gates, — still less to defy them. I shall comply," and the preparatory school results.

The mere fact that annual conferences between colleges and secondary schools are held for the consideration of matters of mutual interest does not radically alter the relation in which they stand to one another. The terms of admission to college

are prescribed from above, and are more or less meekly accepted below. Similarly, the most effective ways of meeting them have been worked out by the preparatory machinery without serious question on the part of the higher authorities. Neither institution has properly conceived its relation to the other; neither institution has yet learned to subordinate itself to a large and inclusive conception of education. For while the colleges have been freely, even recklessly, experimenting with educational novelties in their own field, they have simultaneously tightened the screws on the secondary schools.

An occasional protest the latter have indeed made; but without, I believe, ever going to the fundamental merits of the question. On the whole, they accept uncritically the task of equipping their stu-

dents along prescribed lines and for prescribed tests. The concessions extorted in recent years have not essentially altered the nature of this process. It remains without Greek what it was with Greek. The educational chasm is still bridged, not structurally united. New subjects, new opportunities, conform to the methods and conditions that largely devitalized the old.

Thus, whatever the changes or reforms, they have, as administered, tended to emphasize the particular function of the preparatory school rather than generalized educational continuity. Considerable elective range in the secondary school has, indeed, been instituted; simultaneously, increased stringency of examination has been enforced: with what result? The machine, already strained, is still further taxed. Not that our precollege educational performance is excessive; it is, in my judgment, even yet inadequate. But a mistaken theory of the relations of the college to previous educational effort compels the concentration of the augmented burden within the relatively brief and already overcrowded period just preceding the final tests; whereas, a sound total conception would maintain a rich and varied inspiration throughout the whole process.

Properly, the blame rests upon both college and preparatory school: pure educational motive and enthusiasm have not recently been very strong in either. The college professor is primarily a specialist, interested in learning rather than in boys; he has suffered himself to follow a tradition with the details of which he has, at best, cautiously tinkered, without once venturing to doubt the principle at bottom. Reforms have, therefore, not touched fundamental theory. The abolition of Greek, for instance, is sensible and humane; but the real educational advantage of the substitution of French, German, or History is the next moment largely sacrificed, when the supposed demands of "discipline" require the new subject to be made as obnoxious as was the old. Surely, that is pouring new wine into old

bottles with a vengeance! On the other hand, the docility of the secondary schoolman has invited very explicit direction. He has conceded to the college a higher dignity; in some cases, perhaps, the college glamour may still blind the eyes of the young graduate, who looks upon his few years' exile in preparatory work as an almost inevitable penance, preliminary to a graduate course and a collegiate position!

The preparatory school has thus been developed by the logic of a needless situation. The accepted college entrance scheme is an arbitrary combination of tradition and caprice. The preparatory school has sprung up mechanically to enforce it. Now, education, properly considered, is an organic development, rightly measurable only in terms of power, expansion, purpose. But on such terms, the preparatory school is forbidden to exploit the individual. Despite its elective range, it is confined to literal performance in substantially similar fields of activity, subject to substantially identical standards and tests. No ingenuity in the arrangement of its curriculum, no lavishness in its proffer of elective opportunities, can obscure the inorganic and isolated position which it is thus forced to occupy. I question, therefore, whether, in a true sense, the preparatory school is an educational institution at all. It is unrelated to what has gone or should go before; it cannot treat its own material vitally; it is in no organic relation to what comes after. Despite its trappings and social distinction, it must probably be classed, educationally, with the cramming machines that dexterously and almost infallibly prepare their grist for the Civil Service, West Point, or Annapolis. These admirable engines hardly aspire to the title of educational institution; their training is too narrowly conceived. Is the case essentially different with the preparatory school? Do the elements of an ancient language, a miserly sprinkling of modern classics, and the rigid outlines of a single science confer the liberal spirit

upon a process that, without reference to individual history, development, or capacity, devotes itself for uniform periods to literal fulfillment of an all but universal prescription?

I speak of education as an organic conception. I mean thus to emphasize its inner, developmental aspect. The preparatory school offends this conception, in the first place, by ignoring the early years. At this day it is superfluous to point out the educational value of childhood. But the preparatory school does not depend for its effectiveness upon turning this period to account. The successful achievement of its ultimate object is not conditioned on educational continuity. Upon such sand as it finds, it begins at once to build its conventional edifice. The best known preparatory schools in the land seek pupils who, at thirteen to fifteen years of age, are asked to demonstrate a most limited acquaintance with their native tongue, a meagre knowledge of arithmetic and geography, and perhaps the ability to rattle through the Latin declensions. Your son's fourteen years need show no more (and may show less!) than this pitiful inventory demands, and he will be welcomed into the typical preparatory school, and started expeditiously on the designated grind warranted to carry him safely into the college for which he is labeled. Educationally, these requirements are absolutely without significance. There is nothing in them calculated to reveal the lad's mental and moral assets, — his development, his outlook; on the one real educational concern — the child's "buried life" — they shed no light. They come down to us sanctioned only by the convenient tradition that made the three R's the common educational staple of all mankind. Genuine inner activity they neither attend, require, nor promote. In complacently accepting half-grown boys on these terms, the preparatory school does something worse than detach itself from sound elementary training, — it becomes a source of actual demoralization. It makes no demand upon the ele-

mentary school; neither does it furnish the elementary school any inspiration. It does not presuppose sound elementary training; it does not pretend to continue it. Hence, why trouble one's self about it! Habits may form or not; aptitudes live or die; neglect and conventionality combine in blighting the rich promise and variety of child life. Fifteen years are thus suffered to elapse without an effort to discover or to employ power, after which four years of grinding routine complete the effacement of individuality!

I urge, also, that the preparatory school does not handle its material vitally. I understand by vital handling such discipline and inspiration as discover bent, develop taste and enthusiasm, endow with purpose. The child's social bearing, his intellectual attitude, his spiritual responsiveness show, under vital handling, increased flexibility, spontaneity, purpose. At such results not only does the preparatory routine fail to aim: it is but too often at war with them!

Education is essentially and really a matter of the spirit; the preparatory routine is essentially and really a matter of the letter. There lies the hopeless incongruity! The test of life designates as educated the man resourceful, purposeful, intelligent, appreciative; the test of the schools stamps as educated the boy, who, while his own resources, purposes, intelligence, and taste sleep, can make at least sixty per cent in each of a variety of subjects selected without reference to his endowment or environment, and pursued by methods that look, not to inner nutrition, but to outer display. Consciously or unconsciously, the preparatory school devotes its energy to the production of the latter type. It advertises preparation according to Harvard, Yale, or Princeton standards; the next step accepts the results of the entrance examinations as conclusive, whether of success or failure. For the main business of education, an incident, a more or less insignificant incident, is thus insidiously substituted.

Scrutinize more closely the preparatory

process. It ends with the passing of the entrance examinations: where does any other motive actually enter? The catalogue, in stock phrase, may suggest larger purposes, but the fact stands out boldly in relief that a preliminary certificate from Yale or Harvard admits the bearer to the senior class "and no questions asked!" I have pointed out the lack of continuity between elementary and secondary education; why, the preparatory school does not even insist upon continuity in its own limited field! It can break in anywhere; at no time does it decide procedure upon genuine educational grounds. It accepts the candidate as he presents himself, provided only he approximate a specified performance. His uncle, some other boy, a football score, — these are the determining factors that capture in advance the lad's preference. And to the preparatory school that preference is final. Nothing else matters. He is to go to Harvard! The die is cast! To that let him be reduced! Into that let him be stretched! One grand initial, too often capricious choice between science and classics, and then, a truce to your individuality! Of what avail are bent, power, limitation? There are your four years for preparation; there, the letter of the law. At your peril, should your candidate fail! In some such spirit the process goes merrily on: grind! grind! grind! What the pupil cannot or will not achieve will be taken care of by classroom drill, — an efficacious device, by which, in the absence of the student's effort or interest, the instructor can do the boy's work as well as his own!

Assuming, for the moment, that the preparatory school curriculum is as important to the boy as it pretends to be, it still remains true that its various subjects are not presented to him in ways calculated to develop latent power. The spectre of a long series of examinations, culminating in the college entrance *tour de force*, determines the school's whole spirit and procedure. Assimilation is thus the key to the situation. Accordingly, the pro-

cess honors the "learner," the monster of assimilative and retentive capacity,— heedless of the ease with which assimilation degenerates into the merest word-mongering! Now, there are doubtless some things that must be "learned," things that it is important to know, and that can be known only in the schoolmaster's way. But, fortunately for mankind, they are fewer than was once supposed. Most things belong to another category, and must be regarded as of variable value; so that, confining ourselves still to the subjects represented in the school curriculum, I maintain that their successful mastery, according to the tests employed, indicates nothing but a stupendous process of more or less genuine assimilation under pressure; that, only indirectly, has educational ordering and stimulation gone on; while in most cases, the activity of the pupil has been limited to verbal manipulations of very slight real value.

Among the immediate and most vicious consequences of assimilation so practiced is the total obliteration of natural distinctions. To the assimilating prodigy a subject is a subject: he aspires to the same sort of mastery in all; as far as his rope stretches, he browses every field identically. The fallacy is obvious enough; in mathematics, for instance, clear appreciation and statement of principle, absolute exactitude in operations, are indispensable: they are of the very essence of the subject. The foundation of all the exact sciences is, in so far, uniform, and must needs be literally and absolutely insisted on. But a method that is quite sound in the domain of mathematics is wholly unfit in other regions, — history, literature, or science. In none of these is there a body of necessary, fundamental truth, even remotely resembling, in its universality or fixity, the foundations of mathematical knowledge. A method that is eminently proper in the one case will probably be utterly inapplicable in all the others.

Take the case of English literature.

The requirements demand such minute knowledge of certain arbitrarily selected texts as only the "mathematical" drill can be relied on to furnish at the appointed crisis. It cannot be seriously maintained that the texts chosen have either special or general significance. But the form and spirit of the expected examination have largely determined the form of instruction, forcing upon a fluid subject, like literature, a method entirely alien to it.

Vital teaching of English literature, as I conceive it, would take as its start, as its raw material, the provincial and immature tastes and preferences of the beginner. It would endeavor to convert this provinciality into cultivated and active taste. Such a process would not begin with *Lycidas*; nor, perhaps, would it end with the common diet of novels and newspapers! The effort needs time, patience, wide reading, guidance, sympathy, enthusiasm, and is satisfied if it succeeds in building up in each student a taste, more or less refined and effective, according to individual limitations. As it recognizes in literature nothing at all analogous to the propositions of Euclid, it refuses to stand over the child with the examination club, insisting on the expression of orthodox critical views: to that extent, at least, it avoids an insincere imitation that humbugs every one but its victims. To the microscopical study of a few "gems" it attaches no importance. Such an inappropriate drill — imported under pressure from the mathematical field — is not only powerless to awaken or develop interest; it is almost sure to breed distaste. The mere knowledge acquired is trivial; the supposed training in accuracy is better abandoned to the really exact subject.

The fate that has overtaken English literature in the preparatory school may be cited to substantiate the contention that I have already made to the effect that college preparation is not teaching — that the more expert it becomes, the farther it drifts away from sound teaching.

The college entrance English requirement is formulated in very explicit terms; and the preparatory schools have so nicely adjusted their courses to these stipulations that in certain well-known schools the classes are divided according to the colleges which the candidates propose to enter. In making these arrangements, the school asks not, "What have you read? What do you read? What can reading do for you?" but, "Do you want to go to Yale or Harvard?" and the answer decides whether the student shall get two or three hours of English weekly! This is pedagogical dovetailing, rather than training! The boy passes, of course. For the moment, he knows his *Lycidas*, *Macbeth*, or Burke's *Speech*. But has the level of his taste risen? Has his horizon widened? What does he seek when left to his own resources?

History occupies much the same position. Such historical knowledge as boys and girls can be compelled to retain for a time in portable form is of slight permanent value as compared with the benefit to be ultimately derived from the creation and stimulation of interest in the subject. Educational method must choose between these two mutually repellent ends: mathematical rigor and accountability within a narrow field, along with the knack of superficially comparing and philosophizing, — a trick quite capable of being mechanically learned, — and a vaguer, admittedly uncritical, but really effective interest in the subject in its large lines, cultivated, not so much for the purpose of meeting the exigencies of an impending examination, as to awaken imagination and interest. Absolute truth, I dare say, is imparted neither way; but that is because of the nature of the boy and the complications of the subject. The point to be noted is that in electing the former, the preparatory school fails to attach the boy to the subject in the only manner in which his lasting interest can possibly be enlisted; its efforts, whatever their immediate impressiveness, are in the end barren. The hard-conned facts drop

from memory; the cleverly simulated insight that traveled so nimbly in the comparison of utterly irrelevant phenomena quickly and forever loses its spring. The most frequent and enduring outcome of the historical drill is a marked repugnance to the whole subject. Men and women, who know and love history, are, for the most part, those who had no drill in history at school. Their case might perhaps be still better, had they been wisely taught; it would certainly be much worse, had they been caught in the historical grinding-mill.

The same absence of vital handling, the same fondness for the tabloid form, is characteristic of preparatory science. In this citified age, the proper object of scientific teaching in childhood and youth is the active cultivation of the perceptive faculties. Through observation and experiment the pupil's curiosity is to be pleasurabley awakened, his senses stimulated, his judgment sharpened. At this period nothing is to be gained through mechanically verifying or displaying formulæ that neither warm the imagination nor penetrate the understanding. To the child, to the boy, nature must appeal with living power. The thing called nature, that is tardily presented to him in the laboratory, between the covers of his textbook, is a skeleton! Education must seek inner activity rather than formal objective completeness. There comes a time, indeed, when the minutest and most highly technical details — whether in literature, history, or science — appeal to the mature intellect with poetic power; but these minutiae have no such inspiring value in youth; nor is their importance as mere knowledge great. At that stage they are the leaves that hide the forest.

Observe, again, the isolation of the preparatory school. In the matter of sense-training it makes no demand upon the elementary school; nor does it perceive that a strictly defined course in chemistry or physics, in which "forty experiments" must be performed, is not only powerless to stimulate general sense-

activity, but bestows no lasting or genuine insight into scientific method. There is, as I have urged, a proper time for rigorous and systematic experimentation; but it must follow the establishment of the perceptive faculty. Birds, trees, flowers, all the objective phenomena of land, water, and sky, must first smite with eager joy the child's opened eyes and ears. Preparatory school science is simply indifferent as to this; it makes no pretense of either furnishing, requiring, or reposing on it; it offers unconditionally a close, mathematical drill in a pitifully narrow section arbitrarily blocked off. And it gets for its pains neither scientific interest, scientific insight, scientific method, nor even permanent scientific knowledge of its chosen area. For its products have, as every teacher of science knows to his cost, neither eyes to see nor ears to hear. But they know Avogadro's law on examination day, — the last one of them!

It has remained for these same latter-day pedagogues to discover for language a function nobler than the expression of thought: speech is not the fluid and elastic vehicle of communication among men, but a highly organized and intricate grammatical maze, the threading of which forms a wholesome intellectual exercise for boys! The substitution of French and German for Greek has made an astonishingly slight difference in result for this very reason; for they are all approached from their grammar side and largely for their grammar's sake. The beginning of the study is postponed to so late a day that it is impossible to aim at the cultivation of *Sprachgefühl*; while the college entrance examinations require the student's knowledge to be of the same definite, mathematical quality demanded in other parts of the curriculum. It was hoped that the introduction of sight tests might suggest a more normal end and method to teachers of language. But these tests have usually been so fragmentary, so full of grammatical and syntactical pitfalls, and administered under conditions so different from those that ob-

tain in dealing with a living tongue under practical circumstances, that their actual effect in rationalizing method has been inconsiderable.

The schools will probably object to my treating the ancient and modern languages in one category, on the ground that they are pursued for different ends. But they fare no better, if tried on separate indictments. The modern theory of Latin and Greek as engines of intellectual discipline seems to me the refuge of men who are perhaps not quite easy in their classics, and who know full well the feeble and uncertain hold of their pupils. However, I demolish a man of straw; for, though the fact is blinked in every preparatory school and college in the land, honest work in the study of Latin and Greek is nowadays almost unknown. The use of cribs, — and in absolutely unintelligent fashion, — with no object but the fraudulent one of escaping the very discipline for which the subject is avowedly taught, has destroyed even the thin foundation on which the study rests. The lofty phrases in which the æsthetic and intellectual value of these languages is extolled become the merest rhetoric when confronted with the plain truth that as objects of genuine study they hardly exist for the student at all. Not only does he not master them; he does not honestly attack them. How, then, can it be supposed that four years of parsing, syntaxing, and cribbing will finally eventuate in an exquisite sensitiveness to Virgil's subtlety in the choice of words or the use of moods, and in tender solicitude for the properly shaded English equivalent thereof?

As for German and French, the preparatory school has so far signally failed to achieve their mastery. The start has been too long put off; the end is not sufficiently real. One hears them ominously championed as equaling the classics in "mental discipline!" The unraveling of linguistic knots on examination day thus becomes their justification, too. Now, the ability to interpret a disconnected

and a more or less involved selection from Heine or Racine is, educationally, of no greater importance than the ability to perform the same "stunt" with a selection from Homer or Plato. The quality of the training has not been transformed by the mere substitution of a modern for an ancient victim. The student keeps both at arm's length, preserving the detached attitude of the linguistic anatomist.

If I may venture once more to use the term, — the vital teaching of a language requires that it be taught with a view to its active and pleasurable use as a medium of ideas under conditions governing its use and appreciation as a native tongue. It insists that a language incapable or unworthy of being so taught and appreciated has no proper place in the instruction of children. Whatever be the best method for reaching this end, the grammar mooring must be cut as quickly as possible; it must not be coiled more and more intricately around the subject until the very life has been utterly choked out.

At the risk of being tedious, I have now pointed out, subject by subject, the distinctly "academic" character of preparatory school subjects and methods. The boy on whom its system of mental therapeutics will produce the calculated effect does not exist outside a schoolmaster's fancy. The real boy, obscure and complicated, may detach a part of himself for "preparatory" purposes; but the centre of his being is elsewhere, — untouched, untamed. To that centre, the most expert phrase-drilling is powerless to penetrate; and phrase-drilling the preparatory process remains, despite the presence of a German text, a test tube, and a battery!

We thus approach my final ground of objection to the preparatory school, in that it leads nowhere. It does not equip the student to attack intelligently, purposefully, the very first problem that will confront him. The elective system, now all but universally adopted by the American college, throws upon the student the

whole responsibility for the last stages of his education: what has the preparatory school done to prepare him to pick his way wisely through the bewildering tropical garden of collegiate solicitation?

The preparatory school is built on lines laid down at a time when the American college was committed to the disciplinary theory of culture; to the theory that a more or less passive student subjected to a systematic and protracted routine of scholastic discipline will emerge more or less cultivated,—the degree depending somewhat upon the completeness with which the student has submitted himself to the process. But the college has changed front. All pretense of culture through discipline has been dropped in order to pursue to its logical outcome the hope of culture through use. The monopoly once enjoyed by Latin and Greek is irretrievably broken up; indeed, the very doctrine of a culture monopoly is discredited; not even the natural sciences are permitted to hold the dangerous eminence toward which they aspired during the bitter contest in which the classics were finally dislodged. I do not mean that the colleges postpone culture to utility. They identify them. They hold that the scholar's largeness of view must somehow be a by-product in every mental workshop; that there is no royal road to culture. "Give us purpose," says the elective system,—"thence come order, intelligence; and the spirit of the pursuit must mean culture." But to this radical change of spirit, the preparatory schools have not yet accommodated themselves,—they are neither encouraged nor permitted to accommodate themselves. In the name of conservatism they work on in the isolation in which they begin. They know the boy only as an abstraction,—a non-existent type, made up of superficial traits, supposedly responding to superficial appliances: the individual, who is everything in college, in life they do not recognize. For four years they patiently seek to confine, in conventional channels, the fretting, rest-

less, unsatisfied soul that is sniffing the air tingling with life. And then suddenly every barrier is knocked away, and the eager youth bursts unexpectedly into the freedom toward which his training has never once looked. "Give us purpose," demands the elective system. Does the preparatory school give it? What has it done to sound the individual? To discover his line? To enlist his powers in the active way that the elective system at its very start requires? Let the helplessness of the average Freshman answer that!

I do not forget that the school curriculum is not the whole school. Indeed, in the breakdown of scholarly tastes and enthusiasms, it has come to be the fashion to discover in athletic and social developments the real benefit of higher education. I grant quite willingly that the sentiment of loyalty is genuinely expansive, and, in so far, educative. But does it make no difference what one is loyal to? Fraternization without aspiration, companionship without ideas, lead nowhere—or worse. For association originating within, through community of idea and purpose, the preparatory school substitutes a common external goal,—the college. In consequence every phase of college life, fraternal and athletic, is anticipated and imitated: socially, the preparatory school becomes a miniature college; often enough, the combinations that dominate class politics in college are reported to have been perfected in and carried over from the "fitting school." In this one aspect, at least, preparatory school and college are continuous. They have found as yet no common spiritual tie, no common intellectual activity: as to these, they are still at cross-purposes. But on the lower level they meet; and into it they throw all their unemployed energy. The main sources of demoralization in both are therefore identical; and the completeness with which the student has been captured by them contrasts significantly with the failure of mental and spiritual

occupations to maintain even a respectable competition!

It must, I think, now be clear that the preparatory school owes its existence to our lack of a coherent educational system. Until education is dominated by such a conception, which will weld the disconnected stages into an organic unity, it must remain a thing of shreds and patches. That day may be far distant, but, meanwhile, it is something to realize that amelioration is within easy reach: especially in the matter of college entrance, the adoption of rational methods will free the secondary teacher from the constraint which now compels him to treat all subjects alike: it will leave him room to develop each subject on its own lines, with some regard to the pupil before him. Doubtless a larger view of secondary education will follow hard upon the adoption of methods which even in a limited way permit the boy to reveal himself; and ultimately perhaps the preparatory school will seek to connect itself with the elementary school in something like the way in which I am supposing the college to be connected with the secondary school. Such a state of things, infinitely better than the relations now existing, would mark the limit of educational development on the lines we now follow. The theory of instruction by subjects—the separatist view I may call it—that maps out certain realms of knowledge as inherently important, and exacts a fair acquaintance with them as the price upon which alone it bestows its conventional distinctions, can go no farther.

I make bold to say, however, that to no such conception does the future of education belong. The school of the future, unless I err greatly, will discard utterly our mechanical stages. The idea of culture through use, which the American college is now feebly and ineffectually endeavoring to apply, and which can never be effectually until universally applied, will be made the foundation and not the capstone of the educational structure. The

child's school life will be coextensive with his whole life,—seeking to enlist his total physical, moral, mental powers, to cooperate intimately with his domestic and spiritual interests; the school will not be content to appeal to a mere fragment of his capacity,—to drill and discipline that, apart from the rest of him. Subjectively, education will be genuinely individualistic; studying individual bent, capacity, endowment, aiming to evoke the largest and freest individual response; objectively, it will regard the actual content of our civilization,—industrial, artistic, spiritual, as the means and end in education. To fit the child in the largest and fullest way to attack and enter upon his necessary relations will become the school's duty. The school is thus no longer remote from life: it is life; it is no longer a clog upon the child's eager spirit, but the congenial field in which all his activities can be naturally and productively utilized. All that is now hateful and noxious in school life—its unreal discipline, its meaningless honors, its repellent tasks, its demoralizing recreations—will be, not transformed nor softened, but eliminated, by an institution that aims to employ energy, and believes that every necessary attitude can be procured, when appropriate employment is provided. For the discipline of the present-day school is the inevitable product of its artificiality: it has no organic fitness or value.

To the school I have thus inadequately sketched, two objections will be at once raised: one, that such a programme does not look toward culture, has been already disposed of by President Eliot in his recent definition of the cultivated man. I have pointed out how the elective system at college involves the rejection of the old notion of culture; and shorn of the collegiate finish, the classics are a pathetically futile make-believe. Now, the traditional idea of culture has been lost in the college, because it has been lost in life. I urge, therefore, that we let the same logic work its way through

the entire system: a truly genuine culture is possible through the skillful interpretation of this idea. If the teachers in the new school see and rise to their opportunity, breadth of view and sympathy have nothing to fear.

The second objection will deplore the loss of the rigid and exacting discipline of hard and unattractive subjects. I have already pointed out the fact that this discipline is almost wholly imaginary; it loses sight of the really important consideration, that is, whether the occupation in question tends to excite a desirable activity in a way that is likely to continue and promote itself. The painful unraveling of Gordian knots is not education; neither is the dexterous administration of sugar-coated mental pellets. The growing child does not love an appropriate task because it is easy, nor shrink from it because it is hard. In an educational scheme, concerned with real, not conventional, ends, valuing genuine and not merely formal achievement, there is no likelihood that what Professor James calls the "pugnacious instinct" of the pupil will be too rarely invoked. Indeed, the more interesting the teacher, the more freely and severely may he appeal to the pupil's effort. The remoteness and unreality of ordinary school material tend to throw the whole weight upon the teacher; effort may be invited; in a prolonged or general way it is rarely gotten. But when "academic" tasks

are replaced by real tasks, "academic" standards and methods by real ones, then the effort which the child will put forth is limited only by the fundamental limitations of his endowment. He may or may not call such work "hard." But if hard work means not merely overcoming natural repugnance, nor yet merely fanning a borrowed glow into a doubtful flame, but rather the summoning of one's total energy, as nearly as may be, and its concentration upon a rational end,—then there can be no question that the more real the issue, the larger, the more persistent, the more forcible the student's response.

The new school will from the first keep in close touch with experience, but it will at no point be meanly utilitarian. It will use the activities of daily life, but with ideal interpretation. What we call science, industry, manual work, will thus enter abundantly; but no less will art, music, literature. The sole test of a proposed occupation will be its reality, its actuality: what is merely traditional, pedantic, isolated, will be rejected. It is impossible to anticipate what a difference such a school will make in the child's happiness and efficiency. But the experiment when made must be made *de novo*. It cannot begin in freedom, only to deflect gradually until it leads to a college portal. It must be free at the end, as at the beginning, from the coercive necessity of dovetailing with the existing system.

LETTERS OF JOHN RUSKIN¹

BY CHARLES ELIOT NORTON

V

1873-1893

AFTER my return from Europe in 1873, ten years passed before I again saw Ruskin. They were years of grave change and sad experience for him. He continued to engage in dangerous excess of dispersed and exhausting work, and to yield to a still more dangerous excess of emotion. The intensity of his sensitiveness to immediate impressions, the passionate ardor of his feelings, the habit of uncontrolled expression reacting to increase the temper from which it sprang, continued to aggravate the bitterness of his resentment against the evil of the world and to deprive him of peace of mind. His unsettled religious convictions left him devoid of spiritual comfort and support. His writings, now largely devoted to social questions, were of a nature to expose him to harsh and often unjust criticism by which he was wounded and embittered. He felt deeply the separation which was growing wider and wider between himself and other men. His firmest convictions were opposed to the prevailing ideas of his time. He stood alone and like a prophet to whom his people would not hearken. Personal sorrows added to his troubles. His brain and his heart were alike overwrought.

Yet there were intervals when the natural elasticity and cheerfulness of his disposition asserted themselves, when the delights of nature or of art could still minister to his happiness, and when all the sweetness and generosity of his nature displayed themselves in their incomparable abundance. His friends could not but be anxious for him, and they strove in vain to persuade him to moderate his exhausting career. For a long time the

vigor of his constitution enabled it to endure the excessive strain to which it was subjected, but finally, in 1878, it gave way, and he was brought near death by a violent inflammation of the brain. The immediate attack passed, leaving apparently little effect, but he never recovered the sense of permanent security from similar breakdowns. The monthly issue of *Fors Clavigera*, which had continued unbroken for seven years, and in which he had poured out his thought on every subject, displaying himself and his affairs with astonishing frankness and sincerity, was suspended. It had been a dangerous mode of relief of his overburdened spirit.

The readers who are acquainted with the intimate revelations of himself which Ruskin published in *Fors Clavigera* and elsewhere will find in the following selections from the many letters I received from him during this period little that is new except in form and relation, while those who are unfamiliar with his works may learn something from them of his generous nature, his genius, and his occupations, as well as of the darkness gradually closing in upon him.

OXFORD (CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE)
2 December, '73.

I often hear your sermons over again. I attend to them very much indeed. I think my steady resistance to them the most heroic of all the efforts I make in the service of my poor "Lower than the angels." Sometimes, when I'm tired in the evening, they nearly break me down, and I'm so proud next morning of not having been beaten.

But I'm very sure you will be better pleased with the *Fors* for next year, if I live.

I go to Assisi early in the spring to

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work there, with what help I can gather, on a monograph of it.

I am surprised to find how well my health holds, under a steady press of work; but my sight begins to fail, and I shall begin with spectacles this next year.

PISA, 9th April, 1874.

. . . I have always thought you just as wrong in following out your America life, as you think me in following *Fors* to its issue — perhaps we each of us judge best for the other. Suppose we both give up our confounded countries? — let them go their own way in peace — and we will travel together, and abide where we will, and live b. c. or in the 13th century. I will draw, you shall write — and we shall neither of us be too merry for the other, and both much the stronger for the other. I really think this a very lovely plan — and sometimes we'll go and have a symposium at Venice with R. B.¹!

ASSISI, 11th April, '74.

I'm so very glad you like my drawings. That one of the fall of Schaffhausen² was the only one I ever saw Turner interested in. He looked at it long, evidently with pleasure, and shook his finger at it, one evening, standing by the fire in the old Denmark Hill drawing-room.

How Destiny does mock one, giving all the best things when one is too young to use them! Fancy if I had him to shake fingers at me now!

ASSISI, 20 June, 1874.

. . . I wrote these two pages, and then went to my own work, rewriting or completing my lectures on Botticelli after my work on him in Rome. But it is gray and thunderous, and I can't write, somehow; — have been awake since four, and am tired. I walk to the window — there's a

¹ Rawdon Brown.

² This drawing, now hanging in my dining-room, was made probably as early as 1843. It is a superb study, of which Ruskin had lost sight, and which turned up for sale in New York where I obtained it.

lovely little scene down in the valley beneath — steep down — five hundred feet. I see the bed of the brook, Tescio, all but dry; a peasant has brought seven or eight sheep to feed on the shrubs among the stones of it; and his wife or daughter is walking up to their cottage in a white jacket with brown petticoat, carrying an amphora on her head, full (I can see almost into the mouth of the amphora, I look so steeply down with my glass upon her). "Such a picturesque figure, and so classical, and of course you'll sketch her," say my London acquaintances, enchanted at the idea — Charles Norton backing them, too. No, my good acquaintances and one friend, I shall go and explain to her why the bed of the stream is dry, why the sheep have to nibble among the stones of it, and why she has to go down to fill her amphora instead of having a fountain at her door.

LUCCA, 12th August, 1874.

Giotto is not dethroned, at least, not diminished in his own real place — which is of human passion. In mystic and majestic thought Cimabue leads wholly, and the Byzantines generally. Giotto and Taddeo Gaddi are loving realists of little things. The finest thing of Giotto's in Assisi is not the Poverty or Chastity, but a little group of people in the street, looking at a boy who has just been restored to life, after falling out of a three pair of stairs window. The Christ, St. Francis, and Charity, are all three total failures in the great Poverty Fresco; and in the Chastity, she herself, and Fortitude are quite valueless, while Obedience in the opposite one is monstrous. But the sweetness of a monk reading on the grass while St. Francis receives the stigmata, and the sudden passion of a woman clasping her hands and thanking God for the boy brought to life, are more pure and exquisite than anything of the subsequent schools.

ST. MARTIN'S, 12th October, 1874.

You see in *Fors* how all my thoughts

are bent on certain spiritual problems, only to be approached in, I don't say monastic, but at all events secluded life. These, I believe, you think only morbid remnants of old days. It may be so. I should not be sad, if I did not feel thus. But they are still, you see, *questions* to me, and now getting imperative.

BRANTWOOD, CONISTON, LANCASHIRE,
25th March, 1875.

. . . But nothing would beat me except the plague of darkness and blighting winds — perpetual — awful — crushing me with the sense of Nature and Heaven failing as well as man.

I have also been singularly weak and ill all this spring, and am obliged to take warning of many things — and give up . . . some of the most pet possessions of hope. . . . My additional years begin to tell now in the fatal sense of there being no time to try anything again. . . .

Not long after the letter from which the preceding extract is taken was written, the death of Miss LaTouche, the fair and high-souled woman to whom Ruskin's heart had for many years been devoted, closed for him a period of alternate hopefulness and disappointment which had kept him in a constant state of restless and exhausting emotion. It was a sad story from beginning to end. She died worn out by the stress of the conflict between her heart and her conscience, and he was left hurt with wounds that were little short of mortal.

BRANTWOOD, 19 July, '75.

I have not been writing, because that death, as you so well understand, has made so much of my past life at once dead weight to me that I feel as I did when I first got out of bed after my illness at Matlock.¹ as if my limbs were of lead — mentally and bodily. This is so with me just now, and I only fight through by going on with mechanical

¹ In the summer of 1871 he had been dangerously ill at Matlock.

work all I can — but the effect on my general health has been very paralyzing, and it was no use writing about it; also, my work has now at once and in all things taken the form of bequest, and I am reviewing old notes, drawings, etc., etc., and being my own executor as much as I can, . . . and writing, if I can, some things that I want to say before ending — not that I definitely expect to end yet; and to the public I keep my head above water as if I had no cramp, hitherto, at least, I think so. My literary work seems to me up to its usual mark. . . .

COWLEY, 14th November, '75.

. . . You cannot have in America the forms of mental rest with soothed memory of other, far distant sorrow, not our own, which is so beautiful in these old countries. How different for a man like you, a walk by our riversides under Bolton or Furness, or in cloister of Vallombrosa or Chartreuse, from any blank cessation from absolute toil in that new land. Do come to us again. . . . Let us have a quiet time in Italy together, as soon as days are long, next year. What will a picture less matter to me? or a cipher less in my banker's book? Let us take a pleasant little suite of rooms in Florence or Venice — and we'll economize together, and think together — and learn together — and perhaps — even hope a little together before we die. . . .

13th January, '76.

. . . It is true that I am burning the candle at many ends, but surely in the many dark places I live in, that is the proper way to use one's life. . . . I enclose proof of the 5th and roughly bound 4th Morning.² It is woeful to have to leave that pleasant work — driven out by fiendish modern republicanism too horrible to be borne with. Here in England, Atheism and Spiritualism mopping and mowing on each side of me. . . . Which is pleasantest of these things I know, but

² *Mornings in Florence*. In six parts.

cannot intellectually say which is likeliest — and meantime, take to geology.

1 February, '76.

. . . I am being brought every day, now, into new work and new thoughts, and, whether I will or no, into close contact with evidence of an altered phase of natural, if not supernatural, phenomena, the more helpful to me, because I can compare now, with clear knowledge, the phase of mind in which —, and —, and other noble Deists or infidels are, and in which I have been for ten years, with that which I am now analyzing in the earlier Florentines, and recognizing in some living Catholics.

CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE,
1st March, '76.

. . . I don't see why I should be separated from you in our prison, because I hope to get out, now, and you don't. Certainly, it would be better for any prisoner to have his friend in that — however absurd — condition though he might not find him so literally companionable.

. . . I have no new faith, but am able to get some good out of my old one — not as being true — but as containing the quantity of truth that is wholesome for me. One must eat one's faith like one's meat, for what good's in it. . . .

Regaining some fragments of his old religious faith, modified by new conceptions of the faith of the mediæval Church, and by dallings with Spiritualism, Ruskin attained for a time a more cheerful mood and more serenity of spirit than he had possessed during recent previous years. A pleasant picture of him at Brantwood was sent to me toward the end of the summer in a letter by the late Professor Gurney of Harvard University, a man whose untimely death can never cease to be a sorrow to those who had the happiness of being numbered among his friends. He wrote: "The day after we arrived at Coniston we received an invitation to a 'high tea' or 'meat tea' from

Mrs. Severn, and the next day she called to arrange for our being rowed over. Pleasant as she was, I went over with some misgivings, which proved to be wholly groundless, as we have not had a more delightful evening on this side of the water, and Ruskin was everything that is considerate and courteous and kind. He first showed us his literary and art treasures while there was yet light; had tea laid in the drawing-room that we might enjoy the lake; talked delightfully, with a slight twinkle of humorous enjoyment of his own extravagance, when he tramped upon all the existing arrangements of society and augured its speedy downfall; read us bits of Cowley and Sir Philip Sidney, and, best of all, the preface, so far as yet written, to the edition he is to bring out of Sidney's version of the Psalms, full of humour and nice feeling, and instead of coming away at nine as we had proposed, we tore ourselves away at half-past ten or later; and instead of walking home as we had arranged to do, the faithful Downs, who wished his duty conveyed to you all, insisted on rowing us back as well as over. It was pleasant to hear him talk of his master and of his own pride in appearing in person in the *Fors*. The row back in the dusky light was an appropriate close to an evening so delightful in all ways."

Ruskin spent the autumn of 1876 and the early winter at Venice, and thence he wrote to me as follows: —

VENICE, 16th January, 1877.

. . . I have been four months at work on these three drawings [from Carpaccio's picture of St. Ursula asleep], with other sketches going on, not slight ones, and a new history and guide in Venice. The detail of each day varies not much; nor in the detail of it *ought* you to take much pleasure — for I have none — except of a solemn kind. Time was, every hour in Venice was joy to me. Now, I work as I should on a portrait of my mother, dead. I am pleased with myself when I succeed, interested in the questions of the meaning

of such and such a bend of lip, such and such a winding vein, pulseless. You will be interested in the history of her life, which I can thus write. So am I; and "happy"—in that way in my work. But it is a different happiness from having my mother to read Walter Scott to me.

There is also now quite an enormous separation between you and me in a very serious part of our minds. Every day brings me more proof of the presence and power of real Gods, with good men; and the religion of Venice is virtually now my own, mine at least (or rather at greatest) including hers, but fully accepting it, as that of John Bunyan, and of my mother, which I was first taught. . . .

At last the catastrophe, long anxiously foreboded, arrived. In February, 1878, Ruskin's overwrought brain gave way. He was desperately ill. His dear and wise friend, the eminent surgeon and medical adviser, Sir John (then Mr.) Simon, hastened from London to Brantwood, and for a fortnight, while Ruskin hovered between life and death, did everything for him that devotion and skill could devise. He wrote to me on the 4th of March: . . . "I trust that the worst has now passed. . . . You know, without my telling it, all that has brought this dreadful disaster on him,—the utterly spendthrift way in which (with imagination less and less controlled by judgment) he has for these last years been at work with a dozen different irons in the fire — each enough to engage one average man's mind. And his emotions all the while as hard worked as his intellect — they always blowing the bellows for its furnace. As I see what he has done, I wonder he has not broken down long ago." . . .

Before the end of March convalescence had begun. It went on rapidly, and by June Ruskin seemed to all intents restored to entire health. He wrote to me without even a reference to his illness. He soon fell into his common modes of

life. On the 4th of August Mr. Simon wrote again to me: . . . "It is now more than three months since I saw him, and I studiously avoid direct correspondence with him; but I think I know his state fairly well, and can tell you as much about him as if we had recently been together. In bodily health he appears to be as well as needs be, and in mind he shows no such fault as would strike casual observers. He appears to be fairly cautious against dangers of re-upset: perhaps not so abstinent as I should wish him to be from use of pen and ink, but, for him, self-restraining; and he professes to be on his guard against over-colloquism." . . .

As a result of his illness Ruskin resigned his professorship at Oxford, but he would not give up other work.

BRANTWOOD, 26 November, 1878.

. . . I keep fairly well, on condition of doing only about two hours' real work each day. But that, with the thoughts that come in idleness, or as I chop wood, will go a good way yet, if I live a few years more.

I hope the III Fésole¹ will be with you nearly as soon as the II, and two more Proserpinas,² not bad ones, are just done, too. . . .

The illness of 1878, although it seemed to pass without leaving serious effects, marks virtually the close of work accomplished by Ruskin with his full powers. His mind continued as active as ever. The diversity of his interests did not diminish, and each in turn was pursued with exhausting enthusiasm. He gave himself no rest, and, rejecting the counsel of Prudence (for him the most difficult of the virtues), he pursued a course which could not but end in renewed disaster. In 1881, after several previous threatenings, a fresh attack of trouble in the brain broke him down for a time, and this was followed the next year by a similar, but still more

¹ *The Laws of Flésole*, to teach the principles of Florentine draughtsmanship.

² A treatise on botany.

serious and alarming attack. In each instance the illness passed, having apparently done little harm. From each of them Ruskin recovered without consciousness of injury, and without loss of confidence in his own powers, so that in 1883 he accepted reelection to his Oxford professorship, and began to lecture again not only at the University, but in London and elsewhere.

I made a short visit to England in the summer of 1883, and again in that of 1884, and in both years spent some days at Brantwood. Ruskin, as I have already said, had changed greatly in the ten years since our last meeting. I had left him in 1873 a man in vigorous middle life, young for his years, erect in figure, alert in action, full of vitality, with smooth face and untired eyes; I found him an old man, with look even older than his years, with bent form, with the beard of a patriarch, with habitual expression of weariness, with the general air and gait of age. But there were all the old affection and tenderness; the worn look readily gave way to the old animation, the delightful smile quickly kindled into full warmth, and at moments the unconquerable youthfulness of temperament reasserted itself with entire control of manner and expression. He had become more positive, more absolute in manner, more irritable, but the essential sweetness prevailed, and there were hours when the old gayety of mood took possession of him with its irresistible charm. Given his circumstances, no ordering of life could have been more happy for him than that at Brantwood. He was the object of the most loving and watchful sympathy and care. His cousin, Mrs. Severn, was at the head of his household, and the best of daughters could not have been more dear and devoted to him. Her children kept the atmosphere of the home fresh and bright; the home itself was delightful, beautiful within with innumerable treasures of art, and surrounded without by all the beauties of one of the fairest scenes of the English lake country. A pleasanter home, or one more lovely

in its surroundings and more appropriate for him, could not have been desired.

BRANTWOOD, 20th January, '81.

DEAREST CHARLES,—Very thankful I was for your letter of New Year, received this morning. Many a thought I've had of you, but at Christmas time I was not myself — the over-excitement of an autumn spent in France leaving me much pulled down. I am better now (though my hand shakes with cold to-day), and can report fairly of what is done and doing. I found Chartres, both cathedral and town, far more spared than I had thought possible, and more of historical interest than I had ever dreamed in Amiens; and the book sent with this¹ is the first of what I believe will bring out more of the at present useless feelings in me than any work lately undertaken.

. . . I have still eye and hand enough to draw, or even etch what I want, if I can only get time; and I have just laid my hand on a young assistant who can get more of the spirit of sculpture than I can myself. The people over there get interested themselves when I stay a while with them, and I hope to be allowed to cast things for the Sheffield Museum and leave, if I live yet a few years more, more than enough to show what Gothicie was.

. . . This dull letter will I hope bring a brighter one after it — but I answer by return of post, though to-day with cold wits — not heart.

Ever your loving,

J. R.

BRANTWOOD, 24th March, 1881.

MY DEAREST CHARLES,—I've just read your dear letter to me on my birthday — after having another bite or two of Nebuchadnezzar's bitter grass. I went wild again for three weeks or so, and have only just come to myself — if this be myself, and not the one that lives in dream.

The two fits of whatever you like to call them are both part of the same course of

¹ *The Bible of Amiens*, a study of the Cathedral.

trial and teaching, and I've been more gently whipped this time and have learned more; but I must be very cautious in using my brains yet awhile.

I can't make out why you like that *Bible of Amiens*. I thought you had given up all that sort of thing. I shall have some strange passages of dream to tell you of as soon as I am strong again. The result of them, however, is mainly my throwing myself now into the mere fulfilment of Carlyle's work.

Say words of him — say you. Are not his own words written in white-hot fire on every city-wall of Europe?

Read *Past and Present* again, now.

This was the main part of the cause of my dream. The other was what we talked of once at Prato (beside Filippo Lippi).

. . . I'll write soon again — God willing. . . .

SALLENCHÉ, 11th September, 1882.

MY DARLING CHARLES, — I think a good deal of you here, and of other people that are not here, without deserving to be scolded for being anywhere else.

I was trying to-day to draw the view I showed you that morning with the piny ridge between us and the Mont Blanc. But I could n't draw the ridge, and there was no Mont Blanc, any more than there was any you. For indeed the Mont Blanc we knew is no more. All the snows are wasted, the lower rocks bare; the luxuriance of light — the plenitude of power — the Eternity of Being — are all gone from it; even the purity, for the wasted and thawing snow is gray in comparison to the fresh frosted wreaths of new-fallen cloud which we saw in that morning light — how many mornings ago! The sadness of it and wonder are quite unparalleled — as its glory was. But no one is sad for it but only I — and you, I suppose, would be. Lowell would be perfectly happy, doubtless, because Mont Blanc is now *sans-culotte* literally, and a naturalized, Republican, French Mount besides — without any Louis Napoleon to

make the dying snows blush for their master.

And as the Glaciers, so the sun that we knew is gone. The days of this year have passed in one drift of soot-cloud, mixed with blighting air. I was a week at Avalon in August, without being able to draw one spiral of its porch-mouldings — and could not stand for five minutes under the walls of Vézelay, so bleak the wind. The flowers are not all dead yet, however, the euphrasy and thyme are even luxuriant, and the autumn crocus as beautiful as of old. I can't get up, now, alas, to my favorite field of gentian under the aiguille de Varens, but I find the fringed autumn gentian still within reach and the purple clustered one was rich on the pastures of the Dôle.

The Rhone still runs, too, though I think they will soon brick it over at Geneva, and have an "esplanade" instead. They will then have a true Cloaca Maxima, worthy of Modern Progress — in the Fimetic Arts.

I go back to Geneva on Wednesday, and then to Pisa and Lucca — a line to Lucca would find me in any early day of October, and should be read beside Ilaria, and perhaps with her gift of Cheerfulness.

Don't think this is a brain-sick statement — I certify you of the facts as scientifically true.

Ever your loving
J. R.

LUCCA, Coffee time (7 A. M.)
3 October, 1882.

. . . Well, about these Pisa measurements. You might as well try to measure the sea-waves, and find out their principle. The beginning of the business would be to get at any historical clue to the facts of yielding foundation. The Parthenon is quite a different case from any mediæval building whatsoever. In all great mediæval buildings you have foundation unequal to the weight; you have more or less bad materials, and you have a lot of stolen ones. You might as well go

and ask a Timbuctoo nigger why he wears a colonel's breeches wrong side upwards, as a Pisan architect why he built his walls with the bottom at the top and the sides squinting. He likes to show his thefts to begin with — if the ground gives way under him, he stands on the other leg. I've long believed myself that finding the duomo would n't stand upright anyhow, they deliberately made a ship of it, with the leaning tower for a sail; and my good helper, Mr. Collingwood, who has been doing the loveliest section of the Savoy Alps (who are exactly like Pisan architects in their "principles," or unprinciples, too), said that he could n't look at the north side without being seasick.

But all this entanglement is of no importance as to the main question of "Liberty" of line, which even I have always taught to be the life of the workman, and which exists everywhere in good work to an extent till now unconceived, even by me, till I had seen the horror of the restoration which put it "to rights." Nearly all our early English Gothic is free hand in the curves, and there is no possibility of drawing even the apparent circles with compasses. Here — and I think in nearly all work with Greek roots in it — there is a spiral passion which drifts everything like the temple of the winds. This is the first of all subtle charms in the real work — the first of all that is *aï鮚oïd* out of it by the restorer. . . . And it is n't of the slightest use to point any of these things out to the present race of mankind. It is finally tramwayed, shamwayed, and eternally damnwayed, and I wish the heavens and the fates joy over it; but they can't expect any help from me, whatever they mean to make of it.

All the same, it seems to me a great shame that I'm old, and can't see it come to grief; nor even the snows come back to the Alps again, if they do. Again, all the same, I'll run back to Pisa just now after I've been at Florence, and get at some measures for you, if I find them takeable on the Baptistry. I did the

Florentine Baptistry in 1872, and found there was n't a single space in all the octagon and all the panelling, that matched another. It is exactly like measuring a quartz crystal, except that even the angles are n't fixed; but I did n't measure any of them, practically they are true enough in the main octagon. I think the most important thing for your purposes would be to get the entasis of the great Campaniles and war-towers. The Guinigi here, and the Verona Campanile, and St. Mark's, are all extremely beautiful. I'll see what I can make of the Guinigi today, and send you some bits of masonry worth notice for the wanton intricacy of piecing. . . .

HERNE HILL, 1st January, 1883.

What a venomous old infidel you are! I think I never read a nastier comment on a lovely theory than that "other walls are like Fésole that are not on like rocks" — I don't believe there are any other walls like Fésole. You could n't build them but of *macigno*, and I don't know any *macigno* anywhere else. Yes. I got drawings — fairly careful, of wall and rock — both. Those Pisan details are quite delightful, but I think Boni's report will be exhaustive; he has got his measures to a centimeter, and has such a knowledge of cements and joints that nothing escapes him. I send you a present of one of his little drawings of ornament — which will show you the infinite fineness of the creature.

I'm very well, and doing crystallography and geology. I think my good assistant Collingwood will get the glacier theory well swept out of the way at last. . . .

BRANTWOOD, 28th July, 1883.

What a shame that I've never said a word since you left; but somehow I can't believe in the existence nor mediatorship of Messrs. Baring.

To-day I have your note from blessed Domo d' Ossola — and I would I were there. But I've got entangled in ground

veronica and *anagallis tenella* — and am sick to finish some work in weeds half done years ago, and the ideas of it festering in my head ever since. And worse, I've letters from the Keeper of the National Gallery, and the Librarian of the British Museum, — and the Brit. M. is being broken up, and the National Gallery wants its plates and drawings; and the B. M. writes to me to defend it — and I've written back that I'm going to advise sending the MSS. to the Bodleian, and putting the sculpture in the National Gallery cellars! but I must go up to London to get well into the row; and I don't see my way out of it, and believe it will be very utterly impossible for me to get abroad this year, even as far as Chartres — but it is possible you might like to look at Wells and Glastonbury with me, rather than come to autumnal Brantwood. I'll write more tomorrow of what I'm doing. This note will, I believe, only stay in London during the Sunday; but I answer yours at once. . . . All our loves, and all manner of every other pleasant feeling mixed in mine.

Your ever faithful and obedient
J. R.

BRANTWOOD, 25 February, '84.

. . . I can't write, because I've always so much to say. How can I tell you anything of the sea of troubles that overwhelm old age — the trouble of troubles being that one can't take trouble enough.

At this moment I'm arranging a case at the British Museum, to show the whole history of silica, and I'm lending them a perfect octahedral crystal of diamond weighing 129 carats, which I mean to call St. George's diamond, and to head my history of precious stones. And I'm giving them dreadful elementary exercises at Oxford which they mew and howl over, and are forced to do, nevertheless; and I'm writing the life of Sta. Zita of Lucca, and an essay in form of lecture, on clouds, which has pulled me into a lot of work on diffraction and fluorescence;

and I've given Ernest Chesneau a commission to write a life of Turner from a French point of view — under my chastisement "if too French;" and I've just got the preface written for Collingwood's *Alps of Savoy*, supplement to *Deucalion*, and I'm teaching Kate Greenaway the principles of Carpaccio, and Kate's drawing beautiful young ladies for me in clusters — to get off Carpaccio if she can.

And I've given Boehm a commission for 12 flat medallions, Florentine manner, life size, of six British men and six British women, of typical character in beauty, all to be looking straight forward in pure profile, and to have their hair treated with the Greek furrow.

And I'm beginning to reform the Drama — by help of Miss Anderson — and I had the *Tempest* played to me last week by four little beauties — George Richmond's grandchildren — of whom the youngest (11) played Ferdinand and Caliban, both, and was a quite perfect lover; and the eldest played the boatswain and Miranda. And I've given three sets of bells (octaves) to Coniston school, and am making the children learn chimes.

And I'm doing a *Fors* now and then in a byway; Allen will have a nice parcel to send soon. And I'm here at Herne Hill — and I'm just going down to breakfast, and I can't write any more. I'm pretty well, I believe, but watching for breakdown. . . . I'm ever

Your poor old

J. R.

P. S. I am so glad you can remember with happiness. I live wholly to-day, and sadly enough, except in work (or wicked flirting). But, though I say it, nice girls do make quite as much fuss about me as I do about them, and they plague my life out to sign their birthday books.

BRANTWOOD, 2nd January, '85.

. . . I am not so well as you hoped, having overstrained myself under strong impulse at Oxford, and fallen back now

into a ditch of despond, deepened by loss of appetite and cold feet, and dark weather . . . and people all about more or less depending on me — no S. or M. for me to depend on, no Charles, no Carlyle — even my Turners for the time speechless to me, my crystals lustreless. After some more misery and desolation of this nature I hope, however, to revive slowly, and will really not trust myself in that feeling of power any more. But it seems to me as if old age were threatening to be a weary time for me. I'll never mew about it like Carlyle, nor make Joanie miserable if I know it — but it looks to me very like as if I should take to my bed and make everybody wait on me. This is only to send you love — better news I hope soon.

BRANTWOOD, 1 October, '85.

DEAREST CHARLES, — I am certainly better — and at present steadily gaining, bearing the burden of idle hours in the thankfulness that I am myself no longer a burden to poor Joanie. But she insists on the idleness, and will not let me write — but only dictate, and truly it will be better for you to have in her hand the rest of the note.

In the looking over the neglects of my past life, I found a lovely letter of yours of 1882, about the Cathedral of Pisa, giving evidence of the façade being meant to incline forward. Neglected in that year, the result of Signor Boni's examination, which I suppose he has written out — of course it is lost; but I'm going to ask him this question about the façade. The letter goes on very sadly about the "Victory of Materialism," and the distant hope of a revival in a thousand years of all that you and I have cared for — only the Alps to be let go in the meantime!

I believe the despondency caused by their own natural, as it seems, sympathy, with the scorn of their beauty, by the perishing of their snows, has borne a great part in the steady depression which has laid me open to these great illnesses. If only the Mont Blanc that you and I saw

from St. Martin's that morning was still there, I would set out on a slow pedestrian tour, and expect you to meet me there! As it is, I can't find *anything* to amuse me, or to bring to any good in my old geological work; but I don't believe in any "Victory of Materialism." The last two years have shown me more Spirituality in the world than all my former life. Enough for to-day.

Ever your lovingest,
J. RUSKIN.

BRANTWOOD, Easter Wednesday, '86.

DEAREST CHARLES, — I am entirely forbidden to write letters, and I've written seven difficult ones this morning — and this eighth has been on my mind this month. I thought you might be wondering what I meant to make of *Præterita*, if I live to finish it; and that you ought to know. There are to be 36 numbers — for sixty years. You and Joan may give account of me afterwards. I've got it all planned out now; and it will be pretty and readable enough I think, all through. . . .

I am retouching and mounting drawings also, and liking my own better; and when you come to see Brantwood again, whether I'm in it or not, you will find it in a little better order. . . .

BRANTWOOD, 18th August, '86.

MY DEAREST CHARLES, — You ought not to be so anxious during these monsoons and cyclones of my poor old plagued brains. They clear off, and leave me, to say the least, as wise as I was before. Certainly this last fit has been much nastier for me than any yet, and has left me more frightened, but not so much hurt, as the last one. . . . Send me a line now and then still, please, — whether I'm mad or not I'm

Your loving
J. R.

BRANTWOOD, 23rd March, 1887.

I'm writing from 15 to 25 letters a day just now, besides getting on with *Præterita*,

Proserpina, *Ulric* editing, and *Christ's Folk* editing; and as you can't be much more busy, and have n't been crazy, I think you ought to keep up our acquaintance with an occasional word or two. . . .

The chapter of *Praterita* I'm upon ("Hotel du Mont Blanc") is lagging sadly because I can't describe the aiguille de Varens as I want to. I do hope I shan't go off my head this summer again, and lose the wild roses,—for *Praterita* will be very pretty if I can only get it written as it's in my head while right way on.

It is snowing and freezing bitterly, and I consider it all the fault of America and failure of duty in Gulf Stream, and so on.

. . . Seriously, I believe I am safer than for some years in general health, but have lost sadly in activity and appetite.

Ever your loving

J. R.

It was soon after my last stay with him that Ruskin began to write his *Praterita*, the record "of scenes and thoughts," as its title says, "perhaps worthy of memory in my [his] past life." It was issued in monthly numbers, beginning in April, 1885, but its regular publication was at times interrupted by illness, and the last number, the twenty-eighth, appeared in July, 1889. By far its largest autobiographical part is occupied with the account of Ruskin's childhood and youth, ending practically with the year 1856, when he was thirty-seven years old. It was the year of the beginning of our friendship. Although there are many passages which indicate the disturbance of his mind, yet, barring these, the spirit and style of the book are thoroughly delightful, and truly represent the finer characteristics of his nature. He has written nothing better, it seems to me, than some pages of this book, whether of description or reflection. The retrospect is seen through the mellowing atmosphere of age, the harshness of many an outline is softened by distance, and the old man

looks back upon his own life with a feeling which permits him to delineate it with perfect candor, with exquisite tenderness, and a playful liveliness quickened by his humorous sense of its dramatic extravagances and individual eccentricities.

After his illness in 1889, Ruskin was never able to take up again the broken thread of his story. The last ten years of his life were spent in retirement, and save for recurrent attacks of brain trouble, his days were peaceful and not unhappy. He still enjoyed the beauties of Nature and of Art, still liked to read or hear read his favorite books, still loved to listen to simple music. He was cared for with entire tenderness and devotion. His sun sank slowly, and amid clouds, but they did not wholly darken its light.

The last words of his own writing which I received from him were written on the 21st of November, 1896, a few months more than forty years from the date of the beginning of our friendship. They were at the foot of a letter of Mrs. Severn, and were written in pencil with a trembling hand,— "From your loving, J. R."

Praterita ends with the following words, strangely symbolic of much of the life of which they close the record: "Fonte Branda I last saw with Charles Norton, under the same arches where Dante saw it. We drank of it together, and walked together that evening on the hills above, where the fireflies among the scented thickets shone fitfully in the still undarkened air. How they shone! moving like fine-broken starlight through the purple leaves. How they shone! through the sunset that faded into thunderous night as I entered Siena three days before, the white edges of the mountainous clouds still lighted from the west, and the openly golden sky calm behind the Gate of Siena's heart, with its still golden words, 'Cor magis tibi Sena pandit,' and the fireflies everywhere in sky and cloud rising and falling, mixed with the lightning, and more intense than the stars."

(The end.)

THE INDEPENDENCE OF SABURO

BY ALICE MABEL BACON

It was the month of June, and a great festival of the Sanno Temple was in full swing. The streets were alive with excitement and brilliant with lanterns. The whole length of Kojimachi-dori was lined with gay booths and crowded with sight-seers. Here and there the beat of drums, the clashing of cymbals, and the antics and grimaces of mummers held the crowd for a moment before some fantastic festival car. Off in the side streets were to be heard the rhythmic shouts of boys who rushed about with square red lanterns, bearing a miniature festival car high on their shoulders.

To Saburo Nozaki, alone at home, in charge of his father's shop, the cheerful sounds carried nothing but misery. He sat at his little table figuring out the day's accounts by the light of a small hanging lamp. The shop front was wide open to the narrow dark little side street, and now and then a wandering *jinrikisha*-man's lantern flashed by, but for the most part the street was empty, for it was away from the centre of the festival, and every one who could leave his work had gone to the great celebration. Only Saburo seemed left of all the populous neighborhood, and as he fingered his *soroban*¹ and wrote out his accounts, the cheerful hum of the festival just around the corner simply increased his sense of desertion.

Saburo was thoroughly tired of the shop. He had been born in it, or rather in the room just behind it. His babyhood had been passed watching its business over his mother's shoulder, and when he had been removed from his perch on her back to make room for a baby sister, he had at once begun to make himself useful. At first he could only run back and forth between the fireproof storehouse and the

salesroom, carrying rolls of silk and cotton. Later, he had pulled a small handcart about the streets, acting at once as horse and delivery clerk. And now, since he had learned to count with the *soroban*, he sat all day on his heels, bowing and smiling and propitiating customers, measuring and counting and writing out bills, until it seemed to him that he could bear it no longer. His older brothers, Taro and Jiro, good, honest, unambitious youths, adapted themselves readily to the routine of the shop, but Saburo chafed under it and longed for a change. He was eighteen now, and still his only view of the world was what he could see of the street from under the heavy black curtains that draped the front of the salesroom.

How irksome it was to a proud spirit that felt itself set apart for better things! And now to-night, when the greatest festival in a cycle of sixty years was going on close by, and on the great last night of all the three, his father had taken the rest of the family to see the sights, and had left poor Saburo alone at home to guard the shop and wait upon improbable customers. It was too much! Saburo counted and wrote and counted again, but the bursts of gayety from Kojimachi confused his reckoning, and he gave up at last and settled down to listen and wish.

Suddenly the wish became the father of a thought — a great thought — an audacious thought. It had sometimes come before into Saburo's head, though he had never seen the way clear to its accomplishment, but to-night was the very night for it.

The boy reached out from where he sat to a drawer in the wall, and drew from thence a heavy, iron-bound box, the till of the establishment. This he opened with a key from his girdle, counted out fifty *yen* with methodical exactness, set

¹ *Soroban*, the abacus used in the East by all merchants in reckoning.

down his name in the account book opposite to that amount, then closed and locked the box and returned it to its drawer. The money he tucked away in his belt. Then he rose, carried the key into the back room and hung it on the wall, slid all the wooden shutters but one into place across the front of the shop, stepped out into the street, closed the last shutter, and walked off into the darkness away from the lights and noise of the festival. He did not care where he went. All he wanted was to get away from the close confinement, the unvarying monotony of the shop.

For an hour or so he wandered about dark and narrow streets, not daring to show himself in the wider, brightly lighted thoroughfares, lest he should be recognized by some chance acquaintance and his great plan be frustrated at its beginning.

It was ten o'clock, and even the business streets were putting up their shutters for the night, when the youth drifted aimlessly into a broad avenue, almost deserted at that hour, which he recognized as the one that led to the northern railway station. Then a new thought struck him, and he pushed forward with the energy of a definite purpose. When he reached the station a bell was ringing, and the northbound train was puffing on the track. He purchased a third-class ticket, selecting his destination—Nishi Nasuno—at random from the time-table hanging on the wall, rushed through the gate, and curled himself up in the corner of an empty carriage.

By noon of the following day Saburo found himself, after a long morning's walk, close to the beautiful mountain region that surrounds the gorge of Shiobara. His morning had not been one of unalloyed pleasure in his independence. The girls at the teahouse, where he had stopped and called for breakfast, had met his air of assumed importance with derisive giggles and mocking obeisances, and had given him, not the cool, retired upper room that he had demanded, but a place

close to the street, noisy and sunny, where he had eaten his meal in full sight of the public and of all the employees of the hotel kitchen. Then the morning's walk had been hot and tiresome,—a straight shadeless road pointing directly toward the mountains.

Saburo found himself tired and hungry enough when he sat down to rest and eat his lunch in front of a teahouse that stood just where the road entered a beautiful mountain gorge.

"Elder Sister, where does this road go?" he asked of the bright-eyed, red-cheeked girl who waited on him.

"To Shiobara," she said, adding, "It is seven miles to the first village."

As Saburo looked at the steep, rocky road ahead he felt sure that he needed some stimulus to carry him over those seven miles to the village, and he ordered from the "elder sister" a gourd full of *sake*,¹ which he hung at his belt. Then he pressed on, and the mountains closed about him.

He seemed to be entering their very bowels, and the roaring of the torrent below him, the awful grandeur of the peaks above, impressed his unsophisticated soul with a strange uneasiness. He remembered all the weird tales that he had heard from his childhood, of the mountain gods and goblins, of the spirits of the dead that mow and gibber by the roadside, of the foxes and badgers that work strange enchantments on unwary travelers, and as each horrid detail came before his mind, his knees grew more and more shaky. At last, he felt sure that he could never reach the village for which he was bound before the night fell.

He sat down by the roadside and wondered what he should do, and how he should pass the night; and as he sat there he saw a young girl coming out of the woods carrying a bucket of water. She was dressed after the country fashion, with her kimono tucked up to her knees, showing her red petticoat below. She wore white silk leggins and straw sandals,

¹ *Sake*, the Japanese rice-wine.

and she walked lightly and gracefully with her load, in the dog-trot of the mountain peasant.

Saburo rose as she passed, and she stopped and set down her bucket.

"Honorable maiden," he said, "can you tell me of any house near here where I can get a meal and a bed?"

She bowed and smiled as she answered, "I have a very humble roadside booth just beyond the turn of the road where your honor can obtain refreshment, though of poor quality."

Saburo started up, his tired, unsteady legs reeling under him, and followed the girl a few paces to a spot where the smallest of roadside eating-shops had been placed, almost overhanging the torrent. How cool and inviting it looked! Screens of bamboo across the front shut it off from undue publicity. A small stream of water from a bamboo pipe plashed pleasantly into a stone tank close by, and over the *hibachi*¹ the kettle was bubbling. Cups and plates and various comestibles showed that the small establishment could furnish a meal, and it was with a sigh of relief that Saburo slipped his tired feet out of his clogs, bathed them in the cool sparkling water from the tank, and seated himself on the matted platform that made the guest-room.

"While I am preparing the poor meal, would your honor condescend to drink a cup of *ama-zake*?"² said the silvery voice of the girl.

"Thank you, I shall be glad to take it," said Saburo, holding his head up with an attempt at dignity, as he felt that now he had found some one who addressed him with the deference due to his independent position.

The girl, who to Saburo's eyes grew more beautiful every minute, brought a steaming bowl of the thick white liquor and set it down in front of him. He drank it, sucking it down with gulps and smacks of satisfaction.

¹ *Hibachi*, a brazier or fire-pot.

² *Ama-zake*, a thick, sweet, slightly fermented rice-soup.

"That is food and drink both," he said, as the maiden brought him another brimming bowl.

Cheered by the gracious glow which the comforting drink diffused through his entire being, Saburo sat and watched his beautiful friend while she attended to her lowly tasks. At last he spoke, and his voice was husky with emotion.

"It is strange," he said, "and sad, that so beautiful a maiden as you should waste her life up here in these wild mountains. Why do you stay in such a place? If you went to Tokyo you would soon make a good marriage."

The girl looked at him before she answered, and Saburo felt as if his soul were on fire.

"Sometimes I have thought I would like to go out and see the world," she said, "but I am the only child of my old mother, and she would not consent to my going," and she wept, holding her sleeves before her face.

"And now my mother is dead, and I have no brother, nor any friends." She wept quietly behind her sleeves for a space, her body shaking with the violence of her emotion; then she uncovered her face. Saburo felt her eyes looking deep into his heart. "If you do not object to my humble birth," she continued, "and since you sympathize with my grief, please take me with you to Tokyo and teach me how to sweep and wash floors." Then she hid her face once more behind her sleeves.

Saburo's head was fairly turned by such a show of confidence, and he reached forward and patted the poor girl's shoulder as she sat with covered face on the edge of his matted platform.

"Do not feel so sad," he said; "I will find you a place where you will be much better off than here."

The maiden looked with one eye from behind her sleeves. Saburo gently pulled down her hands until her whole face was visible. "How can I ever reward you for your kindness?" she said.

By the time he had eaten supper it was

quite dark, and Saburo began to wonder where he could spend the night, for the little teahouse was simply an open booth.

"Where do you live?" he asked of his entertainer.

"Quite near here," she answered, "and if you can endure my rude and squalid home, I can give you a bed there for tonight."

She extinguished the coals in the *hibachi* by dropping them into a pot of water, using for the purpose a pair of fire-sticks, one of bamboo and one of bone. Saburo's superstitious soul shuddered a little when he saw her do it, for he knew that in Tokyo such sticks were only used in collecting the ashes of the dead. But he remembered that she was a country girl, and could not be expected to know all the Tokyo customs. Then she closed the shutters about the little guest-room, and taking a white lantern¹ in her hand, she led the way into the woods. To Saburo there was something uncanny about the white lantern. It was like a funeral procession, he thought, but he said nothing.

There was a muttering of thunder among the hills, and zigzag lightning flashed from a black cloud overhead. The way seemed longer than Saburo had expected, but at last his guide stopped, just as a flash of lightning revealed a miserable dilapidated cottage. The paper of the sliding screens was flapping like ghostly garments in the wind, the plaster of the walls had fallen in places showing the bamboo skeleton of the house, the roof was breaking down under its load of stones, and the floor gave and creaked dismally as they stepped upon the dirty mats.

On one side of the room was a broken screen, inverted;² two of the floor mats had been taken up, and a clean new tub, bucket, and dipper stood on the rotten boards in the place thus left bare.³ Saburo shuddered. What did all this mean?

¹ White lanterns are used only at funerals.

² Sign of the presence of a corpse.

³ Preparations for washing a corpse.

His legs, which had been painfully weak for several hours, nearly gave way beneath him.

"My mother lies there dead," said the girl in explanation. "I have not been able to bury her yet, but I will bury her tomorrow before we start. Wait here a little while, for I must go and find a priest to attend the funeral," and the maiden disappeared in the darkness, leaving Saburo alone with the dead.

He tried to call, but his voice was choked; he tried to move, but his legs refused to carry him. He could only sit and wait for the return of his hostess, the horror of the place freezing his blood the while.

It was deadly silent in the woods. He would have been grateful even for a thunder-clap to break the silence, but the storm had passed. Suddenly the clouds parted, and the moonlight streamed through a hole in the roof right into the room.

Saburo found himself filled with a strange desire to look behind the screen, to see whether the girl had told him the truth. Slowly, on hands and knees he crept across the floor. Softly he moved the screen away. It was too true! There, on the floor, covered with a white quilt, sat a rigid figure, its knees drawn up to its chin.

Saburo crept closer and removed the covering from the face. Horror of horrors! It was the face of his beautiful hostess. But, even as he looked at it, the hair became snowy white, the eyes grew hollow, the parchment-like skin stretched tense across the nose, and the face changed to that of a demon.

Poor Saburo, not daring to turn his back on the awful object, retreated backward. The dead, raising her head, hitched forward across the floor. Saburo backed again. Once more the thing moved toward him, and once more he backed. It came close,—closer,—then suddenly, opening its mouth wide, it sneezed, and Saburo, forgetting his fatigue, turned and ran madly away from that terrible place.

Next morning a peasant, leading his

shock-headed pony loaded with grass along the mountain road saw far beneath him, close to the brawling torrent, what looked like the body of a man. Scrambling laboriously down, he found poor Saburo, not dead, but badly bruised. With much labor and suffering he was at last dragged up to the road.

How familiar the whole place looked to him when he opened his eyes! There was the turn in the road near which he had sat down, there the footpath along which the girl had come with the bucket of water. A great terror came over him.

"Do not take me to the rest-house beyond the turn," he begged of his kind-hearted rescuer.

"What rest-house? There is no rest-

house near here," said the bewildered peasant.

Then Saburo told him his story, but the man only shook his head. "There is no rest-house here, nor ever has been," he said, "but there are foxes that live in the temple of Inari Sama¹ up in the woods there," and he pointed toward the footpath. "They have bewitched you, and you should thank the gods that you have escaped alive."

Two days later Saburo, bruised and tired, stepped out of his clogs and prostrated himself on his face in his father's shop. "I have returned," he said, as he bowed to his parents. Then he went back to his measuring stick, his *soroban*, and his account books.

HUMAN NATURE AND ADVERTISING

BY MACGREGOR JENKINS

To the casual observer the wintry gale which roared down the valley of the Connecticut River and unroofed the barn of a lonely spinster farmer seemed to do nothing more than to deprive her solitary cow of adequate shelter; but, as a matter of fact, the result of this catastrophe was much more far-reaching. This barn bore emblazoned on its roof and sides the name of a patent medicine. Between its tiny windows enormous characters spelled the name of a household remedy, and from the roof stared up a legend as to its price and curative qualities.

Some weeks later the proprietor of a magazine noticed that the subscription of a woman living in this sequestered valley had expired. Upon sending the usual formal notice to her, an illuminating reply was received. She explained in detail that the subscription to his magazine, as well as others, was the remuneration she received from the proprietor of a certain patent medicine for the use of her

barn for advertising purposes. She described the catastrophe which all but demolished her barn and destroyed the integrity of the advertisement. Being unable to repair the damage, the heartless patent medicine proprietor declined to pay for further advertising service. She explained that the character of the damage done to her building was such as to remove only part of the advertisement, taking from it only occasional letters, and left an advertisement which, in her opinion, was all the more striking because of its incompleteness. The man of business failed to share her point of view, however, and the matter was dropped there.

This incident is suggestive, not because the barn was damaged, or because the magazine lost one constant reader, but because it presented to the mind of the lady in question a new and interesting

¹ Inari Sama, the god or goddess of rice, whose messenger the fox is supposed to be. Sometimes known as the Fox-God.

theory in regard to advertising. And in this particular she was quite in line with the thought of the day. Many observers of American life who have not had the question brought to their attention by the loss of a favorite magazine are discussing this phenomenon. So important an element has advertising become that it enters more or less directly into every modern business, it enlists in its army of promoters men of large means and ample learning, it calls to science to explain the laws it uncovers, and even in some instances it invades the individual's right of privacy, and has made itself the object of legislative action.

It is always the fate of a new idea — or an unusual phenomenon — to be considered, on the one hand, by certain minds as fraught with stupendous significance, and, on the other, by many as being of no importance at all. Few observers avoid one extreme or the other. So it has been with child-study and a dozen other modern notions. And so it has been with advertising. The so-called "expert" loves to consider this modern development in business methods with abnormal seriousness, and he discusses its scientific aspects with profound solemnity, while the average layman looks upon it all as quite unimportant.

It would seem, however, that there is a safe middle ground. To hold that all this activity is haphazard and the result subject to no law is as absurd as to try to reduce the whole question to a scientific principle. Both the expert and the layman seem to ignore a very large element, related more or less to either explanation, but wholly contained by neither — the element of human nature. The underlying principles of human character and experience are so great, so vague, that they do not lend themselves readily to scientific classification.

It is the object of this paper to occupy, if possible, this middle ground, and to hunt out the obvious explanation which is sometimes overlooked because it lies so near at hand. If we find ourselves coming

to some of the same conclusions as Professor Scott in his earlier paper, we shall only have to confess that, after all, the man of science and the man of business are working veins very close together, and if we seem to disagree with him it may be only the difference in point of view.

But let us for the time forget that Professor Scott, the scientist, has probed the question, and let us also be unmindful, if possible, of Mr. Hartt's sprightly criticism of advertising men and methods, and let us see if by following the beaten path of human experience we do not reach an explanation singularly like that of both of these writers.

The elements of human nature which enter most potently into the problem seem to be the love of novelty, the love of something extraordinary and startling, and the love of the humorous which lies deeply concealed in the human make-up of the most commonplace and prosaic of mankind. That we all enjoy new things is too evident to need demonstration; equally obvious is man's love for the unusual and startling; less conspicuous, perhaps, in many cases is the love of the humorous as related to advertising. But who can frequent his club, or dine with a goodly company, who does not listen eagerly to a humorous story, and how many of these stories relate to the eccentricities of advertisers? The rural blacksmith who announces by means of a laboriously lettered sign in front of his shop, "Lawn-mowers repaired in the rear" is perhaps a better advertiser than the metropolitan expert.

A sleek Celestial, who has not an idea beyond his washtub and his ironing-board, presents to admiring passers-by on a busy city street an advertisement which catches more eyes and sets more tongues wagging than many flaring billboards, for with quaint directness he adds beneath his price-list that "buttons are sewed on to our customers free." Add to these three elements the fact that the average man follows his fellow in matters of taste or judgment, and is easily

influenced by a reiterated statement, and you get the groundwork upon which nearly every successful advertising structure has been reared.

In any discussion of advertising we find at once that we are confronted by two very distinct phases of the question. There are two distinct masses of facts governed by very different conditions. In this great business there seem to be two diverging lines of activity and two types of men engaged in them. We have the advertiser who is conducting a legitimate business in supplying a necessary article of common use to a large number of buyers by thoughtful and carefully considered methods of business, and we have the man who is using the devices of the advertiser to sell an article of little or no value to a large number of people who really do not want it, but who can be induced to make the purchase by new, startling, or humorous advertising methods.

The first type of man is, of course, the real advertiser,—the man who merits consideration because he has created the great industry we are discussing, and upon whom its permanence depends. The second is, however, not to be ignored,—he is much before the public, and because his methods are picturesque and unusual he attracts public attention out of proportion to his real importance.

If the advertising pages of our magazines and papers were given over alone to the carefully phrased statements of conservative manufacturers they would be dull indeed.

Insurance statistics, descriptions of automobiles, or the chemical analysis of soaps, are all important and interesting to a limited group of persons, but they do not entertain and amuse the average reader. He looks for and enjoys the more bizarre and unusual announcements. He speculates as to just what sort of a bicycle an eight-dollar-and-seventy-cent bicycle may be; he wonders what humors a course of correspondence instruction in "Polite Conversation" would develop, and he is glad that there is one man who

by taking thought has discovered a method of adding a cubit, more or less, to his stature,—and now (thrifty soul) is selling the benefits of his discovery to others.

If it were not for these and similar advertisements there would be fewer readers of advertising pages, and the legitimate advertiser may owe much to the light-hearted boastfulness of some announcement less dignified than his own.

Mr. Robinson in his "Abuses of Public Advertising" laments the apathy with which the average man views the incursions of unsightly advertisements, and implies that a lack of proper civic spirit is the cause. To some extent this is true. The seeming indifference is due to a curious American indolence and toleration of a fraud or an injustice. Nowhere is this seen more plainly than in the average man's attitude toward the ingenious humbug and adroit swindler. To be good-naturedly imposed upon is a positive pleasure provided the cost of it is not too great. This explains the vast number of trifling frauds carried on year after year in the advertising columns of magazines and newspapers.

The adroit rascal who announced in the columns of countless agricultural papers that for the modest sum of ten cents he would supply an unfailing Potato-Bug Eradicator, knew if he promised to do away with this pest he would reach the ears of a large and responsive audience. Upon receipt of an order he sent the purchaser two neatly whittled pieces of pine wood with courteously printed directions to "place the potato-bug between the two sticks of wood and press them together." This man knew that the sheer audacity of the proceeding tickled the funny-bone of even a pie-eating New England farmer. Not only did the man duped enjoy a secret chuckle after his first amazement had waned, but he promptly became an agent for the advertiser, and induced many of his friends to purchase the same marvelous Eradicator. Had it not been that unfeeling and abnormally serious post-office officials interfered with the genial

impostor he would doubtless be reaping a harvest of dimes to this day.

We all remember the loud-voiced barker at the County Fair who invited you, as a lad, to pay your modest nickel and view one of the most extraordinary wonders of nature,—the human-headed calf. Having produced the necessary nickel from your boyish trousers, you were ushered into a tent with one or two chosen comrades, to see reposing on a cloth-covered box the stuffed and decapitated body of a tiny calf. Ingeniously arranged above was a circular looking-glass, in which, to your vast surprise, you saw your own shame-faced countenance. There was a spasm of virtuous indignation against the showman, and then a hurried exit to find, if possible, one of the boon companions of your early days to send him in to see the same wonder.

The farmer and the boy fairly represent the average citizen in his attitude toward the sleek swindler. But there is a point beyond which he must not go, and the successful advertiser of this class has learned his lesson.

For years the American citizen has been apparently oblivious to the increasing encroachments of billboards upon our parks and city squares. Of late the whole country has begun to consider this danger, and legislation promises ultimately to bring it under control. It is to be hoped that the day is not far distant when places of natural beauty and grandeur will not be disfigured by glaring advertisements, but the American citizen, who has been accustomed for years to submit to this particular barbarism, is in the same class with the farmer and the boy,—inert to the point of indifference, but energetic and determined if once aroused. The same man who travels up the Hudson by boat at night, and smiles to see the steamer's searchlight turned by the deft hand of the operator upon advertisements on the shore, will some day demand in no uncertain voice the abolishment of these hideous eyesores. At present it all seems to him a rather amusing evidence of enter-

prise, but he is a bit uneasy about it all, and will soon be thoroughly aroused to the requirements of the situation.

While we enjoy the antics of these advertisers we must not overlook the fact that relatively they are unimportant. The great mass of the business is done along legitimate lines, and is of positive benefit to the public. Manufacturers vie with one another to put upon the market articles of merit and usefulness at a low cost in order to secure a share of the enormous sum spent each year by the American people for the necessities of life. For instance, no local market could have afforded sufficient demand for shoes to have warranted their manufacture in large quantities. But by advertising, an enormous market has been secured, correspondingly large sales ensue, and it becomes possible to provide at a low price a shoe of exceptional quality. Here is a case where the public has directly profited by the value of advertising. What one man can do another can; so competition arises and serves to keep the price down, even if the manufacturers fail to see how essential it is to their interests to do so.

Hence the large and successful advertiser is, for the most part, offering something of real merit, but which is consumed in the using,—such as shoes, clothing, soaps, baking powders, or similar household articles. Many of these have been advertised for years, and the proprietors of them are ready to expend large sums of money, and to invoke the aid of an intricate system of patent law to control the so-called "good will" of the trademark. So evident has the value of a trademark become that an advertising agent of importance has recently sent out an appeal to manufacturers to adopt one, as distinctive of their product. Of what does this good will consist? Again we seem compelled to refer to the book of human nature. It is not because these trademarks are in themselves attractive or beautiful, or that they represent with unusual fidelity the article advertised; it is rather because the buying public has long been

accustomed to this particular figure or design, and through long years of association with it at home and abroad has grown to have a real affection for it. None but the most unsentimental and unfeeling of us can deny a homely interest in the gentleman with side whiskers, who, through many years, has been caught in the act of brushing his teeth with Sozodont. The trim little woman who stands in her cap and apron holding the cup of Walter Baker's Cocoa is as intimate a friend and associate as many living persons, and an encounter with her in some foreign land brings a touch of home at once.

The problem of such an advertiser is to continue this process of education, and to bring up generation after generation of buyers with the same tenacious associations. To do this he is willing to expend large sums of money, and he accomplishes his end quite independently, it would seem, of scientific and psychological considerations.

An instance where this has been accomplished in a surprisingly short time has been the making of Sunny Jim almost a member of countless families, certainly of families where there are children to revel in his quaint grotesqueness. This is the kind of advertising that will go on in one form or another as long as man eats, clothes himself, and has shelter over his head. It will only vary in method with conditions. But does this process of education — this constant repetition of a trademark and the reiteration of the virtues of an article — cause a demand for it? Undoubtedly it does. There is on record one remarkable instance where the manufacturers of a household article had advertised for years. They had used the same trademark, and had rung the changes on the merit of their product until they felt that the whole world must be weary of their name. The demand for their article was constantly up to the limit of manufacture. They looked with grudging eyes upon the hundreds of thousands of dollars spent each year in advertising, and determined to stop it. Almost at once

their sales fell off, and too late they realized their error. Meanwhile a rival concern increased its advertising, and to-day the persistent advertiser remains alone in the field, having absorbed the business of its short-sighted competitor.

There is an old saying that a fool is born every minute. It is equally applicable to purchasers. For through the length and breadth of this great country thousands of men and women are daily, almost hourly, making their initial purchases of various wares.

The comic papers have long made sport of the bride and her early experiments in marketing. But the establishment of each new home is a matter of importance to many advertisers; for once let their brand of soap or soup or silver polish be established in a household, the chances are it will remain the family standard for years to come. So the far-sighted advertiser begins to say "Pearline" to her in early infancy. Pearline follows her to school, thrusts itself upon her as she travels, and all unconsciously engraves itself upon her memory. The eventful day arrives, — list in hand she sallies forth for her first day's shopping. Amid the confusion of new experiences she gloats over her ability to choose and purchase half-a-dozen common articles with the composure and accustomedness of a veteran. She orders Pears' Soap, White Label Soup, Pearline, Walter Baker's Cocoa, and Knox's Gelatine, because she knows and remembers the names, and does not realize that she has chosen in every instance an article made familiar to her, perhaps, by advertising only.

Multiply this instance a thousand times and add countless others of similar character, and you have already an army of purchasers. The bachelor supplying his meagre sideboard, the fond sister making purchases for a brother, are both members of this school, which the advertiser has been conducting with great expense and patience for many years.

The power of reiterated statement cannot be overestimated. Two gentlemen of

means were traveling together when one was heard to say to the other, "See that sign. I bought some of that soap the other day and it is very good. It took that advertiser over a year to sell me one package." The chances are his friend soon followed his example, for such is human nature. For this reason the reiterated statement—the constantly displayed trademark—is used by this type of advertiser. It best sells the article in constant demand, the use of which is unaffected by fashion.

Another large class of articles successfully advertised are those which have only temporary vogue, and are vigorously advertised to reap the harvest of an hour. In this group fall many of the so-called dishonest advertisements and amusing frauds practiced on a good-natured public. The articles of this class most successfully promoted for a time are patent medicines, a few of them possessing positive curative qualities, many of them possessing none, most of them being quite harmless. In the exploitation of these articles surprising ingenuity is displayed in playing upon the weakness and vanity of human kind. A charming story was once written of a lonely woman who read patent medicine advertisements, and admired the portraits accompanying them, until she had one overwhelming desire, and that was to have *her* portrait appear broadcast over the country in the same alluring fashion. This was finally brought about, and the day of her triumph arrived. She found her portrait in the local weeklies, and her cup of happiness overflowed. In the story, the publication of this portrait assisted a long-lost and affluent nephew to find and rescue her from loneliness and penury. But this pleasing dénouement does not rob the picture of the little old woman of its fidelity to life.

In a thriving inland city there were two business enterprises,—one, devoted to the manufacture, on a small scale, of a patent medicine; the other, to the manufacture of onyx mantel clocks. In the fortunes of business the patent medicine proprietor

prospered in a small way, and the manufacturer of the onyx clocks made an assignment. His one asset was an accumulation of clocks, neither beautiful as works of art nor accurate as timepieces. A vision must have come in the night to the patent medicine man, for on one memorable morning he confronted the clock manufacturer with an offer for his entire stock. The bargain was closed. Gifted with an unerring knowledge of human nature, the patent medicine man then took a small consignment of clocks, painted the name of his remedy in a circle on the face, and visited all the neighboring drug-stores. To each druggist he made this proposition: that he might offer to any customer, having the symptoms of any one of a score of troubles, one of the clocks provided only he purchased a box of the remedy, pronounced himself cured, and supplied the proprietor with a testimonial to that effect together with a portrait.

The dark deed was done, the trap was set. The next time Farmer Jones and his good wife came to town, in the natural course of events, they visited the drug-store, saw and admired the clock, longed for a duplicate on their parlor mantel, and went away with a box of the remedy and suffering with the necessary symptoms. After a day or two they returned, announcing that a cure had been effected, wrote the necessary testimonial, supplied the portrait, and dispatched it to their benefactor. True to his word, the onyx mantel clock was sent, and it straightway appeared on Farmer Jones's parlor mantel.

Having accomplished this in a few isolated instances, it was only a question of time before the entire stock of clocks was disposed of, untold quantities of the remedy sold, and the crafty proprietor had accumulated a goodly sum. In this transaction he had simply satisfied two very common human cravings,—to beautify the home, and to see one's portrait in public print. Incidentally, so far as known, his remedy did no harm.

In all these transactions there is a large element of human nature; the cyni-

cal would call it human vanity and weakness, but, after all, the terms are in a measure synonymous. It is surprising that this element is frequently overlooked by advertisers, and almost invariably ignored by theorists on such matters.

One industry, the advertising of which until recently has been quite free from commercial trickery, has been that of publishing, but this does not mean that for many years the successful publisher has not been directing his appeal to the human side of his buying public. This was done long before the professional advertisement writer or "ad" expert, as he calls himself, came into existence. The publisher has recognized that the love of home and children and the religious emotion have been large factors in promoting the sale of many books. Some years ago a publisher who became famous for large sales and daring enterprises long before the hundred-thousand-copy edition was thought of, published shoals of books which he sold by subscription through the rural communities, and every one of them dealt with the life of the family, or treated of some religious subject. Upon the first intimation of the tidal wave of scientific thought which was about to sweep over the country he was ready. He had a theory that he could successfully substitute natural science for religion. To this end he prepared and put upon the market an amazing book called *The Wonders of Nature*. It contained, dimly printed on its wood-pulp pages, accounts of various and startling natural phenomena, with crude illustrations. The cover, a brilliant red, displayed a variety of beasts and other natural wonders. Emblazoned in a rainbow effect appeared the title, *The Wonders of Nature*. The book was put into the hands of his agents, but for some reason the time was not ripe, and the sale was disappointing. Perplexed by his failure, but determined to make the best of it, he pondered over the situation, and realized that he was ahead of his time. He determined to return to his earlier manner,

and stamped out the title from the cover, substituting for *The Wonders of Nature*, *The Architecture of God*. The introductory matter, written by a professor of natural science in the local academy, was replaced by a religious preface from the pen of a local clergyman, and the book once more put upon the market. The result was instantaneous. The slow-selling *Wonders of Nature*, under the new title met with a ready demand, and the entire edition, together with subsequent printings, was soon exhausted.

In many of our mental processes, the man is but little removed from the child, and the unlettered mind of the savage shows many characteristics of childlike simplicity. A striking instance of this came to the observation of the publishers of the *Atlantic* not long ago, when they received a remarkable communication from an Indian agent in the remote Southwest. The letter inclosed one of the familiar coin-cards with its inviting opening for a coin and a neat and brilliant red seal. Beneath the seal was a half dollar, and with the coin-card came the request to send three copies of the magazine to an Indian brave residing on the reservation. The agent took pains to explain that the Indian could neither read nor write, that his entire income was an annual stipend of six dollars received from a paternal government; but the allurement of the coin-card, the delight of dispatching something into space by means of the mail-carrier, and the pleasure of receiving subsequently something, no matter how valueless to him, from some far-removed source, was too much to be withheld, and despite the entreaties of the agent, one twelfth of his annual income was expended to satisfy this whim. It is to be hoped that this Indian brave in his lonely tepee on the prairie got sufficient satisfaction out of the arrival of the three copies of the magazine to pay for the stern self-denial which the luxury must have cost him. While we are ready to smile at the childlike simplicity of this Indian, we might first consider how

many of our own purchases are brought about by similar enticing methods, and are relatively as profitless as this one.

This simplicity of human nature is at once one of its great charms and one of its most striking characteristics. Some shrewd advertiser has said, "No man or woman ever outgrows a picture." And this is literally true. Given two windows of adjoining shops, one filled with books and the other with pictures, the latter will always have before it a group of interested observers, while the former will catch only the occasional glances of an habitual book-buyer. For this reason the advertiser has quickly recognized the value of illustration, and it is interesting to note, once more, that long experience has taught him that the picture of a child or a pretty girl will outweigh in attractiveness all other subjects. None but the most hard-hearted bachelor has been able to resist the charm of the attractive Eastman Kodak girl, and even women have indulged in lively discussions as to her clothes and general appearance. So important is this element that the painters who prepare billboards are by no means daubers, as the public think they are. It is stated on good authority that several of the men engaged in painting billboard advertisements in our large cities have studied many years abroad, and one at least has been an instructor in a large art school. One man, after five years of study in Paris, returned to this country to do work on billboard advertising.

Hand in hand with the human love for pictures goes a childlike love of nonsense. The billposter who exhibited a recent advertisement of a breakfast food picturing a tramp looking longingly at a signboard containing a description of the article, dared to venture to play upon this emotion. Instead of arranging the four parts of this poster as they were designed, he transposed them so that the head and body of the tramp were in one corner, the legs in the lower corner opposite, and the signboard was divided into two parts in opposite corners. The relation of the four

parts of this advertisement is evident, but the utter confusion of their arrangement was a stroke of genius, because it appealed to just that love of nonsense which is inherent in us all.

No series of nursery rhymes have had a greater popularity than the Spotless Town verses of Mr. Redfield M. Roach. Mr. Roach was a graduate of Trinity College, Dublin, where he won prizes for work in original Greek versification. He drifted to this country, and through necessity took up the writing of nonsense rhymes. Their excellence was recognized, and exclusive rights to his work purchased. The series of rhymes of Spotless Town the expert might call bad advertising. The poet may call them bad poetry, the artist may call the illustrations bad drawing, but the sheer, downright, good-natured humor in them all, the genial simplicity of the rhymes, have put them into the mouths of countless admirers, and vastly increased the sales of an excellent article.

Frequently this love of nonsense has been coupled with some startling innovation followed by good results. The shoemaker who recognized that every little girl likes to probe into the interior of her doll, and every boy likes to investigate the interior of his watch, logically supposed that many people who wore shoes would like to get a glimpse of their construction. He consequently placed a circular saw in his window, and before the eyes of astonished passers-by sawed in two countless shoes, thus exhibiting his superior material and workmanship. Having amused and interested the elders in this way, he conceived the notion of picturing in his advertisement a jaunty little chap, with a circular saw for a head, chasing frightened shoes over the pages of the magazines and about the columns of the newspapers. The little saw is almost as familiar to-day as the time-honored gentleman with the toothbrush. The only instance of this sort of advertising that has ever come under the writer's observation which, for some reason or other, did not seem to suc-

ceed, was the remarkable family which presented the many excellencies of some flour. "Cookie," the cook, and "Waffles," the cat, should have remained with the immortals, but for some reason unknown to the writer they are being gradually withdrawn from public notice.

Next to the love for a picture the child and the man love a catchy phrase, and the man who invents one which creeps into the vernacular of the daily life has a guarantee that he will not be forgotten. It is the same principle apparently which governs the value of what are called "gag" lines in comedy. The phrase need not be startling nor strikingly original, but it must have, either on account of its aptness, or, on the other hand, its utter lack of relation to the context, a certain startling quality. An instance of this has been recently cited upon the revival of the very charming play, *Little Lord Fauntleroy*. In the first act the angelic child is made to say, "I'll be jiggered," an expression which, falling from his cherubic lips, has the value of grotesque contrast. But the first time that it was said it caused no special comment. In the second act, when repeated, it excited a ripple of laughter, and from then on through the play, as often as repeated, brought on a crescendo of laughter and applause.

The writer of topical songs recognizes this, and gets his effects by sheer force of repetition. Upon a much larger scale we find that advertisers do this, and the result has been the addition to daily speech of many serviceable phrases, each one when spoken bearing testimony to the imitative trait in us all, and being in effect a verbal advertisement. Years ago we were taught to say, "You press the button and we will do the rest," and many of us now rejoice in expressions which entice us by their sheer irrelevance, such as "say Zu Zu to the groceryman," "U need a," and others.

No serious attempt has been made to cover the almost limitless field of advertising activities, and quite intentionally no mention has been made of that great

volume of business promoting the sale of expensive articles, such as pianos, automobiles, etc. These enterprises, important in themselves, constitute so small a part of the great volume of advertising that we have no special interest with them at this time. Many great undertakings are carried on through the medium of advertising, and are of the highest character and the first importance, but as the honest man is always less interesting than the charlatan, so they are less picturesque than the occasional daring advertiser who lives but an hour.

After all has been said, and the final theory has been advanced in regard to why advertising pays, why and how it is carried on, and who helps support it, the most interesting part of the problem remains, not the advertiser, but the buying public. This great body of purchasers, driven hither and thither by the lash of the shrewd advertiser, patiently obeying his imperious summons, buying first this and then that at his dictation, is a spectacle worthy a moment's watching. How patiently we allow ourselves to be led into the mazes of the breakfast food question when one staple article may have served our ancestors for generations! How innocently we appeal to the advertiser to be taught by correspondence everything from mechanical engineering to polite conversation! How gleefully we submit our bodies to the treatment of some unseen physical director who prescribes exercises as ridiculous as they are wearying! How gayly we follow the throng to the book counter, and buy the volume that some advertiser tells us to buy, and how unconscious we are that in this exhibition we ourselves are the most interesting part!

While advertising has built up great businesses, has renewed the activities of decaying communities, and worked many social and commercial benefits, it still, first and foremost, demonstrates anew that we are the same dear, old, American public well known and beloved by the late lamented P. T. Barnum.

WILLIAM HAZLITT¹

BY BRADFORD TORREY

HAPPY is the man who enjoys *himself*. His are the true riches. Saving physical pain and mortal illness, few evils can touch him. He may lose friends and make enemies; all the powers of the world may seem to have combined against him; he may work hard and fare worse; poverty may sit at his table and share his bed; but he is not to be greatly pitied. His good things are within. He enjoys *himself*. He has found the secret that the rest of men are all, more or less consciously, looking for,—how to be happy though miserable. It seems an easy method; nothing could be less complicated: simply to enjoy one's own mind. The thing is to do it.

Whether any one ever really accomplished the miracle for more than brief intervals at once, a skeptic may doubt; but some have believed themselves to have accomplished it; and in questions of this intimately personal nature, the difference between faith and fact is small and unimportant. It is of the essence of belief not to be disturbed overmuch by theoretical objections. If I am happy, what is it to me that my busybody of a neighbor across the way has settled it with himself that I am not happy, and in the nature of the case cannot be? Let my meddlesome neighbor mind his own affairs. The pudding is mine, not his; and, with or without his leave, the proof of the pudding is in the eating.

These not very uncommonplace reflections are suggested by the remembrance of what are reported to have been the last words of the man whose name stands at the head of this paper. He was dying before his time, in what the world, if it had happened to concern itself about so in-

considerable an event, would have called rather squalid circumstances. His life had mostly been cloudy. The greater part of his fifty-two years had been spent in quarreling impartially with friends and foes, and, strange to say (matters terrestrial being habitually so out of joint), the logical result had followed. His domestic experiences, too, had been little to his comfort and less to his credit. So far as women were concerned, he had played the fool to his heart's content and his enemies' amusement. Of his two wives (both living) neither was now at his bedside. His purse was empty, or near it. It was almost a question how he should be buried. Withal, as a man more than ordinarily ambitious, he had never done the things he had cared most to do; and now it was all over. And being always an eloquent man, and having breath for one sentence more, he said, "Well, I have had a happy life."

Nor need it be assumed that he was either lying or posing. With abundance of misfortune and no lack of disappointment, with outward things working pretty unanimously against him, he had enjoyed himself. In a word, he remained to the last what he had been from the first, a sentimentalist; and a sentimentalist, like a Christian, has joys that the world knows not of.

For a sentimentalist is one who, more than the majority of his fellows, cultivates and relishes his emotions. They are the chief of his living, the choicest of his crop, his "best of dearest and his only care;" as why should they not be, since they give him the most of what he most desires? Perhaps we should all be sentimentalists if we could. As it is, the number of such

W. E. HENLEY. London: J. M. Dent & Co.; New York: McClure, Phillips & Co. 1902.

¹ *The Collected Works of William Hazlitt*, in twelve volumes. Edited by A. R. WALLER and ARNOLD GLOVER. With an introduction by

is relatively small, though even at that they may be said to be of various kinds, as their emotions are excited by various classes of objects.

If a man's nature is religious, his sentimentalism, supposing him to have been born with that gift, naturally takes on a religious turn; he treasures the luxury of contrition and the raptures of conscious forgiveness. Like one of the earliest and most celebrated of his kind, he can feed day and night upon tears, — having plentiful occasion, perhaps, for such a watery diet, — and be the more ecstatic in proportion as he sounds more and more deeply the unfathomable depths of his unworthiness. This, in part at least, is what is meant by the current phrase, "enjoying religion." Devotional literature bears unbroken witness to its reality and fervors, from the Psalms of David down to the *Lives of the Saints* and the diaries of latter-day Methodism. There is nothing sweeter to the finer sorts of human nature than devotional self-effacement, whether it be sought as Nirvâna in the silence of a Buddhist's cell, or as a gift of special grace in a tumultuous chorus of "Oh to be nothing, nothing," at a crowded conventicle. Small wonder that the

willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing itself away
To everlasting bliss.

Small wonder, surely; for, say what you will (and the remark is not half so much a truism as it sounds), one of the surest ways to be happy is to have happy feelings.

This cultivation of the religious sensibilities is probably the commonest, as at its best it is certainly the noblest form of what, meaning no offense, — though the word has been in bad company, and will never recover from it, — we have called sentimentalism. But there are other forms, suited to other grades of human capacity, for all men are not saints.

There is, for example, especially in these modern times, a purely poetic susceptibility to the charms of the natural world;

so that the favored subject of it, not every day, to be sure, but as often as the mood is upon him, shall experience joys ineffable,

Trances of thought and mountings of the mind,
at the sight of an ordinary landscape or the meanest of common flowers.

Of a much lower sort is the sentimentalism of such a man as Sterne; a something not poetical, only half real, a kind of rhetorical trick, never so neatly done, but still a trick, and whatever of genuine feeling there is in it so alloyed with baser metal that even while you enjoy to the very marrow the amazing perfection of the writing (for it would be hard to name another book in which there are so many perfect sentences to the page as in the *Sentimental Journey*), — even while you feel all this, you feel also what a relief it would be to speak a piece of your mind to the smirking, winking, face-making clergyman, who has such pretty feelings, and makes such incomparably pretty copy out of them, but who will by no means allow you to forget that he, as well as another, is a man of flesh and blood (especially flesh), knowing a thing or two of the world in spite of his cloth, and able, if he only would (though of course he won't), to play the rake as handsomely as the next man. A strange candidate for holy orders, he surely was, even in a country where a parish is frankly recognized as a "living"! It is a comfort to know, on the high authority of Mr. Bagehot, that the only respect in which he resembled a clergyman of our own time was, that he lost his voice and traveled abroad to find it.

And once more, not to refine upon the point unduly, there are such men as Rousseau and Hazlitt; not great poets, like Wordsworth, nor mere professional dealers in the pathetic, like Sterne, but men of literary genius very exceptionally endowed with the dangerous gift of sensibility; which gift, wisely or unwisely, they have nourished and made the most of, first for their own exquisite pleasure

in it, and afterward, it may well be, for the sake of its very considerable value as a literary "asset."

Rousseau and Hazlitt, we say; for though the two are in some respects greatly unlike, they are plainly of the same school. For better or worse, the English boy came early under the Frenchman's influence, and, to his credit be it spoken, he was never slow to acknowledge the debt thus incurred. His passion for the *New Eloise* was in time outgrown, but the *Confessions* he "never tired of." He loved to run over in memory the dearer parts of them: Rousseau's "first meeting with Madame Warens, the pomp of sound with which he has celebrated her name, beginning 'Louise-Éléonore de Warens était une demoiselle de La Tour de Pil, noble et ancienne famille de Vevai, ville du pays de Vaud' (sounds which we still tremble to repeat); his description of her person, her angelic smile, her mouth of the size of his own; his walking out one day while the bells were chiming to vespers, and anticipating in a sort of waking dream the life he afterward led with her, in which months and years, and life itself passed away in undisturbed felicity; the sudden disappointment of his hopes; his transport thirty years after at seeing the same flower which they had brought home together from one of their rambles near Chambéry; his thoughts in that long interval of time; his suppers with Grimm and Diderot after he came to Paris; . . . his literary projects, his fame, his misfortunes, his unhappy temper; his last solitary retirement on the lake and island of Bienné, with his dog and his boat; his reveries and delicious musings there — all these crowd into our minds with recollections which we do not choose to express. There are no passages in the *New Eloise* of equal force and beauty with the best descriptions in the *Confessions*, if we except the excursion on the water, Julie's last letter to St. Preux, and his letter to her, recalling the days of their first love. We spent two whole years in reading these two works, and (gentle reader, it

was when we were young) in shedding tears over them,

'as fast as the Arabian trees
Their medicinal gums.'

They were the happiest years of our life. We may well say of them, sweet is the dew of their memory, and pleasant the balm of their recollection!"

The whole passage is characteristic and illuminating. Hazlitt is speaking of another, but as writers will and must, whether they mean it or not, he is disclosing himself. The boyish reader's tears, the grown man's trembling at the sound of the eloquent French words, and the confession of the concluding sentence (which he repeated word for word years afterward in the essay, *On Reading Old Books*) — here we have the real Hazlitt, or rather one of the real Hazlitts.

He was strong in memory. His very darkest times — and they were dark enough — he could brighten with sunny recollections: of a painting, it might be, seen twenty years before, and loved ever since; of a favorite actor in a favorite part; of a book read in his youth ("the greatest pleasure in life is that of reading, while we are young"); of the birds that flitted about his path in happier mornings; of the taste of frost-bitten berries eaten thirty years before, when he was five years old, on the side of King-Oak Hill, in Weymouth,¹ Massachusetts, and never tasted since; of the tea-gardens at Walworth, to which his father used to take him. Oh yes, he can see those gardens still, though he no longer visits them. He has only to "unlock the casket of

¹ In this Old Colony town, though none of his English biographers appear to know it, the boy Hazlitt lived in the Old North Parsonage, in which had lived some time before a girl named Abigail Smith, afterward better known as Abigail Adams, wife of the second President of the United States, and mother of the sixth. For which fact, more interesting to him than to his readers, it is to be feared, the present writer is indebted to the researches of his old Weymouth schoolmate, now President of the Weymouth Historical Society, Mr. John J. Loud.

memory," and a new sense comes over him, as in a dream; his eyes dazzle, his sensations are all "glossy, spruce, voluptuous, and fine." What luscious adjectives! And how shamelessly, like an innocent, sweet-toothed child, he rolls them under his tongue! Their goodness is inexpressible. But listen to him for another sentence or two, and see what a favor of Providence it is for a writer of essays to be a lover of his own feelings: "I see the beds of larkspur with purple eyes; tall hollyhocks, red or yellow; the broad sunflowers, caked in gold, with bees buzzing round them; wilderneses of pinks, and hot, glowing peonies; poppies run to seed; the sugared lily, and faint mignonette, all ranged in order, and as thick as they can grow; the box-tree borders; the gravel walks, the painted alcove, the confectionery, the clotted cream:—I think I see them now with sparkling looks; or have they vanished while I have been writing this description of them? No matter; they will return again when I least think of them. All that I have observed since of flowers and plants and grass-plots seem to me borrowed from 'that first garden of my innocence'—to be slips and scions stolen from that bed of memory."

How eloquent he grows! "Slips and scions stolen from that bed of memory!" The very words, simple as they are, and homely as is their theme, throb with emotion, and move as if to music. "Most eloquent of English essayists," his latest biographer pronounces him; and, whether we agree with the judgment or not (sweeping assertions cost little, and contribute to readability), at least we recognize the quality that the biographer has in mind.

A sentimentalist, of all men, knows how to live his good days over again. Pleasure, to his thrifty way of thinking, is not a thing to be enjoyed once, and so done with. He will eat his cake and have it too. Nor shall it be the mere shadow of a feast. Nay, if there is to be any difference to speak of, the second serving

shall be better and more substantial than the first. To him nothing else is quite so real as the past. He rejoices in it as in an unchangeable, indefeasible possession. "The past at least is secure." If the present hour is dark and lonely and friendless, he has only to run back and walk again in sunny, flower-bespangled fields, hand in hand with his own boyhood.

Such was Hazlitt's practice as a sentimental economist, and it would take an extra-bold Philistine, we think, to maintain that it was altogether a bad one. The words that he wrote of Rousseau are applicable to himself: "He seems to gather up the past moments of his being like drops of honey-dew to distil a precious liquor from them." To vary a phrase of Mr. Pater's, he is a master in the art of impassioned recollection.

It makes little difference where he is, or what circumstance sets him going. He may be among the Alps. "Clarens is on my left," he says, "the Dent de Jamant is behind me, the rocks of Meillerie opposite: under my feet is a green bank, enamelled with white and purple flowers, in which a dewdrop here and there glitters with pearly light. Intent upon the scene and upon the thoughts that stir within me, I conjure up the cheerful passages of my life, and a crowd of happy images appear before me." Or he is in London, and hears the tinkle of the "Letter-Bell" as it passes. "It strikes upon the ear, it vibrates to the brain, it wakes me from the dream of time, it flings me back upon my first entrance into life, the period of my first coming up to town, when all around was strange, uncertain, adverse,—a hub-bub of confused noises, a chaos of shifting objects,—and when this sound alone, startling me with the recollection of a letter I had to send to the friends I had lately left, brought me as it were to myself, made me feel that I had links still connecting me with the universe, and gave me hope and patience to persevere. At that loud-tinkling, interrupted sound, the long line of blue hills near the place where I was brought up waves in the hori-

zon, a golden sunset hovers over them, the dwarf oaks rustle their red leaves in the evening breeze, and the road from Wem to Shrewsbury, by which I first set out on my journey through life, stares me in the face as plain, but, from time and change, as visionary and mysterious, as the pictures in the *Pilgrim's Progress.*"

"When a man has arrived at a certain ripeness in intellect," says Keats, "any one grand and spiritual passage serves him as a starting-post towards all 'the two-and-thirty Palaces.'" Yes, and some men will go a good way on the same royal road, with no more spiritual incitement than the passing of the postman.

How fondly Hazlitt recalls the day of days when he met Coleridge, and walked with him six miles homeward; when "the very milestones had ears, and Hamer Hill stooped with all its pines, to listen to a poet as he passed." At the sixth milepost man and boy separated. "On my way back," says Hazlitt, "I had a sound in my ears — it was the voice of Fancy; I had a light before me — it was the face of Poetry." A second meeting had been agreed upon, and meanwhile the boy's soul was possessed by "an uneasy, pleasurable sensation," thinking of what was in store for him. "During those months the chill breath of winter gave me a welcome; the vernal air was balm and inspiration to me. The golden sunsets, the silver star of evening, lighted me on my way to new hopes and prospects. *I was to visit Coleridge in the spring.*"

Verily, the words of the dying man begin to sound less paradoxical. He *had* been happy. If his buffettings and disappointments had been more than fall to the lot of average humanity, so had been his joys and his triumphs. He had more capacity for joy. Therein, in great part, lay his genius. To borrow a good word from Jeremy Taylor, all his perceptions were "quick and full of relish." Even his sorrows, once they were far enough behind him, became only a purer and more

ethereal kind of bliss. So he tells us, in one of his later essays, how he loved best of all to lie whole mornings on a sunny bank on Salisbury Plain, with no object before him, neither knowing nor caring how the time passed, his thoughts floating like motes before his half-shut eyes, or some image of the past rushing by him — "Diana and her fawn, and all the glories of the antique world." "Then," he adds, "I start away to prevent the iron from entering my soul, and let fall some tears into that stream of time which separates me farther and farther from all I once loved." Whether the tears were physical or metaphorical, whether they wet the cheek or only the printed page, the man who shed them is not, on their account, to be regarded as an object of commiseration. Sadness that can be thus described, in words so like the fabled nightingale's song, "most musical, most melancholy," is more to be desired than much that goes by the name of pleasure, and the deeper and more poignant the emotion, the more precious are its returns.

Nobody ever understood this better than Hazlitt. His sentimentalism, as we call it, was no ignorant, superficial gift of young-ladyish sensibility. It had intellectual foundations. He felt because he knew. He had been intimate with himself; he had cherished his own consciousness. He remarks somewhere that the three perfect egotists of the race were Rousseau, Wordsworth, and Benvenuto Cellini. He would defy the world, he said, to name a fourth. But he might easily enough have named the fourth himself had not modesty — or something else — prevented. If he had lived longer, he would perhaps have written the fourth man's autobiography; his formal autobiography, that is to say. In fact, though not in name, he had already written it; some might be ready to maintain (but they would be wrong) that he had written little else. By "egotism" he meant not selfishness in the more ordinary, mercantile acceptation of the word, — a lack of benevolence, an extravagant desire to be bet-

ter off than others in the way of worldly "goods," — but the very quality we have been trying to show forth: absorption in one's own mind, a profound and perpetual consciousness of one's own being, the habit of interfusing self and outward things till distinctions of spirit and matter, finite and infinite, self and the universe, are for the moment almost done away with, and feeling is all in all.

This, or something like this, was Hazlitt's secret. This is the breath of life that throbs in the best of his pages. Whatever subject he handled, a prize-fight, a game of fives, a juggler's trick, a play of Shakespeare, a picture of Titian, the pleasure of painting, he did it not simply *con amore*, or, as his newer critics say, with gusto (the word is Hazlitt's own — he wrote an essay about it), but as if the thing were for the time being part and parcel of himself. And so, oftener than is commonly to be expected of essay-writers, his sentences are not so much vivid as alive.

More than most men, he was alive himself. In Keats's phrase, he felt existence. There was no telling its preciousness to him. The essay *On the Feeling of Immortality in Youth*, though at the end it breaks out despairingly into something like the old cry, *Vanitas vanitatum*, is filled to the brim with a passionate love of this present world. The idea of leaving it is abhorrent to him. To think what he has been, and what he has enjoyed, in those good days of his; days when he "looked for hours at a Rembrandt without being conscious of the flight of time;" days of the "full, pulpy feeling of youth, tasting existence and every object in it." What a bliss to be young! Then life is new, and, for all we know of it, endless. As for old age and death, they are no concern of ours. "Like a rustic at a fair, we are full of amazement and rapture, and have no thought of going home, or that it will soon be night." Sentences like this must have been what Keats had in mind when he spoke so lovingly of "distilled prose;" prose that bears repetition and

brooding over, like exquisite verse. Some sentences, indeed, are better than whole books, and this of Hazlitt's is one of them; as fine, almost, — as purely "distilled," — as that famous kindred one of Sir William Temple: "When all is done, human life is, at the greatest and the best, but like a foward child, that must be played with and humored a little to keep it quiet till it falls asleep, and then the care is over."

And since we are quoting (and few authors invite quotation more than Hazlitt, as few have themselves quoted more constantly), let us please ourselves with another sentence from the same essay, — a page-long roll-call of a sentimental man's beatitudes, turning at the close to a sudden blackness of darkness: —

"To see the golden sun, the azure sky, the outstretched ocean; to walk upon the green earth, and be lord of a thousand creatures; to look down yawning precipices or over distant sunny vales; to see the world spread out under one's feet on a map; to bring the stars near; to view the smallest insects through a microscope; to read history, and consider the revolutions of empire and the successions of generations; to hear of the glory of Tyre, of Sidon, of Babylon, and of Susa, and to say all these were before me and are now nothing; to say I exist in such a point of time and in such a point of space; to be a spectator and a part of its ever-moving scene; to witness the change of season, of spring and autumn, of winter and summer; to feel heat and cold, pleasure and pain, beauty and deformity, right and wrong; to be sensible to the accidents of nature; to consider the mighty world of eye and ear; to listen to the stock-dove's notes amid the forest deep; to journey over moor and mountain; to hear the midnight sainted choir; to visit lighted halls, or the cathedral's gloom, or sit in crowded theatres and see life itself mocked; to study the works of art and refine the sense of beauty to agony; to worship fame, and to dream of immortality; to look upon the Vatican, and to read

Shakespeare; to gather up the wisdom of the ancients, and to pry into the future; to listen to the trump of war, the shout of victory; to question history as to the movements of the human heart; to seek for truth; to plead the cause of humanity; to overlook the world as if time and nature poured their treasures at our feet — to be and to do all this, and then in a moment to be nothing!"

"To look upon the Vatican, and to read Shakespeare!" Once more we are reminded of Keats, a man very different from Hazlitt in many ways, but, like him, "a near neighbor to himself," and a worshiper of beauty. "Things real," says Keats, "such as existences of sun, moon and stars — and passages of Shakespeare."

Hazlitt's nature was peculiarly intense, with the very slightest admixture of those saner and commoner elements that keep our poor humanity, in its ordinary manifestations, comparatively reasonable and sweet. His years, from what we read of them, seem to have passed in one long state of feverishness. He cannot have been a pleasant man either for himself or for any one else to live with. Self-absorbed, irascible, and proud, with little or no gift of humor (sentimentalists as a class seem to be deficient in this quality, the case of Sterne to the contrary notwithstanding); and Sterne's humor is perhaps only an additional reason for suspecting that his fine sentiments were mostly literary), he had a splendid capacity for hating, and was possessed of a kind of ugly courage that made it easy for him to speak with extraordinary plainness of other men's defects. If the men happened to be his friends, so much the better. He professed, indeed, to like a friend all the more for having "faults that one could talk about." "Put a pen in his hand," says Mr. Birrell, "and he would say anything." Whatever he said or did, suffered or enjoyed, it was all with a kind of passion. As the common saying is, there was no halfway work with him. It could never be complained of him, as he com-

plained of some other writer, that his sentences wanted impetus. He understood the value of surprise, and never balked at an extreme statement. Thus he would say, in the coolest manner imaginable, "It is utterly impossible to persuade an editor that he is nobody." As if it really were! As if it were not ten times nearer impossible to persuade a contributor that *he* is nobody!

On his way to the famous prize-fight,—famous because he was there,—spending the night at an inn crowded with the "Fancy," he overheard a "tall English yeoman" holding forth to those about him concerning "rent, and taxes, and the price of corn." One of his hearers ventured at a certain point to interpose an objection, whereupon the yeoman bore down upon him with the word, "Confound it, man, don't be insipid." "Thinks I to myself," says Hazlitt, "that's a good phrase." And so it was, and quite in his own line. "There is no surfeiting on gall," he remarks somewhere, with admirable truth. He wrote an essay upon Cant and Hypocrisy, another upon Disagreeable People, and another upon the Pleasure of Hating. And he knew whereof he spake. Sentimentalism — the Hazlitt brand of it, at any rate — is nothing like sweetened water. "If any one wishes to see me quite calm," he says, in his emphatic manner, "they may cheat me in a bargain, or tread upon my toes; but a truth repelled, a sophism repeated, totally disconcerts me, and I lose all patience. I am not, in the ordinary acceptation of the term, a good-natured man." "Lamb," he once remarked, "yearns after and covets what soothes the frailty of human nature." So did not Hazlitt. Lamb delighted in people as such. Even their foibles — especially their foibles, it would be truer to say — were pleasant to him. In short, he was a humorist. Hazlitt's first interest, on the other hand, seems to have been in places and things, — including books and pictures, — and his own thoughts about them. Of human beings he liked personages, so called,

men who have done something,—actors, painters, authors, statesmen, and the like. As for the common run of his foolish fellow mortals, if their frailties were to be stroked, by all means let it be done the wrong way. The operation might be less acceptable to the patient, but it would probably do him more good, and would certainly be more amusing to the operator and the lookers-on.

No doubt the man experienced now and then a reaction from his prevailing condition of feverishness. He must have had moods, we may guess, when he saw the beauty and comfort of a quieter way of life. Indeed, he has left one inimitable portrait of a character the exact reverse of his own, a portrait drawn not bitterly nor grudgingly, but in something not altogether unlike the affectionately quizzical spirit of Lamb himself. He calls it the character of a bookworm.

"The person I mean," he says, "has an admiration for learning, if he is only dazzled by its light. He lives among old authors, if he does not enter much into their spirit. He handles the covers, and turns over the page, and is familiar with the names and dates. He is busy and self-involved. He hangs like a film and cobweb upon letters, or is like the dust upon the outside of knowledge, which should not be rudely brushed aside. He follows learning as its shadow; but as such, he is respectable. He browses on the husk and leaves of books, as the young fawn browses on the bark and leaves of trees. Such a one lives all his life in a dream of learning, and has never once had his sleep broken by a real sense of things. He believes implicitly in genius, truth, virtue, liberty, because he finds the names of these things in books. He thinks that love and friendship are the finest things imaginable, both in practice and theory. The legend of good women is to him no fiction.¹ When he steals from the twilight of his cell, the scene breaks upon him like an illuminated missal, and

¹ As it was to Solomon and, by this time, to William Hazlitt.

all the people he sees are but so many figures in a *camera obscura*. He reads the world, like a favorite volume, only to find beauties in it, or like an edition of some old work which he is preparing for the press, only to make emendations in it, and correct the errors that have inadvertently slipped in. He and his dog Tray are much the same honest, simple-hearted, faithful, affectionate creatures — if Tray could but read! His mind cannot take the impression of vice; but the gentleness of his nature turns gall to milk. He would not hurt a fly. He draws the picture of mankind from the guileless simplicity of his own heart; and when he dies, his spirit will take its smiling leave, without ever having had an ill thought of others, or the consciousness of one in itself!"

It would have been for Hazlitt's happiness, or at least for his comfort, if he had possessed a grain or two of his bookworm's "guileless simplicity." But things must be as they must. His name was not Nathanael. He was "dowered with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn," and it was not in his nature to be patient and easy-going, especially where anything so vitally essential as a difference of opinion touching the character of Napoleon Bonaparte was concerned. He had the qualities of his defects. If he was sometimes too peppery, he was never insipid.

Men write best of matters in which they are most interested and most at home, and of Hazlitt we may say, speaking a little cynically, after his own manner, that with all his multiplicity of topics he wrote best about his own feelings and his neighbors' infirmities, though as for the latter sort of material, to be sure, he did not confine himself very strictly to that with which his fellow men furnished him. Proud as he was, indeed (and here we may note another characteristic of the sentimentalists), he had sometimes a really shocking lack of decent personal reserve. During his infatuation with Miss Sarah Walker, as all the world — or all the Hazlitt world — knows, he could not

keep his tongue in his head. He would even buttonhole a stranger on a street corner, and unbosom his woes to him at full length in most unmanly fashion: how he loved the girl, and how the girl would not love him, and so on, and so on. And having perpetrated this almost incredible absurdity, he would tell of it afterward; and then, to make matters still worse, when he had recovered from his distemper (always a rapid process in his case), he wrote a book about it. This book is reprinted, all in fair type, in the latest and handsomest edition of his works; but thank Heaven, we are none of us bound to read it. Nor need we take the whole miserable business too seriously, as if (except on its literary side) it were anything so very far out of the common. It was ridiculous, of course; but so are the love affairs of elderly men generally. Their folly has passed into a proverb. As wise old Izaak Walton — who had two excellent wives of his own, both "of distinguished clerical connexion" — long ago expressed it, "love is a flattering mischief," "a passion that carries us to commit errors with as much ease as whirlwinds move feathers." The good man's assonance would have driven Flaubert insane, but his doctrine is consolatory. A feather may surely be excused for slipping its cable before a whirlwind.

It was only a year or two after the conclusion of this distressing episode, that Hazlitt, being in Italy, wrote one of the most delightful of his essays, the one upon a sun-dial.

"*Horas non numero nisi serenas* is the motto of a sun-dial near Venice" — so he begins. Then, after descanting upon the exceeding beauty and appropriateness of the Latin words, he falls foul of the French people for the "less sombre and less edifying" turn that they are accustomed to give to similar matters. He has seen a clock in Paris bearing a figure of Time seated in a boat, which Cupid is rowing along, with the motto, *L'Amour fait passer le Temps*; a motto that the French wits, it appears, have travestied

into *Le Temps fait passer L'Amour*. This is ingenious, he concedes (how could he help it?), but it lacks sentiment. "I like people," he declares, "who have something that they love, and something that they hate." The French "never arrive at the classical — or the romantic." The criticism may or may not be just (it seems a hard saying), but what the average reader of the paragraph is likely to be thinking of, if he happens to be familiar with the story of Hazlitt's own adventures with Cupid, is not any weakness of the French people, but the amusing cleverness with which the Parisian wits have hit off the weakness of a certain literary Englishman. Truly *Le Temps fait passer L'Amour*, — sometimes with deplorable celerity, — on both sides of the Channel.

Naturally, however, nothing of this sort occurred to Hazlitt. His good memory was like the sun-dial, — it counted none but the bright hours. By this time he had almost forgotten both his unhappy passion and the unhappier book that he wrote about it.

And, indeed, it is time that we forgot them. For one who has found his profit in strolling up and down in Hazlitt's essays at odd hours for half a lifetime, it is little becoming to talk overmuch about the man's personal imperfections. It matters little to any of us now that his temper was bad; that his passions too often betrayed him into folly; that his faculties lacked a certain balance; that his *mal de rêve*, whether born with him or caught from his French master, sometimes ran too feverish a course; that, in short, he had the not unusual weaknesses of super-sensitive men. What does matter is that at his best he wrote English prose as comparatively few have ever written it, and in doing so said a world of bright and memorable things that no one else could have said so well, even if it had ever occurred to any one else to say them at all. If he was difficult to live with, that is a question more than seventy years out of date; and no competent reader ever

brought a similar accusation against his essays. It has been said of them more than once, to be sure, that they are not so good as Lamb's; but then, you may say that of all essays; and really the comparison is futile, not to call it foolish. The men were nothing alike; though even so, we may gladly agree with Mr. Henley's comment, that, as "dissimilars," they "go gallantly and naturally together — *par nobile fratrum.*"

Perhaps Hazlitt sometimes wrote too much in haste, with hardly sufficient care for those minute excellences that go to the making of perfection, though he could talk edifyingly under that head, and appears to have been the author of the clever parody, more clever than true, — as cleverness is apt to be, —

"Learn to write slow : all other graces
Will follow in their proper places;"

and it may be, as one of the cleverest of his admirers assures us, that he was "really too witty." Concerning points so nice as these, it is hard for "honest and painful men" to feel certain. Haste has the compensatory virtue of generating heat, while as for the having too much wit, it is like having too much money, or more than one's share of personal beauty; serious misfortunes, both of them, beyond a doubt (every one says so), but misfortunes to be put up with, at a pinch, in a spirit of Christian resignation. All things considered, too much is perhaps better than too little, and, for better or worse, excess on both sides of the line is rather Hazlitt's "note." Of the virtues of courage and obstinacy he possessed enough for two. We applaud, even while we pity, to see how, all his life long, he stood up for what he believed to be the truth, in spite of the frowns, and worse than frowns, of all who in that day had it in their power to blast the career of men in his profession. He was defamed and abused, for political reasons, — all for that unlucky Bonapartean bee in his bonnet, — as few men of letters have ever been, and to the last he did not haul down his flag. Let so much be said in his

honor. And whatever else is forgotten, let the words of Charles Lamb be remembered: "I should belie my own conscience if I said less than that I think W. H. to be in his natural and healthy state one of the wisest and finest spirits breathing." The most virtuous of those who blame him may count themselves happy ever to receive half so handsome a tribute from so authoritative a source. Human nature is a tangled skein; moral perfection is not to be encountered every day, even among critics. To do one's main stint well is probably as much as most of us can reasonably hope for; and so much, assuredly, Hazlitt did; for his main work, as we see it, was the writing of his few volumes of critical and miscellaneous essays. Into these he put the breath of long life. These are what count, seventy years after. Whoever begins with them, recurs to them. Not one of them but comes under Lamb's heading of "take-downable."

As a matter of course, however, being a man of active mind and having his living to make by his pen, he wrote many things besides these. He began, indeed, with a metaphysical treatise, — a child of his youth (he believed it a great discovery) for which he never ceased to cherish an excusable fondness. This, on the authority of those who have read it, or have talked with some who have done so, we take to be a rather difficult and innutritious choke-pear, something to be safely left alone by ordinary seekers after knowledge. Then, toward the end of his career he produced a four-volume life of Napoleon, which, on equally good authority, we should think to have been a kind of anticipation or foreshadowing of the modern "novel with a purpose." His latest editors go so far as to leave it out of their fine twelve-volume edition of his works. Somewhere between these two attempts at immortality he indulged himself in a book on grammar, intended especially to correct the errors of Lindley Murray, more particularly, we believe, his faulty definition of a noun as the name of an object.

Fortunately or otherwise, this work (every author of consequence has at least one such) never got beyond the original (manuscript) edition. The making of it seems a queer freak for a man of Hazlitt's turn of mind; but then, as Mr. Birrell observes, "grammar has its fascinations; and even such men as John Milton and John Wesley, no less than William Cobbett and William Hazlitt, succumbed to its charm." And he might have added a name more illustrious still — the name of Julius Caesar.

All these longer works (including a *Reply to Malthus*) we consider ourselves, as readers, at full liberty to skip. Furthermore, we consider their merits or demerits to have no bearing whatever upon the question of their author's standing as an essayist. Like every man who practices an art, he is entitled to be judged, not by his experiments and failures, but by his successes. Wordsworth might have written a thousand Ecclesiastical Sonnets, instead of only one hundred and thirty odd, and every one of them might have been less imaginative than the one before it, without making him any the less a true and noble poet. For a poet, like

the Pope, is infallible only when he is inspired; at other times he may nod as well as another man. Moreover, in the case of the poet, at least, the man himself may not know whether or not, at any given moment, the divine afflatus is upon him. It was Doctor Johnson, a poet himself, and the biographer of poets, who said that it was easy enough to make verses; he had made a hundred in a day; the difficulty was to know when you had made a good one. And the same difficulty, in a less degree, is encountered by the maker of prose essays. It is a wise father that knows his own child. Nor in such a matter have a man's contemporaries any great advantage over the man himself. The folly of their judgments is proverbial. It is necessary to wait. Apparently there is some strange virtue in the mere lapse of time. "Time will tell," the common people say; and the scholar has no better wisdom. Hazlitt must stand his trial with the rest. Sooner or later the years will render their verdict, though none of us may live long enough to hear it. The best that can be said now is, that so far the balloting seems to be strongly in his favor.

TO THE HEROIC SOUL

BY DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT

Be strong O warring soul! For very sooth
Kings are but wraiths, republics fade like rain,
Peoples are reaped and garnered as the grain,
And only that persists which is the truth:
Be strong when all the days of life bear ruth
And fury, and are hot with toil and strain:
Hold thy large faith and quell thy mighty pain:
Dream the great dream that buoys thine age with youth.

Thou art an eagle mewed in a sea-stopped cave:
He, poised in darkness with victorious wings,
Keeps night between the granite and the sea,
Until the tide has drawn the warder-wave;
Then, from the portal where the ripple rings,
He bursts into the boundless morning,—free!

PRIVILEGE OF COUNSEL

BY ROBERT ELDON

PROBABLY an enlightened observer, certainly one learned in the law, would place upon Judge Vose the responsibility for the verdict in the case of *Dunshee vs. Brown*, but the old judge had had a vast experience in the introduction of evidence, and he was so shrewd with his juries that very rarely did the Supreme Court "have the temerity," as he put it, to reverse one of his decisions. Profound as was his reverence for law as an instrument of justice, it sometimes yielded to the humanity of his nature; legal doctrines were seldom perverted in his court from the principles of justice upon which they were originally founded, and there was a sincerity and force about his application of them which made the annual session of the Circuit Court in Sussex County an event of interest equal to March town meeting or the Valley Fair at Whittleboro.

On one occasion the unfortunate holder of a promissory note had battled vainly before him against an insurmountable defense, technical to the point of being discreditable; the judge, who put conscience above the law, abruptly ordered a recess, and hurried into his room to open the safety valve of his indignation by denouncing in good round Saxon profanity the legal doctrine which made possible such "deviltry," the seventeenth-century lawyers who invented it, and the judge who had handed it down to him. Whereupon he took a drink of water, returned to the courtroom, and gravely dismissed the plaintiff's case with sound learning and citation of authority, and with all observance of judicial decorum.

Caleb Dunshee of Fitzroy, the exultant defendant in this case, not long after bought one of the two general stores in

Wellford, the judge's home, and his arrival in the village was duly discussed while the evening mail was being sorted. General disapproval was coupled with a reservation of final opinion for the sake of fairness. Bill Brown, six foot three, of slack mouth and lazy speech, said he had worked for him "hayin', and he was almighty near at dinner-time." Roswell Hinds had heard that he was "closer 'n the bark on a tree. I dunno what kind of a tree 't was," said the exact Roswell, "and that might make some difference. The bark on a beech 's a lot closer 'n birch or oak bark, 'n' I've see buttonwoods where most o' the bark had fell to the ground, but I don't believe 't means 't he pays more taxes 'n he's assessed for, and I dunno"— But further pursuit of the idea was cut short by the opening of the postmaster's little slide window and the general movement forward.

In truth, Caleb Dunshee, though a thrifty citizen, was not likely to prove an ingratiating neighbor, or to promote the harmony of the small community. His virtues, as the result of his mercantile career, were of a public and ostentatious character, for in that way they seemed to promise the direct return without which they would have had no interest for him. It was significant that in a village of "Sis," "Bills," "Hens," and "Daves" he was always Mr. Dunshee to his face and Caleb Dunshee behind his narrow back; the familiarity of "Caleb" tempted not even the mail-time loungers; he was alien, cold in nature as he was unpossessing in name. Perhaps it was his second, not his first, nature to be mechanical. In his youth there had been occasional kindly impulses; but seven years of "clerkling" and pinching before marriage, together with a few harrowing days on the verge of failure at the beginning of his business career, had confirmed his natural tendency to regard life as a matter of debit and credit, best conducted upon the principle of quick returns, where success is assured to the man with the smallest number of entries

on the wrong side of the profit and loss account. He was a deacon of the Orthodox Church; gave regularly to missions; but to a debtor he was as unyielding as a brick in the wall of a house.

From all this it ensued that the patriarchal soul of keen old Judge Vose was vexed when the feather-beds, cookstove, extra harnesses, and children of Mr. Dunshee rode into town in his double hay wagon. Amos Brown, brother of Bill, counseled a generous reception, and some pains were taken to bring the newcomers to the grange meetings and church suppers. Said Amos, "This town comes mighty nigh 'runnin' emptin's' if it can't spare a mess o' chicken pie, a few crullers 'n' a cup o' coffee to them that's willin' to contribute a dime to clothe the shady bodies and improve the shady morals of the benighted inhabitants of Marycaybo." Amos's words, if not law, were generally regarded as a sort of gospel, and hesitating beginnings of hospitality were undertaken, but the newcomer was unfortunate in the promptness with which opportunities were offered for the display of his peculiarities. Hen Chapin borrowed a spade one Saturday afternoon to dig out a ground-hog, and his wrath at being charged five cents for the use of it did not go down with the sun. "He's meaner 'n skim milk in ice cream," he said on Monday. "I cussed a little, and told him I'd give him a dime 'stead of five cents 'f he'd put it in the contribution box next day, 'n' he wa'n't a mite ashamed, 'n' agreed to do it. I sat behind him at church, 'n' see him put in the dime I give him, 'n' then take out five cents in change."

Dunshee harvested all the grass he could surreptitiously cut on the highway. He dug a well on his land just by his line fence, and by sinking it a few feet lower than Bill Brown's made it necessary for that easy-going giant to put in a Fourth of July, dedicated to the circus, in grime and sweat below the surface of his orchard. He borrowed seed potatoes, and returned the favor with kidney beans

aged beyond hope of fecundation, and apples "gnawed by the ungrateful worm."

Amos Brown was provoked at these pettinesses on the part of his neighbor, and nettled at being provoked, but he had the tolerance which must be learned in a small community. As he put it, "He was not given to borrowin' trouble for the sake of payin' interest on it." Amos was not Job, however, and the limit of his patience was suddenly revealed one afternoon in late August. The katydids were rasping their evening love-song, and the long shadows of the western hills were just beginning to march up the eastern side of the valley. As camp followers in this daily procession the damp-haired village boys were straggling up from the river, slapping at the mosquitoes with their wet towels. Amos was walking his horse slowly to cool him off before feeding him, when he saw down the broad street the form of Dunshee driving a cow,—a wretched, haggard cow, with a burr-adorned tail and wild eye, a trained hind foot for pestering dogs, a leathery teat and a reluctant udder. Amos recognized her at once as the chattel of Jed Weymouth, self-supporting and hardened in backyard thefts, and known to the village as "Jed's dried beef."

Now the animal which Caleb Dunshee was driving furnished a small supply of chalklike milk to Jed in life, and promised a generous chew, if not sustenance, to the Weymouth family when she should pass from the category of milch kine to that of "beef critters;" so Amos suspected evil at sight of the pair, and drew up. "Bought the cow?" he began mildly and with finesse. "Ye'll find her good to a harrer or cultivator, but she's a mite light for early spring ploughin'!" Dunshee smiled with sardonic satisfaction. "No, I shan't use her," he said briefly. "She don't belong to me." The boys who were toiling up the hill in small groups stopped to listen to the colloquy, wriggling their toes in the dust.

"Thought ye might have wished to get her off the highway and relieve her sufferin's with a dose o' chloroform," said Amos genially. Dunshee's thin lips grew thinner, and he started the cow on. She, with the agility born of an austere diet and a perverseness partly congenital and partly acquired from contact with a bitter world, and suspicious of all attempts to direct her movements, leaped through the "cloud of witnesses around," overtaking one boy, and, with waving tail and a galloping action very high behind, curveted on to the sidewalk and down the street. After several unsuccessful rushes and attempts to flank her, somewhat hampered by the apparent zeal of the boys in throwing apples and stones at the critical moment of approach, and with much "hawing" and "geeing" quite inapplicable to her sex, Dunshee finally got the vantage position and started her forward again.

Amos had sat silent, but his curiosity increased, and he said, "Ye needn't bother to drive her to Jed's, Mr. Dunshee, for he's workin' over to John Felch's, and he'll pick her up on his way home." "No he won't," replied Dunshee, with a disagreeable smile; "she's going to the pound for the night for being a highway stray and a nuisance to the neighbors." There was a silence of voices, and the boys stopped dragging their feet in the dust and perched themselves on the wall. The crickets and katydids had the field uninterrupted for a minute. Then the stormy wrath of Amos broke. "So that's the kind of a dried up, wormy 'None Such' ye are!" exploded Amos. "Ye ain't content with the profit on your maggoty figs 'n' your won't-wash-warranted dress goods, but ye've got to squeeze a dollar out o' the pound master so's Jed'll have to pay five dollars for poundage or lose his cow. I ain't swore since last prayer-meetin', but I snum if ye ain't the gol-dingedest old usurer that ever sold rancid butter or took an I. O. U. for a meal from a starving man. I've a mind to tie ye to the critter's hind

leg and see if she can't kick a little o' the milk o' human kindness into your pinched old carcass. If ye go another step with that cow I'll tie ye to the pound fence for a stray hog, and bring the neighbors to see if any one claims the property."

Now the lay reader, while recognizing this indignation as righteous, may be oblivious of the fact, apparent at once to counsel learned in the law, that it was "tortious" as well. To charge the general merchant of Wellford with the sale of maggot-infested provisions and breach of warranty might gratify the virtuous wrath of Amos and contain elements of fundamental truth, but was not likely, whatever its moral justification, to prosper the commercial interests of Caleb; nor can it truthfully be said that it was so designed. And then there was the monstrous epithet of Usurer, imputing the offense described in Chapter 214 of the Code of Penal Offenses of the Commonwealth of New Hampshire as follows:—

"A person who, directly or indirectly, receives any interest, discount, or consideration upon the loan or forbearance of money, goods, or things in action, or upon the loan, use, or sale of his personal credit in anywise, . . . greater than six per centum per annum is guilty of a misdemeanor."

Now Dunshee was by perilous escape familiar with the pains and penalties of this statute, and his flat eyes contracted evilly as possible revenges flashed on his mind. "Usurer!" he said with vicious coolness. "Do I understand you rightly, Mr. Brown, to call me a usurer? Boys, do you hear what he says? He called me a usurer, and I wish that you should remember that word." "Usurer, I said," retorted Brown, "gol-dinged, white-livered skunk of a usurer! You boys get off that wall 'n' go 'n' tell your mothers I said 'Usurer,' 'n' tell 'em not to forget it before the grange meetin'—little withered-up usurer!—'n' I've got money enough to pay for the pleasure of sayin'

it's often's I wish." The spirit of Dunshee was consumed with gall, and he abandoned the cow to her wayside cropping, where Jed, returning home shortly, found her. The boys went off whistling, and Amos, now cooling off with his horse, turned aside into his yard.

The story passed at once through the village, and the debate at the grange meeting on the topic "Is Ensilage or Orts better for Winter Fattening?" was practically abandoned for the more engrossing gossip. There could be no doubt that Dunshee would have the law on him. Hen Chapin "allowed the man that could get around Caleb Dunshee in the law would have to move faster'n a chipping squirrel through a hole in the wall. But I d'no's Amos'd have to pay much damages," said he, "if 't ain't a state's prison offense to slang the meanest man on the footstool. I allays thought Amos'd come to a boil 'fore long." Roswell, the precise, was equally oracular. "I've see lawyers old and young," he announced, "'n' I tell ye there ain't much about law I don't know. Now I'd give the last piece o' pie I hope to eat, 'n' I like pie,—that is, I favor pie for breakfast,—'f Mr. Dunshee'd sue Amos and Amos'd come out top o' the heap. Not that I want to see lawin' goin' on 'cept it's in the winter time when the ain't much else to do, 'n' it's all-fired costly all seasons, but I do despise that Dunshee,—that is far's my duty as a member o' the Orthodox Church 'll let me." And so said all the Grangers in one way or another, and so said the members of the Unitarian Sewing Circle and the school trustees and the board of selectmen and the "line-fence-viewers," and the village was expectant.

Sure as sunrising, Dunshee, after visiting his lawyer at the county seat, began an action against Amos Brown in the Superior Court for Sussex County by filing a declaration in an action for slander, bristling with "wilfully," "malicious," "wrongful," "tortious," "aforesaid," and "ad damnum," wherein,

among other things, the offensive and damaging remarks of Amos were set forth, and other circumstances, all to the damage of the plaintiff in the sum of five thousand dollars.

Brown was not to be questioned on the subject. "I c'n pay for my fun 'f I have to," said he, "but I guess the jury 'll have to fix the price," and nothing more would he say. One night, however, he drove over the hills to Whittleboro and interviewed a retired lawyer there, and within the required time there was filed a plea to the declaration in "Dunshee vs. Brown" containing a denial of all and singular the matters alleged in the declaration except the utterance of the offensive words, which were again, as if by design, set out *in haec verba*, namely, to wit, etcetera; and there was an added allegation to the effect that the plaintiff was in such general evil repute and bad odor in the community that no damage could by any possibility have resulted to him, "as to all of which the defendant put himself upon the country." Some surprise was excited in the county, where the case had now become notorious, by the subscription of the paper, "Amos Brown, defendant, *pro se*;" but Judge Vose, who declined to answer legal questions as being likely to sit at the trial, admitted that the defendant did not need a lawyer if he was satisfied to try the case himself.

The trial came on in January at Whittleboro. People came in on trains up and down the Cheshire branch of the B. & M. R. R.; horses, with shaggy winter coats and breath frozen on their mouths, occupied every hitching-post and crowded the square in front of the courthouse; in the courtroom the stove, surrounded by little coffin-like boxes filled with sawdust, was red, and the windows were opaque with frost. Buffalo and wolfskin coated farmers speculated on the case, and the boys ate apples and loaded the impoverished air with the flavor of "chankins" and pean-

nuts. Interest centred on the action of Dunshee vs. Brown, and the crowd continued to increase in density until that cause was called. Dunshee appeared by a careful and pertinacious attorney; Brown pleaded in his own behalf. The jury box was filled without objection, and the trial began.

The lawyer read the pleadings to the court, called attention to the fact that the utterance of the slander was admitted, claimed that the plaintiff had a *prima facie* case, and asked that five thousand dollars damages be awarded to his wronged client. Judge Vose called upon the defendant, who thereupon summoned his witnesses. The first was the oldest of the boys who had viewed the affair, and against objection as to the materiality of the evidence he related all the details of the occurrence, including the awkward attempts of Dunshee to corner the refractory cow and the care with which Amos had asked the boys to remember his words.

Hen Chapin testified that "most everybody in Wellford believed Dunshee'd cheat in a trade if he wa'n't afraid he'd be found out." "I sh'd think Hen believes so!" said Roswell Hinds, who was on the jury, to his neighbor during a five-minute recess. "Hen was out on the mountain last fall after ginseng, and got caught in a shower just afore sundown. It rained a spell after he hit the road, and he was wetter'n a mess o' snow. Comin' down Kittredge hill by the slate mine he met Dunshee in his buggy carryin' a demijohn o' whiskey over to Doc Graves's. Hen sorter forecast a drink, an' he stopped n' figured around the subject a little same's a cat'll push a mouse around before she hits it plumb to glory. Dunshee did n't warm up to the idee, so Hen says, 'Got anythin' to drink there, Mr. Dunshee?' 'Got some raw sperrits,' says the old man. 'Let's have a drink,' says Hen. 'Can't do it,' he says, 'but I c'n sell ye one.' That got Hen sorter het up around the gizzard, but he was on the trail o'

that drink, so he says, 'I'll buy it off ye,' 'n' he took a swig out o' the neck. She was pretty stiff liquor, 'n' filled Hen full o' the sperrit o' the Golden Rule, so he says to Dunshee to take one himself, 'n' he did. 'N' then I vum if the old man didn't charge him twenty cents for two drinks, 'n' Hen c'd 'a' et wrought nails he was so all-fired mad."

Jed Weymouth took the stand, but could give no testimony which Judge Vose considered material to the controversy. Some more efforts of the same kind were unsuccessfully made, and the defendant rested. The plaintiff's lawyer claimed that not even a *prima facie* defense had been made out, but wished to introduce some evidence on the point of damage. He showed no special damage as a result of the slander, but he had one or two wholesale merchants from neighboring towns who swore that Dunshee was a reputable citizen and sold only honest goods, and gave testimony which was generally perfunctory.

When the testimony was finished Amos rose to his feet. "Gentlemen of the jury," he said, "I ain't the kind of a man to break the Ninth Commandment, 'n' I don't hanker to say mean things about a man even if they're true, but I ain't liked this man Dunshee since he moved into Wellford. Ye've heard what his neighbors think of him, 'n' I've got a chance to tell you and him, too, what I think of him, 'n' I'm goin' to use it. Now perhaps I had n't any call to give Caleb Dunshee a dressin' down in the street, 'n' I don' know's I got much excuse to offer for that, but what I do know is that nothin' 't I or even the minister could say about him would hurt his earthly prospects or make him out much meaner'n he is, 'n' if I've got to pay for my mad I got the worth o' some o' my money out on it. Why, I've see him feed his cows on potater parin's and sculch, 'n' I don't believe, to do him justice, he feeds himself 'n' his family much better." At this point Dunshee's lawyer interposed with great indignation,

and Judge Vose said with dignity that the counsel must confine himself to the evidence. "Can't I even say my mind about him, judge?" said Amos. "Ain't it the law"—and he read from a paper in his hand—"that counsel can characterize the actions of the parties in the subject matter of the controversy; where reputation is involved can discuss the evidence upon it, and can comment on the appearance and demeanor of witnesses?" Judge Vose explained the law briefly, and Amos proceeded: "Well, if I can't tell what I see him do, ye can all see here what he looks like,—the meanest little runt of a"—Judge Vose interfered with a reproof, and Amos inquired, "Can't I comment on the appearance of the witnesses, 'n' he was a witness? Did n't the court say so in *Watkins vs. Gorham*, 17 New Hampshire Reports? Can't I call the jury's attention to his mean head 'n' his usurious little eyes 'n' his splay ears 'n'" — Dunshee and his lawyer were in a frenzy, and Judge Vose had to restore order. "You may refer to his appearance and behavior on the stand so far as they indicate his credibility or throw doubt upon it," he said, "but the Court will not permit you to refer to personal characteristics which are purely physical." "All right, judge," said Amos cheerfully, "but I never knew a man tell the truth whose eyes jammed right up against his nose like Dunshee's. But I'll be careful, 'n' I ain't got much to say anyhow."

"But I'll be doggoned," — and here Amos turned to the plaintiff, who was shifting uneasily about as on a penitential stool, — "I'll be doggoned 'f 't ain't worth while to get ye up here where the whole county c'n look at ye and see how all-fired meechin' 'n' few in the hill the human race c'n become. Yes, judge, I know I'm addressin' the jury. You've been a-sneerin' at me 'cause I ain't got a lawyer to charge a dollar every time he writes his name, but the jurors know ye, most of 'em do, 'n' if Ros Hinds likes ye

any better 'n the rest o' your neighbors ye c'n be mighty glad he's on the jury. I don't believe Mrs. Hinds was much t'other side o' the truth when she said you'd peel an egg to save the shell, 'n' they ain't a man, woman, nor child in Wellford 'll sell eggs or butter to your store, or buy anything from ye 'thout takin' it to the light or goin' down to the bottom o' the barrel." Here Dunshee and his lawyer made another furious demonstration, but Amos waved them off,—"Privilege o' counsel addressin' the jury," he said, again reading from his paper. "'Sparks vs. Bollum, 22d of New Hampshire,'—'n' I'm most through, judge, though f' ye'd only let me tell a few mean things he's done right in 'n' aroun' the street it'd be sunup before I'd be through. I ain't goin' to tell how he tried to foreclose on Widder Sparhawk's place when she did n't pay the mortgage interest for two days 'cause the check her boy Sam sent her from Boston got lost in the mails, 'cause ye won't let me; nor I ain't goin' to tell how much Canady money 'n' light quarters gets into the Orthodox contribution box; nor I ain't goin' to do any more 'n ask the jury to look at ye 'n' to look at Jed Weymouth, 'n' think o' his sick wife 'n' his seven children 'n' his brindle cow. You've got no more soundness in your pinched-up carcass 'n a corky pippin—about as much soul and sweetness as a pignut—about as much generosity 'n' feelin' for others's a crossbred hog—'n' the same identical kindness o' disposition as John Felch's old ram. If ye sh'd run for office in Sussex County for anything from sheriff to highway inspector ye would n't get votes enough to blow your shriveled nose on, 'n' I hope the jury'll say what they think of ye after they get out o' the jury box if ye do win your cussed case. For as for me I believe all men were created free and equal and entitled to freedom o' speech and the press."

Here Amos sat down. The courtroom was in a babel of applause and the jury

on an awkward grin. When the tumult could be quieted the plaintiff's lawyer summed up in an address, in which he dwelt at length on attractive generalities: the inalienable right of the citizen to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; the evil done in the world by slanderous tongues, and the "ægis," "palladium," etc., which the jury afforded to the wronged citizen. Then he referred, and unwisely too, to his client's virtues: his respectability, his piety and his thrift; and tried pathos in allusions to the injured home and the hearth darkened by evil report. It was excellent Fourth Reader eloquence, and the hard-headed farmers spat on unconcerned.

In a precise charge Judge Vose then instructed the jury that the remarks of the defendant were slanderous in themselves. They were consciously made in the hearing of others, namely, the village boys, and the request of the defendant for their repetition aggravated the injury. The only question for the jury to consider was the amount of damages to be awarded, and they must consider the evidence and the remarks upon either side only so far as they related to that question. Whereupon the jury withdrew to their room, and the crowd broke into groups for discussion and prediction. The unanimous opinion was that Amos had made Dunshee squirm.

In half an hour a written request for instructions came from the jury room, and Judge Vose having been sent for, and having taken his seat, it was read to this effect: "What is the smallest amount of damages the jury can award so as to prevent the plaintiff from appealing and not to give him costs?" Judge Vose sent for the jury and rebuked them in language which was more severe than his tone, and there was a gratified twinkle in his mild eye as he started to put on his overcoat again, but the foreman of the jury, before they left their seats, announced that they had agreed upon a verdict.

"What is your verdict?" said the Clerk.

"We find for the plaintiff," said the foreman, "in the sum of \$19.80." And so said they all, good men and true.

Unrestrained joy reigned in the courtroom, and Amos was almost sorry for Dunshee as he drove home behind the brown colt, while the frost-nipped sun dropped over the white hills.

Ten days later there was an oyster supper at the tavern, to which Amos paid for admission and supper tickets for the nine members of the Weymouth

family. No allusion to the lawsuit was publicly permitted, but Hen Chapin suggested to Amos that Dunshee and his wife be sent for. Amos negatived the proposal. "It might be kindly meant and more like it might not," he said, "and in either case better not do it. 'T ain't well to stroke a mad dog, 'cause he might mistake your meanin' 'n' bite ye, and 'tother way about 't ain't quite fair to throw rocks at him when he's got a tin can to his tail. He's got trouble enough."

BOOKS NEW AND OLD

BY H. W. BOYNTON

I

PLAYS

AMONG themes which have successfully asserted their fitness for serious dramatic uses are several of Scriptural origin. The French classical period did not disdain them, and they have left their mark elsewhere upon Continental drama. English dramatists, from the Elizabethans down, have found their literary inspiration in other quarters, so that the great themes to be drawn from Hebrew history have yet to be given permanent form in our tongue. Experiments toward that end have not been few among modern English-writing dramatists, but experiments they have obviously remained. Many of them, perhaps a majority of them during the past few years, have dealt directly or indirectly with the story of David. Two such studies have recently been issued by the same publishers.¹ Mr. Rice's work is, as heretofore, noteworthy for its elaboration.

¹ *David: a Tragedy.* By CALE YOUNG RICE. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co. 1904.

Two Plays of Israel: David of Bethlehem; Mary Magdalen. By FLORENCE WILKINSON. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co. 1904.

ration rather than for its power. There is less of Shakespeare in it, and more of Mr. Stephen Phillips. In cultivated ingenuousness of tone, in diligent confusion of parts of speech and syntax, in a kind of limpid awkwardness of metrical effect, the writer may claim to have fairly out-Heroded the author of *Herod*. This habit of verse produces such curious passages as:—

Michal. This knife
Unfailingly into my breast had spared
Me from him, had not flight.

And such effective ones as:—

David. Only the birds have wings,
Yet on the vales behind me I have left
Haste and a swirling wonderment of air,
And in the torrent's troubled vein amaze,
So swift I hurried hither at your urgance
Out of the fields and folding the far sheep.

The play is, one would say, skillfully constructed; it is not drawn out, it is not obscure. But emotion takes the place of action in it; its quality is, like that of Mr. Phillips's plays, lyrical rather than dramatic. It is worth reading, it might be worth presenting with scenical and musical accessories. It could hardly be *acted*. Not that it fails to recognize, at least neg-

atively, the exigencies of modern stagecraft. It remembers the drop-curtain and the footlights; the scenes are not many, and full directions are given for the setting.

These matters are still more circumstantially and technically attended to in Miss Wilkinson's play, which is apparently intended, and fit, for acting. "A wooded path, L, with one practical exit back-stage. Two exits right. 1 E R leading up the mountain and continued on the scene to give the effect of distance. 2 E R past a palm-tree to Bethlehem;" — surely such exactness as this suggests that the play is, in the mind of the author at least, something to be done and not merely something to be read. The dialogue is, moreover, accompanied by bits of description of the stage business and characters. The play possesses, what is far more important, a vigor of action which from the outset forces the reader from any suspicion that he may be going to deal with a closet-dramatist. Here is a drama built, within and without, to act in a modern theatre; it is, incidentally, far better reading than if it were merely built to read.

Fortunately for the particular instance, Miss Wilkinson has eschewed blank verse. She has hit upon a form of prose singularly happy for the expression of her theme. Without having recourse to paraphrase, except in the instance of an occasional lyric, she has held pretty closely to the Old Testament idiom with especially happy suggestion of Hebrew parallelism and repetend. The play covers practically the same ground as Mr. Rice's, the period from David's anointing to the death of Saul. Miss Wilkinson's second play has less distinction. It is less rugged and forcible than Paul Heyse's *Mary of Magdala*, with which it naturally challenges comparison. It is distinctly inferior to the *David* in point of action; and the blank verse employed strikes one as being a chosen medium, rather than a felt mode, of expression.

In the fable of Tristan and Isolde

Mr. Anspacher has found a theme sufficiently accredited for tragic uses.¹ He is "moving in fast company," and does not, to speak bluntly, give proof of fitness for entry in the class. Even technically he cannot hope to pass muster among historical interpreters of that motive. Many of his verses are fairly unmetrical; more of them possess the deeper rhythmical quality which belongs to poetry of permanent excellence. It may be said that the writer's intellectual conception of the points of dramatic interest possesses merit. One may imagine an excellent prose study of the Tristan legend from his hand. It is much that the episode of the potion, so often permitted to compromise the major action, should here be successfully subordinated. But as a play, even as a closet-play, the present effort has fatal limitations. It ambles when it should march, dawdles when it should thrust on to the next, if not to the final, issue. The speeches are often not only long and declamatory, but dull. It is well enough, at the moment of reunion after long separation, for Isolde to say:—

Ah, Tristan, love,
Thou art my sunlight; let me sheaf thee up
And garner thee within my arms;

and for Tristan to reply, not altogether metrically:—

My bosom
Has been cold since thou hast left it bare.

But one hardly knows how to justify such commonplace as they are presently reduced to:—

Ah, yes, we ought be happy, ought we not?
But happiness is yet an unknown tongue,
Too long forgotten to be reassumed
With all the fluency of constant use.
We'll speak about the past as if 't were past.
We should be happy, ought we not, my love?

As for the tone of the play as a whole, it is far too romantic and modern; the pride, the fatalism, the young emotion of the Middle Ages are absent from its atmosphere.

¹ *Tristan and Isolde*. By LOUIS K. ANSPACHER. New York: Brentano's. 1904.

The mediaeval atmosphere has been successfully suggested in the prose fancy of Mrs. Peattie,¹ which is luckily less fantastical than its title and its preface or "apology" would lead most readers to expect. The "apology" is, indeed, somewhat finicking and precious in its phraseology: "I do not write of the lucid and formulated time—that remains for others. My tale is of the incoherent, joyful day, a morn of dew, in which the world, a-wandering by pleasant paths, discovered song. Yet have no fears that the theme will cloy you with its sweetness; for if you listen you shall hear a minor and fateful note—an under-harmony, presageful and of power." What follows is, to put it least flatteringly, a historical romance in three chapters, or "tableaux," as the author prefers to call them. It is fair to say that this brief sketch contains more substance than most romances of whatever length, and indeed seems to catch something of the very spirit of romance, without falling into the chaos of the merely sentimental. The action takes place in the land of Provence, where "the brooding day solicits lovers, finders of song, amorous and aspiring women, men whose pride it is to die for the sepulchre, and all other foolish persons."

II

NATURE BOOKS

Mr. Burroughs's recent essay on "The Literary Treatment of Nature" should have done something toward clearing the air which has thickened of late about the heads of the naturalist and the nature-lover. The familiar fact seems to have emerged from the controversial billows that it is right enough to make tinsel if one does not peddle it for gold. Whether it is better to be a literary man who finds his material in animal life, or a scientific observer whose records chance to have the literary quality, is evidently not the ques-

¹ *Castle, Knight, and Troubadour.* By ELIA W. PEATTIE. Chicago: The Blue Sky Press. 1904.

tion at issue. Mr. Burroughs himself is a naturalist who has succeeded in giving attractive form to the records of his observations. He is an essay-naturalist as well as a scientific naturalist. He makes no objection to naturalists, or to others, who choose animals as material for fiction, and admit the fact.

Mr. Sharp is, by his own account, an enthusiastic observer of animal life rather than a scientific naturalist.² He expresses a cordial contempt for the two extremes of absurdity connected with so-called nature-study. He has more than one vigorous comment to make upon the rapturous school of nature-adorers: "When they are not listening to the purple-eyed tickle-bird, they are whispering 'Twinkle, twinkle' to the stars, or calling, as they pace the beach, 'Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean.' They love the out-of-doors. They exclaim over nature with the lips of all the poets. They adore her! All the time they go about looking for wonderful purple-eyed tickle-birds, and screamers, listening for wind voices, feeling for wave-pulses, and dreaming, forever dreaming, of how happy the morning stars must be that they sing together." Presently there is a brisk word also for the book-naturalist, who "knows what he knows, namely, that *Coccinella septempunctata* is *septempunctata* and not *novemnotata*. All he knows (and what else is there to know?) is *septempunctata* and *novemnotata*,—the names of things, the places, parts, laws, and theories of things."

Mr. Sharp's own work favorably illustrates his preference for the happy middle way. He has no tendency toward gush, no trivial inquisitiveness as to the applicability of Latin proper names. Elsewhere he states his creed with sufficient distinctness. "The true nature-lover," he says, "knows at least a little, and keeps learning all the time; he goes afiel'd the seasons through; he sees accu-

² *Roof and Meadow.* By DALLAS LORE SHARP. New York: The Century Co. 1904.

rately, reports honestly, interprets humanly, and loves sincerely."

It says much for the confidence with which this writer inspires one that none of his anecdotes call for incredulity, though many of them are, apart from experiences in the land of animal romance, sufficiently extraordinary. His coon which insists upon washing everything before tasting it, if only in mud or straw; his fox which, pursued by hounds, pauses to sniff at Mr. Sharp's boots; his flicker which drums on iron ventilators and bores holes in rain-pipes,—these may be individuals, but we are not asked to accept them as persons. In short, Mr. Sharp's studies of animal life are literary not because they are romantically flattering to human intelligence, but because they are spontaneously sympathetic with animal intelligence.

Mr. Charles G. D. Roberts some time ago arrayed himself with the most popular writers of animal fiction. He has theories about the art. "If a writer," reads the prefatory note to his latest collection of such tales,¹ "has, by temperament, any sympathetic understanding of the wild kindreds; if he has any intimate knowledge of their habits, with any sensitiveness to the infinite variation of their personalities; and if he has chanced to live much among them during the impressionable periods of his life, and so become saturated in their atmosphere and their environment; — then he may hope to make his most elaborate piece of animal biography not less true to nature than his transcript of an isolated fact." The conditional part of the sentence appears to loom something large; but if we are to take Mr. Roberts's word for it and the evidence of his work, there are not too many clauses to be met by his own case. Many of his stories are romantic, a few of them are sentimental, more are grim. To the sombre intensity of the author's mood we may take exception on grounds not of sincerity but of taste and sense.

¹ *Watchers of the Trails.* By CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. 1904.

Why not allow ourselves to be reconciled to this stern law of nature which makes it the business of most living things to eat or otherwise dispose of other living things? Is the case of the steer who is fattened and knocked on the head in a shambles for the preservation of the human animal less pathetic than that of the bull-moose hunted down and killed by a lynx (if such a consummation be possible)? The present writer speaks neither as a vegetarian, a sportsman, nor a naturalist. Aware that he might live without beef, he finds more comfort in living with it. He has never gazed into the mild eye of a dying doe, and regretted his marksmanship. He has never seen the mother tickle-bird teach her young how to tickle, whether by precept or example. But speaking as a plain citizen, he ventures to suggest that there is something a little ridiculous in this tearfulness of ours over the "tragedies" of wild life. We, too, it appears, must weep into the needless stream, and stretch our leatheren coats to bursting in sympathy for woes which are in no least sense comparable with the woes of humanity.

III

CRITICAL STUDIES

It is one of the privileges of this department, as its title indicates, to hark back whenever the spirit moves to books which no longer figure prominently in the current market quotations. Mr. Chesterton's *Varied Types*,² which is now hardly a year old, should not be numbered, perhaps, among such books. The present commentator has, at all events, to confess that a first taste of it at the moment of its publication did not tempt him to read it through. It was only the other day that a leisurely perusal served to make plain both the original cause of offense and new causes of attraction. Mr. Chesterton has a strain of genius, but he labors under the disadvantage of an extraordinary cleverness. His facility has been even

² *Varied Types.* By G. K. CHESTERTON. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1903.

greater than his fecundity. He is not verbose; his instinct is to express himself with much compactness. But it is too often the compactness of the extemporizing epigrammatist rather than of the deliberate artist. The essays too often lack structural unity,—a fact of no moment concerning such discursive felicities as made up *The Defendant*, but of inevitable moment in critical writing. Consequently many of the most agreeable essays in the present collection are among those which make least pretensions to sober and consecutive discussion. *The Defendant* contained nothing more amusing than the essay in this book on the German Emperor. One especially likes it because one has a notion that the writer intended to say something serious when he began, and was seduced by a mood into saying something far more unusual and better: something really funny. Why should we ridicule the Emperor's uniforms, he asks? — "Every one of us, or almost every one of us, does in reality fulfil almost as many offices as Pooh-Bah. Almost every one of us is a ratepayer, an immortal soul, an Englishman, a baptized person, a mammal, a minor poet, a jurymen, a married man, a bicyclist, a Christian, a purchaser of newspapers, and a critic of Mr. Alfred Austin. We ought to have uniforms for all these things. How beautiful it would be if we appeared to-morrow in the uniform of a ratepayer, in brown and green, with buttons made in the shape of coins, and a blue income-tax paper tastefully arranged as a favour; or, again, if we appeared dressed as immortal souls, in a blue uniform with stars. It would be very exciting to dress up as Englishmen, or to go to a fancy dress ball as Christians."

This kind of adventure does not always work out happily, and it is fair to say that in treating many themes more important than the German Emperor, Mr. Chesterton seldom attempts so extravagant a sally. The fact which will not be ignored is that not more than two or three of the papers are as good as the author might have made them. Most of them, accord-

ing to the prefatory note, appeared in the London *Daily News*; and they seem to retain somewhat too clear evidences, not of having been printed in a newspaper, but of having been written on occasion and under some sort of pressure. This brilliant critical searchlight illuminates for an instant, most minutely and forgettably, various objects of extreme interest. Of the chapters on Carlyle and Scott more than this might be said.

Mr. Munger's essays¹ are as different from those beside which we here place them as they could well be. They are leisurely, well balanced, well contained. They will not catch the eye or the fancy, but they will make their way into quiet minds with quiet force. Persons who need to be shocked are persons to whom Mr. Chesterton is more likely to be of service than Mr. Munger. The considerable range of the essays here collected is justified by the flexibility of the writer's mind and hand. That on the Church is perhaps the gravest and likely to be the most durable of them all; but it is not more interesting than those reflections on music which profess to be built upon no foundation of technical knowledge. And in his "Notes on the Scarlet Letter," the writer makes a valuable contribution to the study of Hawthorne.

Not long ago Professor Oscar Kuhns produced a book on Italian poetry, which, while it afforded a satisfactory summary of important facts, quite lacked distinction of matter or manner. The present volume² is more confined in theme and more compact in treatment. It purposed to show what influence Dante had upon the great English poets. The writer takes occasion at the outset to express his skepticism as to the value of the *chasse aux parallèles*; but he is himself at times somewhat too ardent at the sport. He derives the song of Fortune in

¹ *Essays for the Day*. By THEODORE T. MUNGER. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1904.

² *Dante and the English Poets*. By OSCAR KUHNS. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1904.

Geraint and Enid from Dante's lines in the seventh canto of the *Inferno*; and to the Tennysonian line, "For man is man and master of his fate," appends the footnote: "This line evidently inspired the oft-quoted verse of W. E. Henley, 'I am the master of my fate.'" Apart from such matters of detail, Mr. Kuhns's judgments are conservative enough. He discredits the attempts to saddle Dante upon Shakespeare, and indeed in more than one connection speaks for sober sense against pedantry and prepossession. The most valuable chapter is that on Shelley; the comparison of the *Paradiso* and *Prometheus Unbound* is especially suggestive.

A group of studies, undertaken in a spirit of even more careful scholarship, is *The Views about Hamlet*.¹ In his initial study the author has set out not to write a new essay on the play, so much as "to classify and interpret the essays which have already been written;" a task of much nicety, admirably performed, to the great advantage of all students of the play. By his method of sorting and grouping, a few pretty distinct themes about Hamlet take shape out of the confusion which several centuries and several races of commentators have brought about. His final question is, "How far are the various explanations that have been offered, or partial explanations, compatible with one another, or even complementary; and how far are they antagonistic, or even completely irreconcilable?" The failure of critics to keep this question clearly before them has perhaps caused as much confusion as any fact connected with the study of the drama. A commentator has often sought to overthrow the opinion of a predecessor by presenting considerations entirely compatible with those which had been emphasized by his fellow-interpreter." There is hardly a crux of criticism which does not offer material for profitable treatment on these lines

by the specialist. Withal the present investigator retains his reverence for the great play which much commenting has made a puzzle of. It is not for us, he intimates, more than for Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, to pluck out the heart of Hamlet's mystery. Besides several other studies of this useful kind, Mr. Tolman's book contains a miscellany of essays, longer or shorter, on themes of a good deal of diversity, some of them rather technical, but all worth reading.

A new book by the author of *Ephemera Critica* is something to be looked forward to, and the arrival of a late volume from that hand has been attended by no disappointment.² Mr. Collins has rare qualifications for appealing to this hasty and hungry generation. A scholar who does not need to be afraid of the appearance of knowing something exactly, a lover of the humanities who is in no danger of the charge of dilettantism, a sympathetic intelligence whose judgments may be counted upon for sincerity and force, — these are possessions to which our world, with all its faults, cannot be said to be indifferent. The opening essay on "Shakespeare as a Classical Scholar" is extremely interesting. If there were any subject upon which Mr. Churton Collins could be induced to discourse at large, it would not be such a subject as this; but though he does not spare chapter and verse, one never for a moment fears that he is attending to a mere display of erudition. The modern critic's proof of the fact which Lowell surmised — that Shakespeare knew the Greek classics by way of Latin translations — is especially well worth following. Many valuable papers succeed, — a thorough one on the "Text and Prosody of Shakespeare," a skeptical one on "Shakespeare and Montaigne," a summary one on "The Bacon-Shakespeare Mania." But if a passage were to be looked for which should best represent the spirit of the

¹ *The Views about Hamlet, and Other Essays.*
By ALBERT H. TOLMAN. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1904.

² *Studies in Shakespeare.* By J. CHURTON COLLINS. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1904.

writer's criticism, it would be taken, perhaps, from the noble essay on "Sophocles and Shakespeare:" —

"We have long begun to feel more and more that the message which God sent by the Evangelists, save only in the record of the perfect life, has been miserably marred and blurred in the telling. But how sun-clear, how consistent with themselves and with each other, how responsive and mutually corroborative are the messages which have come to us through His other evangelists. The authors of the Psalms, the Hebrew Prophets, Homer, Pindar, Æschylus, Sophocles, Virgil, Dante, Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton, Goethe, Wordsworth, Shelley, and

we may add, whether *longo intervallo* or not Posterity will decide, Tennyson and Browning. Have they not pierced through different time-veils to the same eternal truths, and preached, each in his own manner and with his own symbols, the same authentic gospel? The more men come to distinguish between what is local and what is universal, between what is accidental and what is essential, the more will they come to realize that as ethical truth is the immediate test of theological truth, so poetical truth is the final test of both. . . . In due course all that is perishable succumbs to the law of dissolution, and all that is imperishable passes into poetry."

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

MR. JAMES'S VARIANT

WHAT should you say Mr. Henry James had done in his latest novel? If you should say: "Mr. James has reduced the English language to a fine spray, in which, as we gaze at it, the delicate colors and patterns gradually appear to our delighted eyes, as he intended they should" — how right you would be! Yet you would miss the point, the particular secret experiment which it has pleased Mr. James's virtuosity to perform this time. Nothing in literature has been more familiar to us — has it? — than to meet an ancient story told afresh; Marlowe wrote no final *Faust*, Hans Sachs no final *Tristan*; only consider the dynasty of interpreters of *Orpheus*!

Mr. James has chosen, not *Orpheus* or *Faust*, but another tale of equal fame and plasticity. Like them evolved in pre-Darwinian days, this old fable deals like them in the supernatural, and winds up with a moral. In fitting it to the humor of our post-Darwinian age, Mr. James has, of course, been obliged to dispense with

the supernatural and get rid of the moral; and in rising buoyantly to this emergency he has added a new version to those already given to us by Molière, Dumas, Byron, Mérimée, and others of less renown. He has (to begin with) shifted the original centre of gravity and changed it to a centre of levity. He does not disclose his plan to us; that were too grossly direct; and although his title grows straight from the old Spanish legend, it sprouts precisely from the reverse side of it. In shifting the centre of gravity — But let us state Mr. James's story in its simplest terms, let us get at the central pith.

By various shocked and virtuous persons, male and female, a young libertine is followed to his halls of luxury and besought to mend his ways. Chief among his exhorters is an old gentleman, a family friend. The youth, than whom none could be more polished, more abundantly tactful, persists in his path of pleasure. He is agreeable to all his exhorters, he invites the old gentleman to supper, and the old gentleman comes. . . .

It is here that Mr. James's shifting of the centre of gravity produces a version so novel, yet, in a post-Darwinian age, so inevitable. His predecessors have made the youth their hero: it is the case of the old gentleman that occupies Mr. James. He is the hero of the *Ambassadors*.

It has pleased Mr. James (with subcutaneous mirth) to echo here and there some of the voices of da Ponte's and Mozart's version; and from these reminiscences there exhales an irony comparable only to some of the libretti which Meilhac and Halévy wrote for Offenbach. You will remember in the *Ambassadors* the trio of virtuous exhorters, Sarah, Mamie, and Jim, the family connections and the neglected sweetheart, who come from Massachusetts to beg the Parisianized Chad to return to Puritanism and manufacturing: who are they but Donna Anna, Donna Elvira, and Don Ottavio? You will remember Don Giovanni's faithful servant Leporello: who is little Bilham but Leporello, forever lying for his master, arranging entertainments, shielding elopements? We can almost hear little Bilham between the lines singing: —

"Madamina, il catalogo è questo,
Delle belle che amo il padron mio."

And though Zerlina and Mazetto have no place in Mr. James's scheme, Madame de Vionnet stands accurately for one of those many

"Contesse, baronesse, marchesane, principesse,"

catalogued by Leporello; she even pathetically foresees that Don Juan Chad will tire of her; it is the passage in the *Ambassadors* where Mr. James most nearly discloses his work to us.

Yes; thus specifically, indeed, does Mr. James symbolize the main characters of Mozart's piece; and the old gentleman, the chief exhorter, is the best of it all. The story, with Mr. James's treatment, becomes his adventure, not Don Juan's, and through him we reach the new interpretation of the legend. In the legend's original form he is known as the Commendatore, he is killed early by Don

Juan, and reappears at the final supper to exhort the libertine once more; and being defied, he takes him to fiery punishment forever.

Now, ghosts and fiery punishments will not do in a modern novel about Americans in Paris: you must symbolize your ghost somehow — and Mr. James does it. Throughout the *Ambassadors*, Strether walks and talks as if he had never lived. The art of fiction has drawn no character more explicitly extinct, more consummately inanimate, more vividly dead, than poor old Strether. This hapless post-Darwinian ghost, who can't be supernatural and can't remove libertines to fiery punishment, — how is he to stop a rich, imperturbable young American, who prefers Paris and countesses to Massachusetts and manufacturing?

Why, he simply does n't! and there is where Mr. James from his centre of levity makes new the fable of Don Juan. Strether comes, sees, and is conquered. He finds Chad much improved in looks and manners, he meets the exquisite countess, he basks in the civilization of Paris, his bleak Massachusetts bones are comforted, he eats the supper, he drinks the wine, and he finds it all so much more charming than manufactures, that he not only adjures Don Juan Chad to keep on, but he can scarcely bear to go away himself!

I do not invite you to think that Mr. James has pointed a moral; but he has certainly adorned a tale.

A BOAST OF MALARIA

To come across a stranger who has ALSO had Fever-and-Ague is like meeting a veteran. The reason for it is the one here implied. Of all afflictions it is the one a man has volunteered to take upon himself as a pioneer of civilization. He has fought for the United States; he has trembled for his country; he has pulled her forward in cold sweat, — stowing away every meal with a capsule the size of a cartridge. And surely not least among those in the van-

guard of civilization are the ones who have taken their bullets in this wise.

The Fever-and-Ague town took its sufferings in the spirit of a camp in a campaign, the inhabitants keeping up one another's courage with mutual jibes on their misfortunes. My Indiana village was so heroic of its misery that one half of the populace would smile at the "other half" when it came their day to shake. The mechanic, passing his comrade prostrated in the corner of the locomotive pit, would salute him with a jibe. And the other, lying there with hammer and chisel beside him, and looking up into the concatenation of eccentricities, links and rods, and all the underside iron "innards" of the machine that gets out of order but never gets the AGUE,—he, I say, could not exactly see the joke. But he would see it the next day—when the tables were turned. Such are the horrors of war.

Those of us who were really malaria veterans were Every-Other-Day-Men. Such shivering and chattering of teeth under the weighty blankets as the chill strangely takes its exercise in a body that is not at all disposed to do such heavy work! Then when the bedclothes—an excellent name for them—are off, what a sweltering in your own tropic nature till the remainder of energy has melted away! And on the next day, how good is beef-steak and gravy! You eat all you have missed—with an extra allowance for the day that is to come. When I was a boy I used to think it would be a fine privilege to have the shaking come with the fever. Our family was fortunate in chancing to be so synchronized that half of us were attacked one day and the other half went into action the next. I knew a freight engineer, a gentle old bachelor, who introduced me to Robinson Crusoe, whose delusions in a fever used to give him visions of hunting, so that he saw ducks on the ceiling. It was a rare instance of compensation. Although he had been a Maryland Rebel, and although he smoked his meerschaum and told soothing tales of a quiet evening in a way that showed him

to be all Equanimity, he would regularly accuse himself, after times of wreck and trouble, of being "chicken-hearted," blaming it on the over-refining influences of Fever-and-Ague. At one end of the "division" was Chicago,—and from there he brought a wondrous tale of the stage whereon *Pinafore* was more beautiful than it was over our corner grocery. At the other extreme of the railroad universe was Defiance, the place of many wrecks,—of Death that was more than once visited home upon our village. It seemed that the vengeance of Heaven was attracted to it because of its boastful name. If there be anything in this philosophy, I am of the opinion that it was because of the meek and gentle guise in which "Hank" took his bravery forth under Heaven that Fate let him off with only the maiming of a thumb.

Meeting a Fever-and-Ague man you know at once how to take him,—in the spirit of a soldier. After a mere perfunctory inquiry as to where he saw service you smile and tell a funny story. Each malaria district has resolved its misery into a popular humor. In Michigan they contemplated running sawmills with Fever-and-Ague power; in Arkansaw the indolent native sees that it can be used to shake fruit off the orchard tree; in Indiana they do not prevaricate, but simply aver that the chickens have it and fall off the fence with their shaking. As for me, I cannot claim to have been more than a drummer boy when I followed my father to the front, but I shook regularly. I remember that in the days of the Hayes election the small boys had a campaign marching club of which I was the drummer. One night we marched by torch-light to the neighboring town, where there was to be speaking in the schoolhouse. I was seized with a chill as I led them on. I could take oath that my hands kept up a tattoo on the drum without the least effort on my part. I knew a boy who could shake more pennies out of his bank at such a time than he otherwise could,—another instance of compensation. This

I aver. But, as Xavier de Maistre says, "I know the gratuitous protestations will appear suspicious to the eyes of some; but I also know that suspicious people will not read this."

Notwithstanding the honors of the malady I could wish that the reader's childhood had nothing whatever to do with a tamarack swamp and its proverbial "bottomless lake." Many of these bottomless lakes have now been drained. In Michigan they offered a promising activity to the Dutchman and his windmill. The place of awful mystery became a celery farm. My bottomless lake, with its quaking bogs, its gold-striped watersnakes, its reptilian choirs, and gaudy unnamable things, has been emptied,—and, no doubt, turned to some useful purpose. They do not have malaria there now. We had it all. Looking back upon it, one whose body was dedicated to the work, who wrestled with the millions of microbes till he tired them out and then put in an uninterrupted day of advancing the outposts, cannot but feel patronizing and paternal to such a community,—a seer of ancient history. It is as if one had come up through things Eocene and Pliocene; as if he had taken hold of an age reptilian and carboniferous, and overhauled it into a post-office address.

I have spoken of the over-refining tendencies of Fever-and-Ague. It is in the supine hour or two of convalescence that one feels the spiritual attunement of mere soul-existence, the springtime pleasant laziness and poetic rumor of things. That which the critics call a poet's "sensorium"—"adumbration"—"spirituality" rather than spiritualism—I know what all these things mean. The "daemonic"—it means the croaking swamp at eventide. That refinement which is sensitiveness; that laziness which is the working time of the poet,—Fever-and-Ague puts one through the experience, and then lets him go scot-free without insisting that it shall be constitutional. I can see in it literary *raisons d'être*, affecting localities into occasional verse,—verse of the sim-

ple and homely rather than the daemonic or swamp variety. The daemonic is too common and all-about,—one would not court it in verse. But the experiences are there full-rounded. And when the malaria is gone, when the mind can turn to it all in retrospect, there are moonlight memories of the tamarack that ought to make a well of daemonic undefiled.

In these days of organization I expect to see some one start the Fever-and-Ague Association. The Hay-Fever Association, I understand, has been of great pleasure and social profit. But why this particular affliction should have moved its devotees to seek one another out I do not understand, except there be a sentimental suggestion in its tears. I do not doubt that a man who has to mingle with the world in this weepy way would often be tempted to turn his tears into a plausible channel, saying he was glad to meet you or sorry to hear of your misfortune,—as when we sometimes turn a sneeze into an exclamation. From this might come the banding together, at the time of their affliction, of those Brothers among whom a tear would never be inopportune. To be sure it has aristocratic advantages over Fever-and-Ague, implying the annual pilgrimage to the Thousand Isles. But the Fever-and-Ague Association could boast a more democratic and heroic basis. In time, seeing that it is passing into history and its survivors are bound to be fewer, it would become more exclusive. And I here mention myself, if it is necessary for some one to accept office, as probably being best fitted for Grand Keeper of the Pill and Capsule. I fought malaria until I had to be sent away on furlough; I there shook harder, for it seems that the microbes are themselves not enjoying full health in the malaria country, and come to greater life when taken on a journey; I had to come back wasted with the campaign; I have an honorable record. Notwithstanding, I am now an able-bodied survivor in vigorous activity, and, in fact, have even aspired to be an Atlantean. I bespeak the ballots of all such.

TACITUS

Toujours Tacite! Most ancient authors can be relegated to realms beyond the confines of general interest, but put Tacitus on the high shelf as often as you please, and he persistently refuses to stay put. It is but a year or two ago that Mr. J. C. Tarver, in a desperate effort to make an ideal Roman and an ideal ruler out of the Emperor Tiberius, condemned Tacitus to eternal oblivion as a mere malignant pamphleteer, whose sole gift of a diabolical rhetorical ingenuity was turned to the one task of falsifying Roman history. Then the *Revue des Deux Mondes* opened its columns to a very favorable consideration of his claims as a historian, from the pen of the veteran member of the Academy, M. Gaston Boissier.

Senator Hoar tells us in his *Autobiography* that the late Senator Cushman K. Davis, of Minnesota, was on familiar terms with the text of Tacitus, and volunteers the opinion that the man who has read and mastered Tacitus has had "the best gymnastic training of the intellect, both in vigor and in style, which the resources of all literature can supply." A few weeks ago the editor of the *Evening Post* accompanied some severe censure of certain modern tendencies in history-writing by the assertion that Tacitus had made his period "forever alive, and forever a lesson to mankind." We learn from the letters of Mrs. Bancroft, recently published, that her husband gave to Tacitus the days which seasickness left to him when on his way to the Court of St. James, as American Minister, under the administration of President Polk.

A recent volume on the reign of Nero credits Tacitus with composing "the most damning epitaph ever penned by the hand of man," referring to the few lines in which he sums up the life of Nero's favorite, Tigellinus, known to non-classical readers chiefly, perhaps, from the pages of *Quo Vadis*. We have not read widely enough in the field of invective

obituary to pronounce on the absolute justice of this characterization of the words of Tacitus, but for blasting, searing denunciation we have never met the equal of the passage in question. How swiftly and surely every sentence flies to its mark! In words of which there is not one to spare, to which there is not one to be added, he paints his low parentage, his odious boyhood, his use of his very vices to rise to positions which should be the rewards of virtue, the cruelty and avarice of his middle life, his corrupting friendship for Nero, followed by desertion and betrayal, his temporary protection under the brief reign of Galba through the influence of a powerful friend bound to him by services rendered for purely selfish purposes; and then the bitter end! the masses crowding to the Palatium, the public squares, the Circus Maximus and the theatres, vociferating their angry demands for his death,—Tigellinus himself at the baths of Sinuessa, where the news of his impending fate finds him in the midst of his drunken revels, and where, after maudlin farewells to his favorites and cowardly delays, "he cut his throat with a razor and stained an infamous life with a death dishonorable and all too long delayed!" In trying to outline the chapter, not translate it, I find by actual count that I have used one hundred and seventy words: Tacitus tells the whole tale with just one hundred and seventy-one.

What is the secret of so tremendously effective a style? There are philologists who would have us believe that it is a purely artificial creation, that Tacitus was first and foremost a "consummate stylist," devoting his midnight oil to the elaboration of ingenious ways of saying things, and ready even to sacrifice the thing to be said rather than the rhetorically brilliant way of saying it. If we mistake not, the truth lies nearer the opposite extreme. The style was emphatically the man. They tell us that poetry was born before prose, because the primitive man naturally expresses his emotions in

rhythymical form. Are not the really essential features of the style of Tacitus just as natural an outgrowth of his feeling and temperament? We can conceive of his deep moral indignation gradually breaking over the restraints of conventional modes of speech, as its intensity heightened with added years, until it reached its climax in the *Annals* of Tiberius, Caligula, Claudius, and Nero; but we cannot conceive of him as a mere "stylist," gradually developing the linguistic form of the annals as a conscious product of applied rhetoric.

Senator Hoar has done well to recommend the mastery of his works as a gymnastic training of the intellect. The English writer can never fall into servile imitation of his style, for its outward form is an absolute impossibility to the English tongue; but he may get from it a brevity, directness, and intensity that would save more typesetting than a dozen phonetic spelling reforms.

THE ACADEMIC FAKIR

The satire with which Thackeray in the *Book of Snobs* portrayed the university snob is probably no longer applicable to the Oxford and Cambridge of to-day, and, indeed, was never applicable to our American colleges. Not that our colleges have never exhibited traces of snobbishness, but the brand of snobbishness there developed, while confessedly a poor creature, was emphatically our own.

Thackeray's picture of the college don of his day, however, is no more sadly out of date than the stock caricature of the American college professor. The bland and dignified gentleman of somewhat visionary turn of mind, of strong ecclesiastical affiliations, and of inelastic pedagogical methods, who has so long passed for the representative incumbent of our academic chairs, is becoming — at least in our older colleges — about as rare as the ichthyosaurus. And, despite his many peculiarities, there was generally about the old figure the dignified simplicity of a cultured scholarly life, which was not

without its own peculiar charm. There were intellectual giants in those days, too, and their energies, instead of being wholly absorbed in the work of organization and administration, were very often employed most effectively in imparting a thorough education to their individual pupils.

The prevalent type of the American college professor of to-day it is hard to describe in a word. For the most part they have gone on crusades to the holy land of learning, and have returned bristling with degrees "made in Germany." Their information, though often narrowly delimited in scope, is more exact and generally nearer first hand than the traditional learning of the Ancients. The practical wisdom which comes of ripened reflection and of the experienced appraisal of human nature as exemplified in the individual college student they very often lack, or acquire only as their predecessors acquired it, — by hard knocks. It is the more to be regretted that while the other type of professor, with all his limitations, was so often able to make his modest learning attractive, the fretful *Quellenforscher*, by reason of his bearish personality, should so frequently render his thorough scholarship repellent. Time will doubtless soften his asperities, for, notwithstanding the foibles of the younger professorial breed, they are in the main conscientious cultivators, each of his own scientific garden-plot, intent by honest work, both in teaching and investigation, upon conforming to the exacting standard which as a class they have set for themselves.

In marked contrast to this normal type of university teacher there has of late emerged in certain of our colleges a figure, fortunately rare as yet, who may fairly be dubbed the academic fakir. Not content with slowly pushing forward the limits of knowledge, or with the honest handing down from year to year of the deposit of accepted truth in his own department, the academic fakir in every marketplace assiduously hawks about his own tinsel wares. His usual method is

to employ his reputation for erudition as a bait for popular applause, and then to use such notoriety as he may acquire as a ladder by which to climb to academic preferment. His supposed scientific eminence serves him at the start as a passport to public consideration; and ever afterwards on the basis of his admittance to the public hearth he founds his claim to preëminence in the college cloister, — all of which, by the way, is a curious reversal of Crabbe's verdict, that —

"Unlike the prophet's is the scholar's case:
His honour all is in his dwelling-place."

To explain the appearance of the academic fakir several facts must be remembered. In the first place, it is certain that well-meaning but undiscriminating boards of college trustees, and enthusiastic but ill-advised benefactors of their *alma mater*, are often wont to base their judgments as to the desirability of a man for an academic post entirely upon the popular estimate in which the man is held. An appointment to a vacancy in the department of English, let us say, is to be made, and some one starts a boom for "Gigadibs, the literary man," whose recent writings have attracted such favorable popular attention. Or again, the scientific department grows to such an extent as to require a dean of its own. Who so likely to commend himself for the position as young Professor Push, the wide-awake popularizer of sciolism?

In the second place it must be remembered that the teaching profession offers very few pecuniary prizes, and pays but little in the "cheap coin of honor," and that both of these rewards are apt to be found conjoined in such administrative posts as the headships of professional schools, or of the special departments, into which our larger colleges are being subdivided. A careful cultivation of the

suffrages of the general public is a strong bid for such a place, "since men call flare success" in the world of learning as well as elsewhere. Moreover, why should the educational promoter alone be denied the right to capitalize his scrappy scientific or literary assets, which possibly percolate through a dozen repetitious volumes, at a figure in excess of their cost value? Why on the basis of his fame as a magazinist, or on the strength of his newly exploited pedagogical vagary, may he not issue watered academic securities, when he must himself take his pay in the common stock of the newly formed educational trust? Like his brother of the financial world, he is only bent on giving the Philistines what they think they want.

Successfully to float such educational shares — it sounds ironical to call them securities — the academic promoter must of course show himself a "persuasive optimist." In his invoice of personal qualities he will of course have to count a certain *fausse bonhomie*. This indispensable gift will serve to lubricate the wheels of personal intercourse with disdainful colleagues, and will pass as current coin among powerful outsiders on whose favor the successful flotation of his stock depends. Surely, if our educational system is to be imbued with commercial ethics, we must expect that business methods will increasingly prevail in our universities. If, following the lead of a western college, we are to have the university drummer at the bottom, we must not be surprised to see the university promoter at the top. If the general run of our academic shops give us good wares at fair prices, we must make up our minds to see the parasites of trade peddling their tin collar-buttons and moth-eaten shoestrings along the thoroughfares of Academe.

